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JULY 28, 1945
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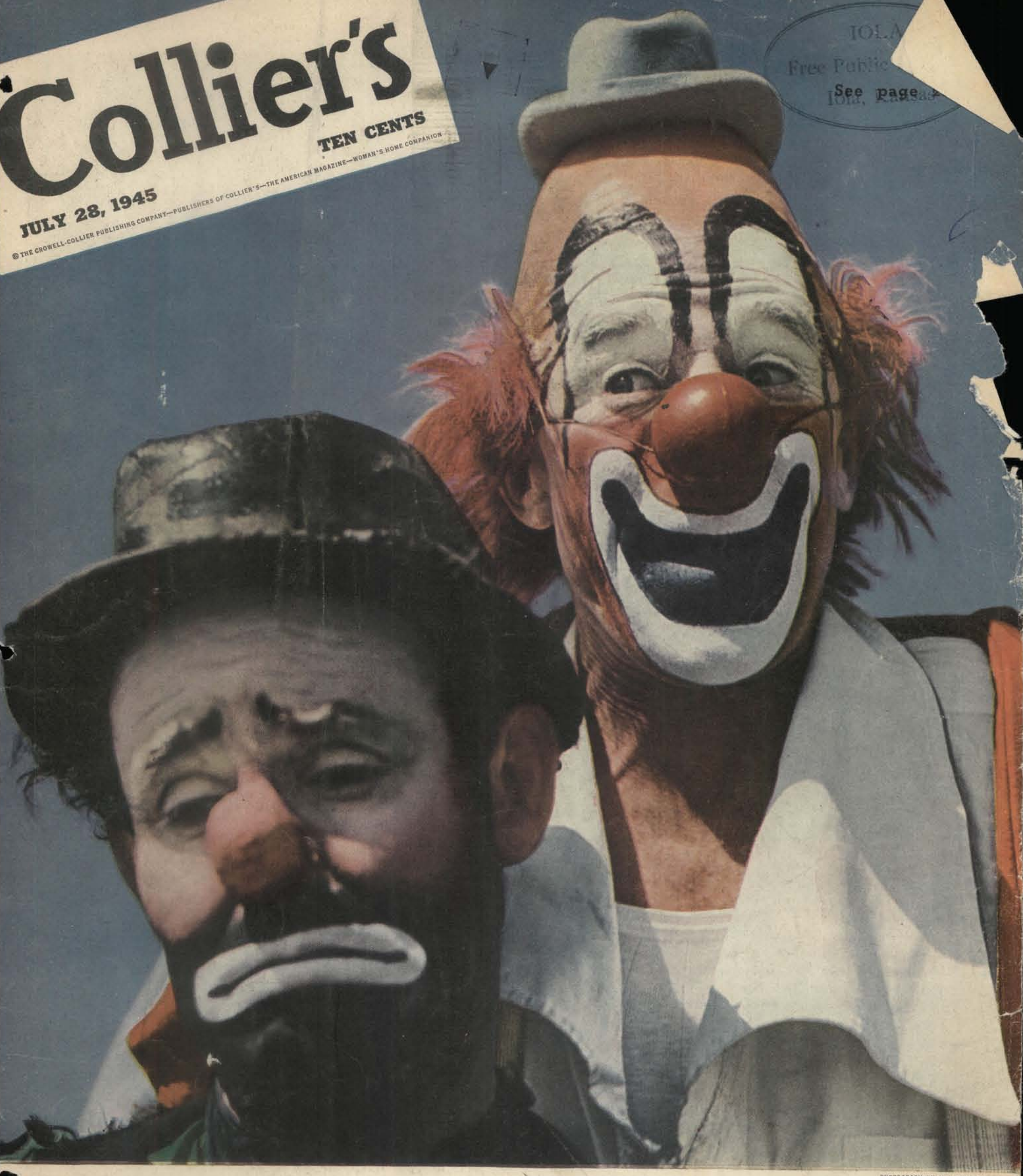

PHOTOGRAPH BY IKE VERN—PIX

REVOLUTION DOWN SOUTH
by ELLIS ARNALL GOVERNOR OF GEORGIA

BEGINNING
THE EXPENDABLE HEART
by FAITH

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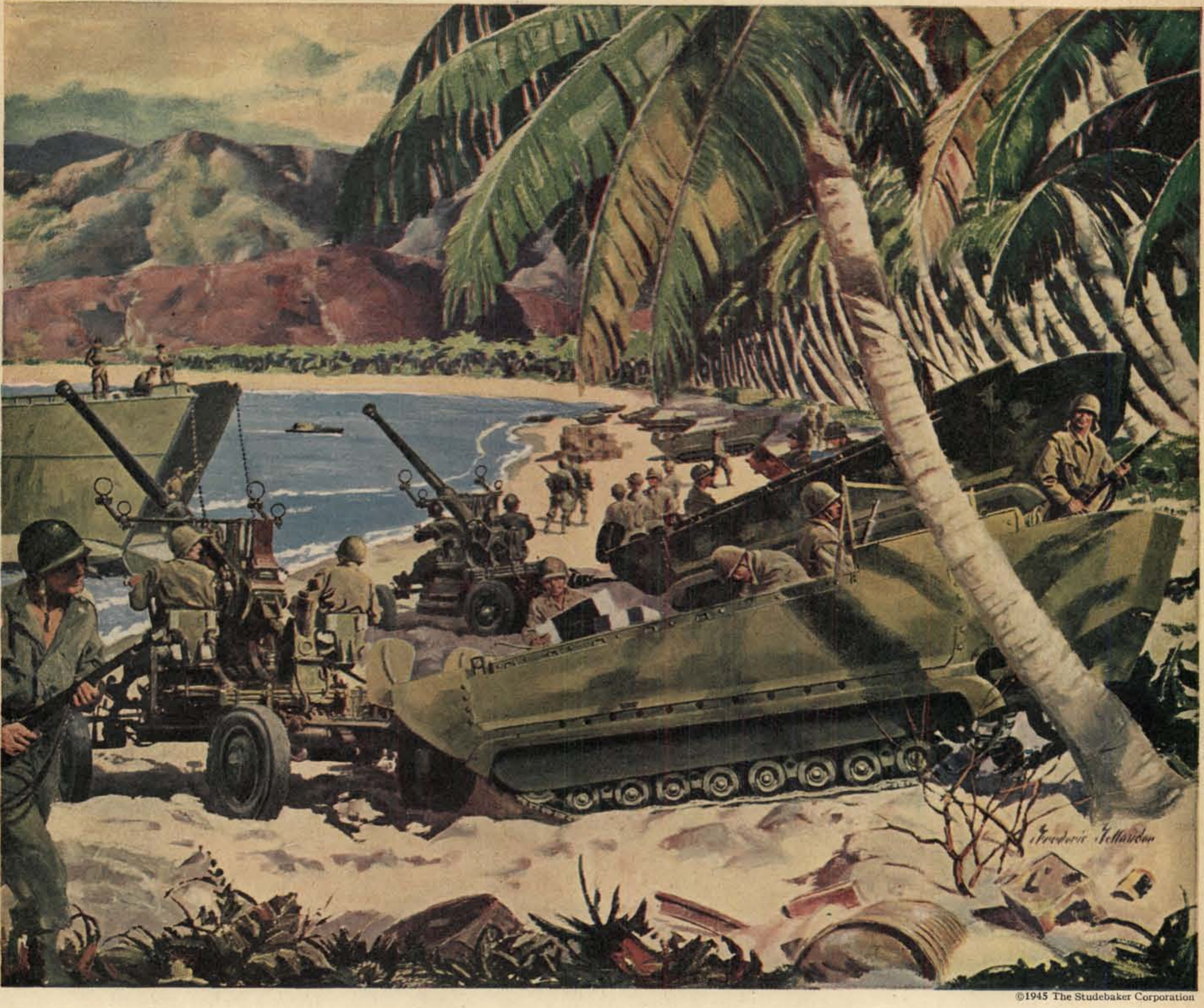

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Studebaker Weasel proves a "Champion" in hard going

ONE famous war correspondent, who saw the Studebaker Weasel bringing up supplies, described it this way: "The Weasel negotiates ground where other tracked vehicles founder."

From a hard-won Pacific island, another writer, who watched the Weasel churn past bogged trucks, reported: "It seems to just walk over mud."

Battle-tested from the Normandy beaches to deep in Germany, this light-weight, nimble personnel and cargo carrier has also been proving particularly bad news for the Japs, as our resourceful ground troops adapt it to their needs in the Pacific Ocean areas.

An outgrowth, in many respects, of automotive principles pioneered in the Studebaker Champion motor car, the Weasel is powered by the Champion's brilliant-performing six-cylinder engine. Extra-wide rubber-padded tracks give the Weasel sure footing on all kinds of terrain and serve as propellers when it travels across deep water.

Studebaker engineers designed this most versatile vehicle of the war. It occupies an honored place alongside Studebaker's heavy-duty military trucks and the Cyclone engines which Studebaker has built for the famous Boeing Flying Fortress.

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And your War Bonds will help keep our country strong through the trying days ahead. Keep buying Bonds and hold them till maturity.

Germs?
Itching?
Flakes?
Scales?

The "Bottle Bacillus"
Pityrosporum ovale

It may be
Infectious Dandruff
...better do something about it NOW!

IF YOU have persistent symptoms like those mentioned above don't ignore them. You may be running into a peck of trouble. They can mean you are in for a case of infectious dandruff.

Those ugly flakes . . . those troublesome scales . . . that annoying itching . . . may be evidence that infectious dandruff is at work.

Don't waste a minute hoping that it will disappear. Get started at once with Listerine Antiseptic and massage. Your common sense tells you that germ-killing action is important when germs are present, and that early and persistent treatment may head off infection before it can become really troublesome.

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

Listerine Antiseptic gives scalp and hair an antiseptic bath. It quickly destroys millions of germs, including the stubborn "bottle bacillus," held by many dermatologists to be a causative agent of the infectious type of dandruff.

Often, from the very outset, you can note the improvement that the Listerine Antiseptic treatment brings. Scales and flakes begin to disappear. Irritation is relieved. Your scalp glows and tingles. It looks healthier and feels healthier.

76% Improved in Tests

This is the same treatment with which, in one month, 76% of dandruff sufferers, in a clinical test, obtained complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, their dandruff symptoms.

Literally thousands of men and women rely on Listerine Antiseptic and massage as a precaution against infectious dandruff, and as a prompt first-aid treatment when infection has started. If you have the slightest case of this type of dandruff get started with Listerine Antiseptic at once.

The TREATMENT

MEN: Douse full strength Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp morning and night. **WOMEN:** Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic right along the part with a medicine dropper, to avoid wetting the hair excessively.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage. Continue the treatment so long as dandruff is in evidence. And even though you're free from dandruff, enjoy a Listerine Antiseptic massage once a week to guard against infection. Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 60 years in the field of oral hygiene.

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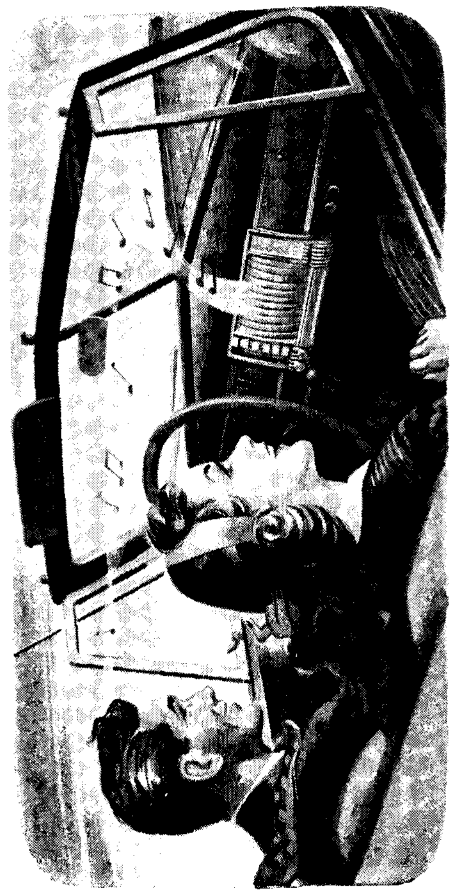

Collier's
FOR JULY 28, 1945

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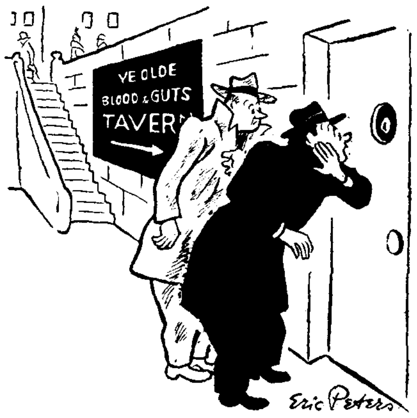
any week

ANYWAY, this is why one guy joined the Marines. He was field engineer at a municipal airport where one of our more determined war agencies had built a huge and permanent hangar. This hangar was a going concern for two years, when one day the agency's Inventory Control Section wired the engineer as follows: "Is Subject Facility (bureaucrat Washingtonese) subject to floods? Report immediately and in detail." The report-bedeviled engineer replied: "Assuming that by Subject Facility you mean our hangar, please be advised that as long as the law of gravity prevails upon water to run downhill, our Subject Facility will remain reasonably dry. If, however, you decide to repeal said law, who knows?" From Inventory Control came a second wire: "Why was Subject Facility built on a hill? Be specific." So that day the Marines recruited a wild-eyed man who asked only that he be assigned to the flame-throwers.


YE OLDE BLOOD & GUTS TAVER
Eric Peters

YES, and there is a veteran of General Patton's Third Army who, now in so-called civilian life, opened a saloon in Chicago and in honor of his General called it Ye Olde Blood & Guts Tavern. Business was very poor. So he closed all the windows, closed the door after cutting therein a small barred wicket and spread the rumor that his place was a speak-easy. Immediately, large numbers of customers showed up. No one could get in who didn't pass inspection at the wicket and who wasn't vouched for. And thus he was doing a terrific business until a jealous rival down the street found that our veteran had a license and that his trap was completely legal. This damning fact quickly spread and he's about to quit, because business is awful. This proves something or other about the American people.

THERE are several things we're not worrying about much. One of them is the

(Continued on page 65)

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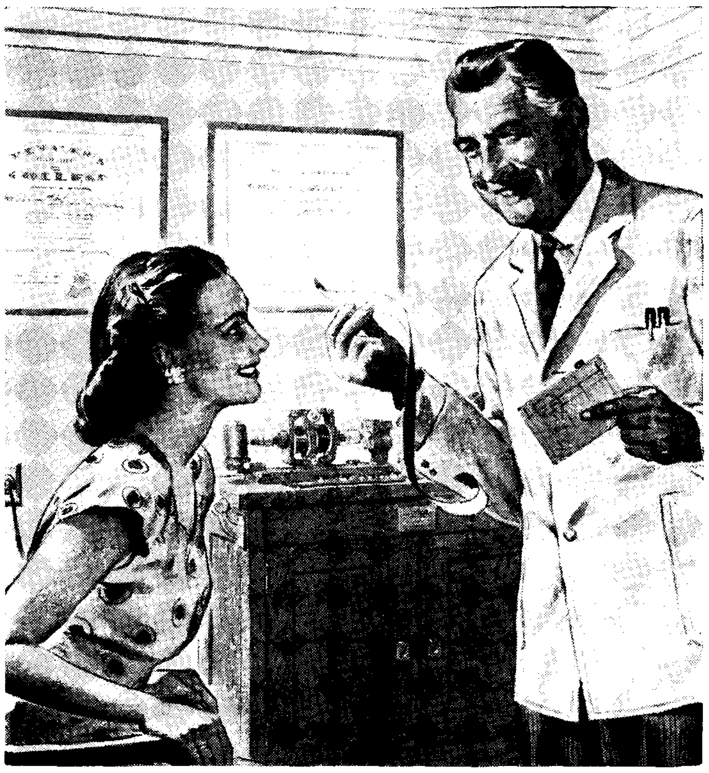
The myths are a mile from the truth about HEART DISEASE

Many myths and false beliefs have caused misunderstanding of the words, "Heart Disease." Doctors say this results in nearly as much trouble as the disease itself.

Truth, based on modern medical science, replaces doubt with facts . . . bringing new hope and comforting reassurance to all who have been worried about the condition of their hearts.



Myth #1

If you have the symptoms, you *must* have the disease.

That's not true! Such symptoms as pain or a feeling of oppression in the chest, shortness of breath, rapid or irregular heartbeat, *may* be signs of heart trouble, but frequently come from other sources.

Consult your doctor immediately when any of these symptoms occur. His diagnosis, aided when necessary by the fluoroscope and electrocardiograph, may enable him to reassure you that you do *not* have heart trouble.

Myth #2

If you're going to get it . . . you're going to get it.

That's not true! Everyone, particularly those over 40, can do a great deal to forestall heart disease if they will follow the few simple *rules for a healthy heart.*

1. Exercise regularly, but moderately. Stop *before* you get overtired.
2. Keep your weight down. If you're overweight, *bring* it down.
3. Get plenty of sleep—8 hours a night for most people.
4. Eat moderately. Be moderate in use of tobacco or stimulants.
5. Have a yearly examination by your doctor. Follow his advice.

Myth #3

If you have heart disease you will be a permanent invalid.

That's not true! Thousands of people who have heart disease are leading useful and nearly normal lives by following their doctor's advice.

Did you ever hear the expression, "To live a long life, start taking care of a bad heart early?" There's a lot of truth in it for people who know the limitations of their hearts and live within them.

For helpful information concerning your heart, send for the Metropolitan's free booklet, 85C, "Protecting Your Heart."

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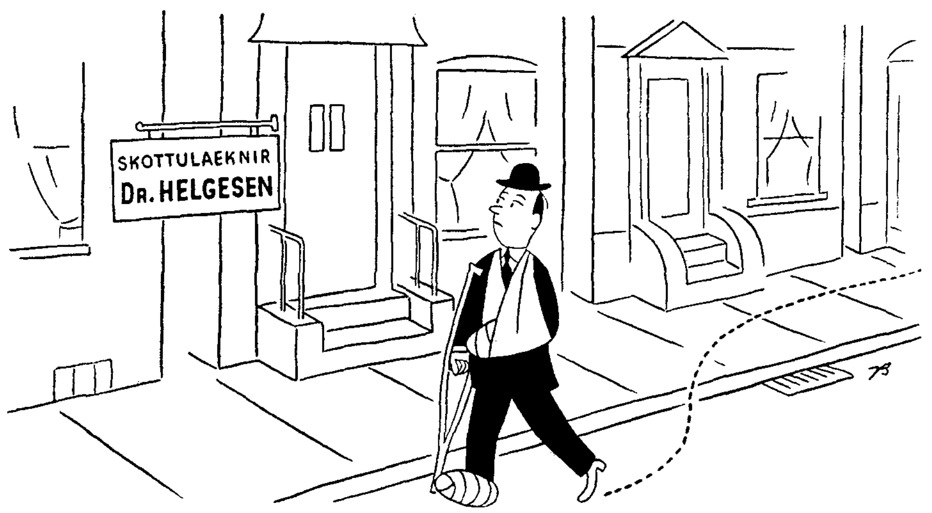

TONY BARLOW

Keep up with the world

by Freling Foster

Iceland permits a person to practice medicine without the required education and internship, provided that his name—on his sign, letterhead and prescriptions—is preceded by the title *Skottulaeknir,* meaning Quack Doctor.—*By Dr. I. J. Tartakow, Mineola, N. Y.*

A radio device used by the U.S. Army can detonate one or thousands of land mines, planted as far away as 20 miles, by causing them to react to their own individual frequency which is transmitted through a code dialing system.

The first plane to search for the exact position of the North Magnetic Pole was the British Aries, which made two flights over and around the charted location on Boothia Peninsula, Canada, between May 19 and 26, 1945. The special instruments employed indicate that this pole is some 250 miles north-northwest of the position shown on charts and maps for many years. It is still, however, nearly 1,200 miles south of the North Pole itself.

In major-league baseball this year, the 554 players range in weight from 140 to 230 pounds, averaging 183 pounds; and they range in height from five feet five inches to six feet six inches, averaging exactly six feet. —*By John P. Buhr, New York City.*

During every year of human life, mortality is higher among males than females. But oddly enough, during the first year, the percentage of male deaths over female deaths increases under good living conditions and decreases under poor living conditions. For example, in New Zealand, where infant mortality is 32 per thousand, deaths among boys are 35 per cent higher than among girls; while in Chile, where infant mortality is 248 per thousand, deaths among boys are only six per cent higher than among girls.

By installing carrier systems in its wire network during the past five years, Western Union has added the equivalent of a million miles of telegraph circuits without stringing up a single foot of line. With this modern equipment, 144 telegrams can be sent and 144 others received simultaneously over a single pair of wires.—*By F. W. McKee, Salem, Ohio.*

The only large Christian country in the world that is still without compulsory elementary education is Spain. . . . An inducted American soldier receiving the Congressional Medal of Honor is entitled to a discharge at any time he requests it. . . . Some 200 cities in this country now make a direct charge of from $3 to $6 per family per year for the collection of garbage. . . . The bumblebee cannot fly, according to the theory of aerodynamics, because its wing surface is inadequate for the shape and weight of its body.

One of the strangest tricks ever played by a camera occurs in a snapshot of a British tennis star. Photographed in the act of reaching out to return the ball, the player appears to have no racket in his hand, yet its shadow may be clearly seen on the ground. The camera was equipped with a focal-plane shutter which exposed the film through a curtain slit that flashed before it from bottom to top. Therefore, the shadow was registered first before the racket was moving rapidly; but by the time the middle of the film was exposed, a split-thousandth of a second later, the racket had attained such speed that no part of it was visible.

Chilean Fascists were so grieved over the death of Mussolini that they held a Mass for the repose of his soul on May 12th in the Temple of National Gratitude in Santiago.

The only woman to translate the whole Christian Bible in any language was Julia Evelina Smith of Glastonbury, Connecticut. Her translation was in English from Latin, Greek and Hebrew, and she finished and published it, after seven years' work, in 1876.—*By Helen W. Gunn, Syracuse, N. Y.*

The toxic qualities of ozone are virtually unknown, because it is rarely produced and released in the atmosphere by lightning, electric-ray devices, air purifiers, water sterilizers or other machines in concentrations greater than one part in 10,000,000 parts of air. But a recent analysis of ozone reveals that, in comparable concentrations, it is about 100 times as poisonous as ammonia gas and carbon monoxide.

Unlike ordinary loaded dice whose weighted sides are pulled downward by the force of gravity, electric dice come to rest with their weighted sides facing sideways because the magnetic force controlling them, set up by an electromagnet concealed in the table, passes through them horizontally.

The thin coating of magnesium fluoride now applied to lenses and prisms in the optical equipment made for our military forces permits so much more light to enter that the power of a telescope, for example, is increased as much as 50 per cent.

Of the present 321 American military cemeteries located abroad, seven are in Germany. . . . Spiders spin seven different kinds of silk, no more than five, however, being produced by any one species. . . . When in flight, aircraft have the right of way in the following order: balloons, free or in tow; gliders, airships and airplanes.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. ***Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information.*** **Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted, and none of its items may be reproduced without written permission**

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the best women...

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the best gasoline...

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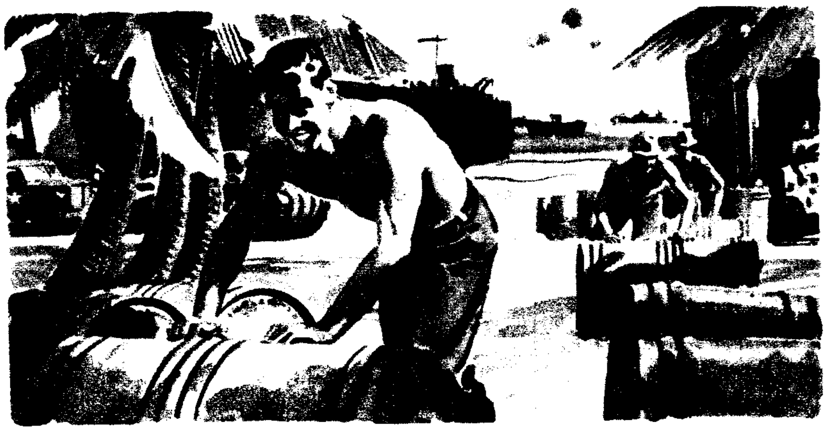

are still needed overseas

There's no prize for second place in a war—so America can't take a chance with anything but the best.

Our armed forces have been recruited from the pick of American men and women—the young, the physically fit, the alert and intelligent. Nor has there been any compromise with quality in the equipment and material needed for war.

That's why the fighting gasoline delivered to our Army and Navy represents the best of the American petroleum industry's production, plus most of the Ethyl fluid being manufactured.

Not until the armed services say it is safe to cut back on military production can *you* expect unlimited quantities of high-quality gasoline. Only then can we promise you all the Ethyl gasoline you want—an Ethyl that will bring out the best performance of any car.

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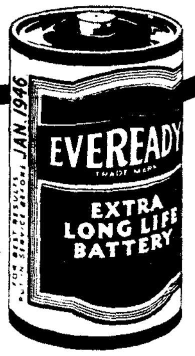

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Wing Talk

EDITED BY FREDERICK R. NEELY

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH U.S. MARINE CORPS

Flight Leader Maj. Robt. C. Hammond, Jr., Utica, Miss., in the cockpit of his Corsair. Plane captain is Corp. Stanley Guokas of Philadelphia

OKINAWA: On a certain April morning, when the yellow mist began to rise from the sodden fields between the wrinkled hills which guard the approaches to Gusakama Town, the commander of a battalion of a famous New York regiment found, to his mild surprise and grave concern, that he was receiving extremely galling fire from his front, his right flank, and his rear.

His lines, formed in the darkness before moonrise after a day of the savage cave-to-cave fighting which marked the southern drive on Okinawa, lay in a lazy Z. Forward, in the direction of the advance, were the troops of Able Company, dug into shallow foxholes along an east-west road leading out of Gusakama. Hinged to their right flank, and running back along a line parallel to a little ridge from which on the evening before the advancing troops had received only moderate harassing fire, was King Company, its right flank in turn attached to the left of Charlie Company, the bottom bar of the Z.

It was not a situation to make a commander lie down at night to sweet, untroubled dreams. But to the cool, logical banker's mind of Army Lieutenant Colonel James H. "Gentleman Jim" Mahoney, of New York and Orange, New Jersey, the book and his own experience held many answers. He had mulled them over in the night, as the flares brightened the sky, and the enemy searched the crevices of the ground with mortar fire; and, as was his custom, he had chosen the simplest and most rational solution.

AT DAWN, Able Company would pour a steady mortar and small-arms supporting fire into Gusakama Town. King Company with similar fire would pin down the Japs on the ridge, and Charlie Company, covered by King Company's fire, would sweep down the ridge to command the high ground overlooking Gusakama. Then, while Able and Charlie poured their fire into the beehive village, King would move forward in the center to the assault upon the town.

But as the first light came, and men began to stir and tense themselves for the push, all plans became just so much paper, as plans so often do in war. For along the ridge, the Japanese, deep in their caves as King Company's flanking scouts had moved down the ridge the evening before, came out and laid down a devastating fire. It beat upon Able Company from the right flank, and from the rear. King Company was pinned to the earth under it, and Charlie Company, attempting its advance down the long axis of the ridge, found itself moving into a blizzard of flying steel.

Here was the time for another decision. From his forward observation post where he and his air liaison officer, Captain John S. Godley of Detroit, crouched in the opening of an ancient tomb, Colonel Mahoney looked over the field and made up his mind. Naval gunfire from the harbor would not do, nor artillery, firing from the north, for to each of these there were unreachable spots along the ridge from which the heaviest fire was coming.

"It will have to be planes," he said to Godley. "How soon can they get here?"

Godley looked at his watch and figured swiftly. "Thirty minutes at best," he said.

The colonel frowned. "We can be badly hurt by then," he said. "Ask them to hurry, please."

Godley spoke into his radio, in the clipped jargon of field communications. "Hello, Speed Ball, this is Short Rock."

Back of the lines, in the humming nerve center of the Marine Air Support Control Unit, Captain Raymond A. Rogers snugged his earphones close to his head. "Speed Ball to Short Rock. Go ahead."

Above the pound and chatter of the guns, Godley talked swiftly. First, from a map smoothed upon his knee, he gave the target squares that located the ridge. Then, his eye sweeping the terrain in front of him, he began to pin-point, while Rogers followed him on an air photo. There in that gully, a machine-gun nest. See the big white rock there? Beneath it, in a cave, a dual purpose gun. He worked the face of the ridge, picking out the spots from which the hottest fire was pouring. Red dots—targets—speckled Rogers' photo as he followed the directions coming crisply from his phones.

His rugged face thoughtful, Lieutenant Colonel William A. Kuretich, of Hope, Kansas, commander of Support Aircraft, glanced at the target form Rogers was filling out and began to scan his plane availability board.

The evening before, like a housewife ordering groceries, he had ordered his strike planes for the day. A dozen Corsairs from Major General Pat Mulcahy's Second Marine Air Wing—loaded with bombs for a strike on a Jap troop area. A dozen carrier-based Avenger torpedo bombers to do a little job for the Navy—a smashing strike at torpedo launching stations along the coast from which the Nips had been harassing the Fleet.

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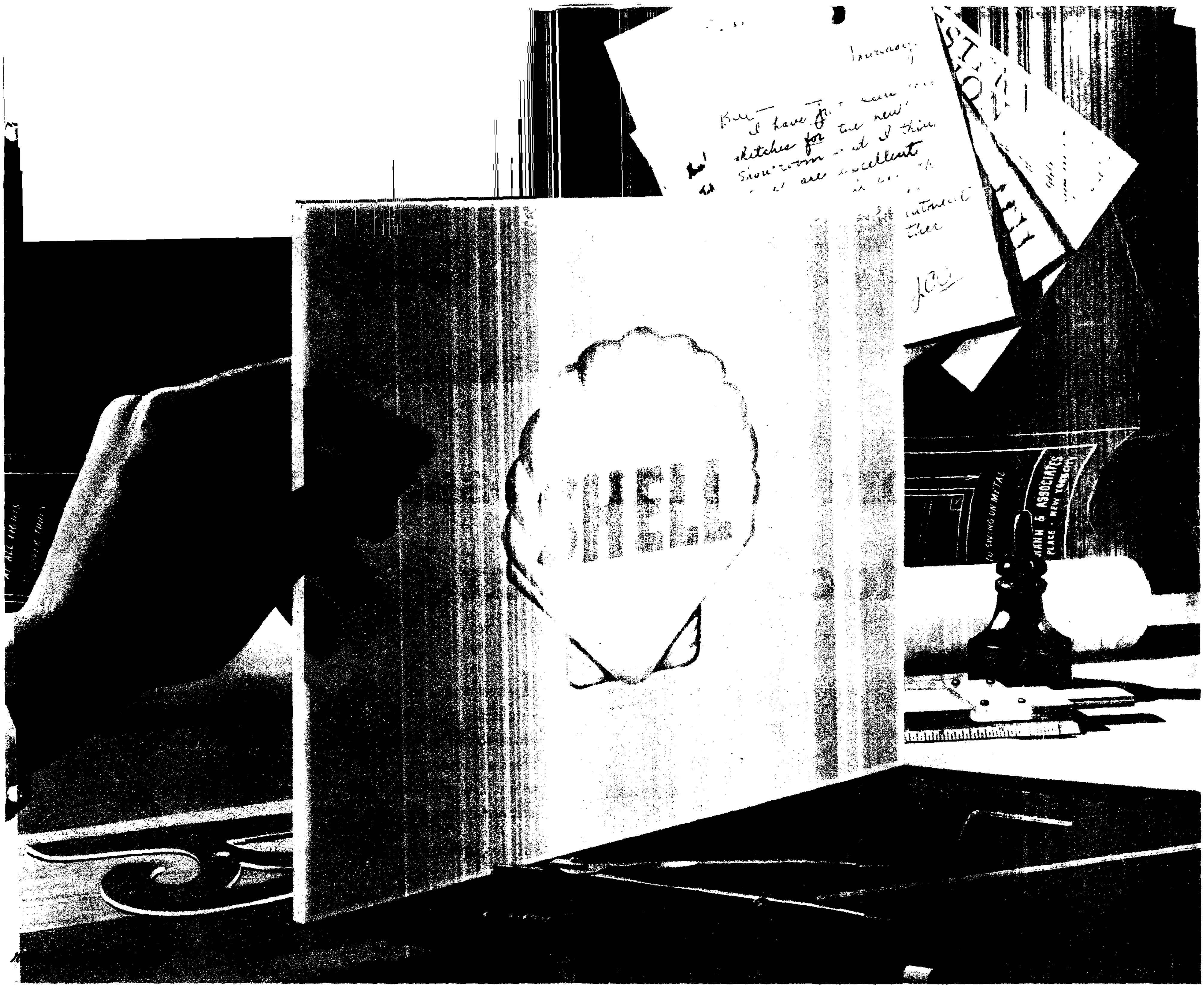

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A laminate made up of layers of *paper*—yet a material you *can't dent*.

How are such laminates made? They start with allyl alcohol. Shell Research originated a process for getting allyl alcohol from petroleum. Now this new base chemical will be produced in quantity in a new Shell plant in Houston.

Allyl alcohol goes into allyl esters which are resin formers. These resins are used in low-pressure laminating of glass cloth, paper, cotton duck, muslin, or what have you?

Bonded and impregnated with such a resin, layers of cloth take on the toughness of metal . . . actually gain greater impact strength than metal sheathing. One U. S. airline is using thin, strong sheets of laminated cloth to line cargo spaces of their planes so that heavy freight will not accidentally damage the fuselage "skin" during loading and unloading.

What a material for making airplanes, boats, tabletops—or suitcases! . . . Dozens of products, from automobiles to more colorful wall panelings, will be improved as a result of the availability of allyl alcohol.

Thermo-setting allyl plastics and laminates can be formed with little heat and pressure on inexpensive molds made of wood or plaster of paris. Once formed—once set—they resist heat . . . and their resistance to abrasion is high.

Inquiries are invited from chemical and resin manufacturers with problems. It's possible that Shell will be able to widen your horizons. Address Shell Chemical, 100 Bush Street, San Francisco 6, California.

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Horizons widen through Shell Research

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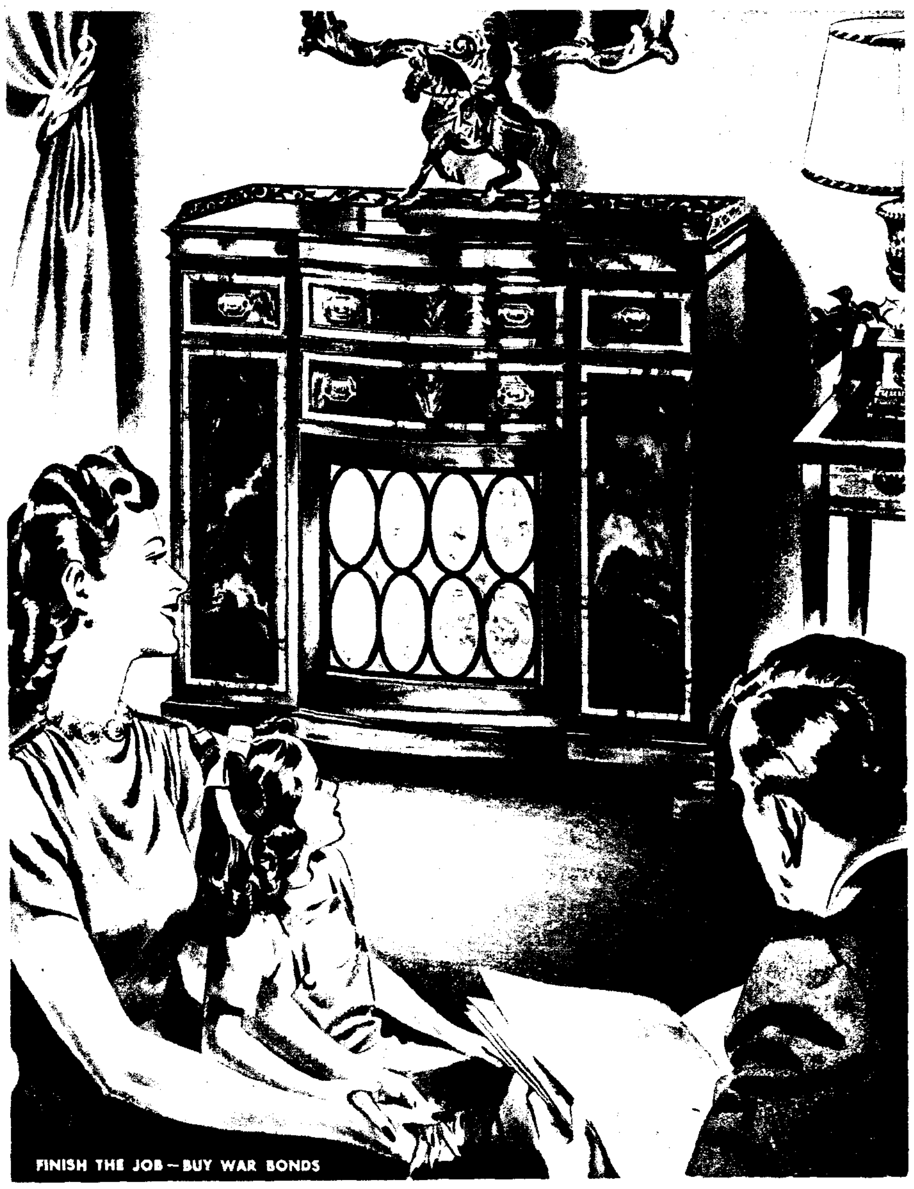
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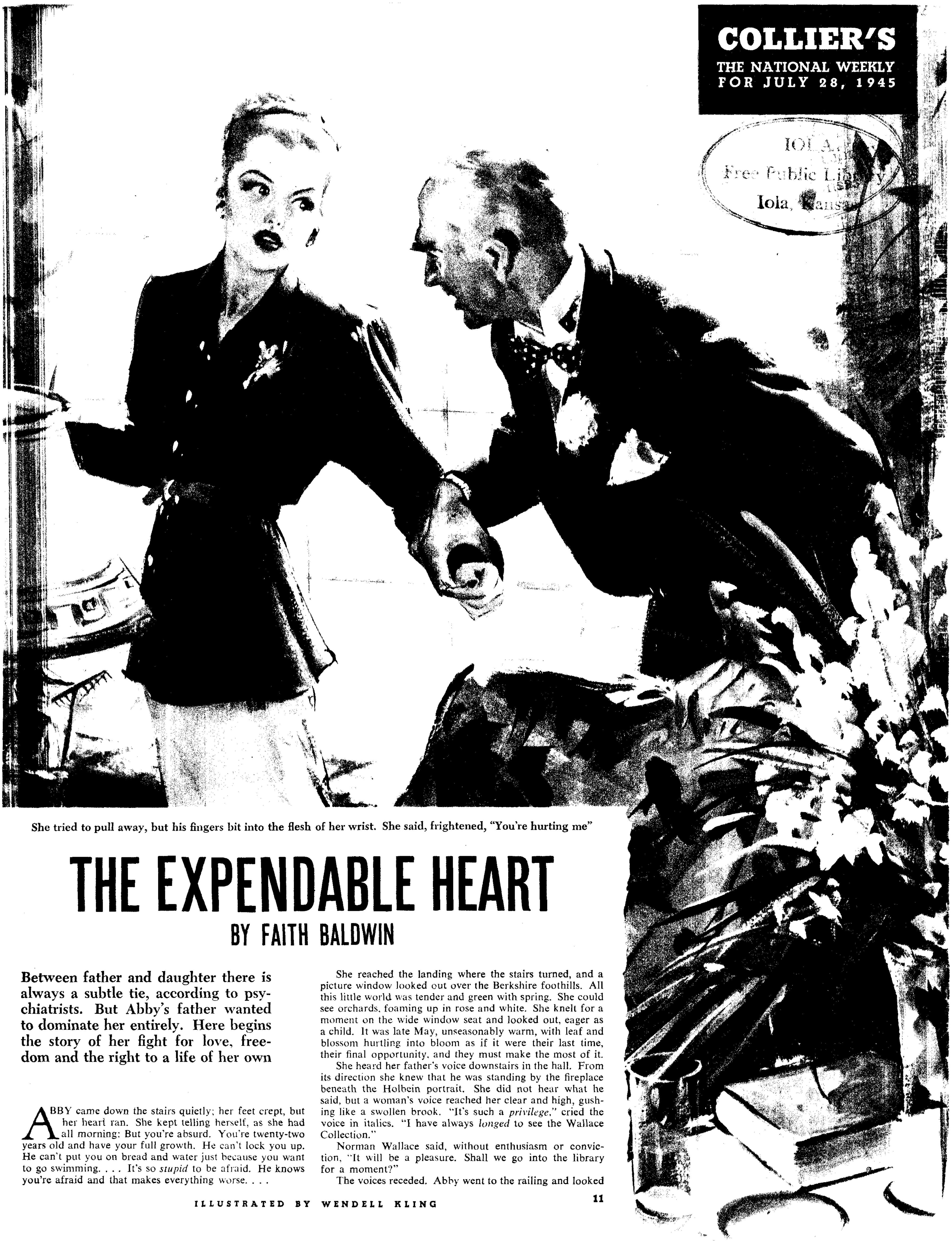


She tried to pull away, but his fingers bit into the flesh of her wrist. She said, frightened, "You're hurting me"

THE EXPENDABLE HEART

BY FAITH BALDWIN

Between father and daughter there is always a subtle tie, according to psychiatrists. But Abby's father wanted to dominate her entirely. Here begins the story of her fight for love, freedom and the right to a life of her own

ABBY came down the stairs quietly; her feet crept, but her heart ran. She kept telling herself, as she had all morning: But you're absurd. You're twenty-two years old and have your full growth. He can't lock you up. He can't put you on bread and water just because you want to go swimming. . . . It's so *stupid* to be afraid. He knows you're afraid and that makes everything worse. . . .

She reached the landing where the stairs turned, and a picture window looked out over the Berkshire foothills. All this little world was tender and green with spring. She could see orchards, foaming up in rose and white. She knelt for a moment on the wide window seat and looked out, eager as a child. It was late May, unseasonably warm, with leaf and blossom hurtling into bloom as if it were their last time, their final opportunity, and they must make the most of it.

She heard her father's voice downstairs in the hall. From its direction she knew that he was standing by the fireplace beneath the Holbein portrait. She did not hear what he said, but a woman's voice reached her clear and high, gushing like a swollen brook. "It's such a *privilege,*" cried the voice in italics. "I have always *longed* to see the Wallace Collection."

Norman Wallace said, without enthusiasm or conviction, "It will be a pleasure. Shall we go into the library for a moment?"

The voices receded. Abby went to the railing and looked

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

over the stair well down into the hall. It was empty, save for the heavy furniture, the benign and intellectual portrait, gravely looking down.

She held her breath, and released her hold on the polished wood. A door opened, and a young man walked into the hall. He was smoking a cigarette, he wore tweeds, he looked casual and at home. Abby said, "Craig?"

Craig Emerson looked up and saw her standing there. Her heavy hair, pale, burning gold, was bound in metallic braids about her small head. Her face was anxious and constrained. She asked, "What's going on?"

Emerson shrugged. He said, "Some woman from New York with an introduction. . . ."

Abby came down the rest of the stairs. He thought: She walks better than most women dance. He said, smiling at her, a pleasant young man with an attractive, irregular face, "What in the world are you clutching? Don't tell me you have taken up knitting!"

I might as well, she thought, knit one, purl two, when I'm not going to galleries or working on the book. Aloud, she said, "It's a bathing suit. . . . I mean, in the bag."

She had the bag, green and rubber-lined, over her arm. She wore a tweed skirt in faded pastel checks, a thin sweater and, on her small feet, scuffed saddle shoes—the routine uniform of girls all over the country. But she did not look standardized. Nothing could standardize her.

SHE had reached the last step, and Emerson walked across the hall and stood there leaning on the newel post. He asked, "Where are you going?"

"To the Duncans'," she told him. "It's a swimming party."

Emerson whistled soundlessly. He said, "Your father doesn't like the Duncans."

"He doesn't know them," she said, instantly on the defensive. "He's met Mrs. Duncan only once or twice since she came here."

"Does that matter?" Emerson inquired.

"I suppose not." She added, "Anyway, I'm going."

"You rate it," said Emerson. He looked at her with pity and pleasure; pity because he was sorry for her and could do, he believed, nothing about it; pleasure because she possessed so unique a beauty. "It's pretty grim for you," he added, "cooped up here . . . with your father, the Collection—and me."

His voice rose a little, as if he had asked a question. Abby looked away from him. He had been a part of their household for a number of years. An intelligent and useful young man, the son of a distant cousin, Norman Wallace had taken him straight from his university.

Emerson took off his shell-rimmed glasses. His eyes were brown and very nearsighted. He said, "You'd better scat. I hear someone coming."

But it was too late. The library door opened, and the woman's exclamatory voice followed Norman Wallace into the hall. He shut the door, cutting off all sound, and looked toward his daughter and Emerson. He raised his eyebrows a little and walked toward them.

"I thought I heard voices," he said, pleasantly. "I was just about to send for you, Craig. I thought you might take Mrs.—" he hesitated, trying to remember the negligible woman's name—"Mrs. Evans through the gallery."

His brief nod dismissed Emerson, who looked at Abby a moment, shrugged, almost imperceptibly, then walked obediently to the library door, opened it and vanished.

Abby felt lost. It was not a new sensation. She held the green bag a little tighter as if that might help her.

Her father asked, softly, "You are going out?"

Abby drew a deep breath. She came down the remaining step and looked up at her father. She said, "To the Duncans'."

"The Duncans," he repeated reflectively. His voice was quiet, very cool. He was a tall gray man; gray hair, gray eyes, gray suit. He added, "I don't approve of Mrs. Duncan, Abby. I'd rather you didn't see so much of her."

She said, "I haven't seen her much . . . just at Red Cross. Earlier in the week she asked me if I would come to swim today. She's having a few people."

He asked, "Who is she having?"

Abby moved her shoulders. She said, "House guests, I suppose, and her son who's recently been discharged from the Army."

"Do you know him?"

"No," said Abby. She felt her nerves creeping, like ants. She knew that the color rose under her pale, delicate skin. She was suddenly, terrifyingly aware of the weight of the house about her, solid, inescapable—a big stone house built by her grandfather, a house filled with massive furniture and fine paintings and *objets d'art*, a house dominated by her father. . . .

"I see," said Wallace. "Come over here, Abby, a moment. I shan't keep you long."

She followed him to the fireplace and he sat down on an old bench, the cushion faded to a soft, glowing rose. Abby stood before him, as a child stands.

"Who else will be there?" he went on.

"Oh, people," she said vaguely. "Val Stanley . . ."

A look of distaste shadowed her father's controlled face. He said, "I have known Val since her childhood. She isn't exactly the type of young woman I would select as your intimate."

Despair came like a fog; it made Abby's voice husky: "I've seen very little of her since we were children. I'm not making an intimate of her just because we are both asked to swim in the Duncan pool."

"She's a—model, isn't she?" asked Wallace indifferently. He went on, "You can telephone. You can say, with truth, that we have an unexpected luncheon guest."

She said, low, "I've accepted."

"Well," asked Wallace with some amusement, "what difference does that make? A great many engagements are broken every day, for quite valid reasons."

Abby said stubbornly, "I want to go!"

HER heart hammered. It was ridiculous standing here, arguing, rebelling. Why? Because she wanted to go swimming, and her father did not wish her to go. Again, why? Because he did not wish her to go anywhere, meet anyone?

Surely this was unimportant. How much easier it would be to say "Very well," go back upstairs and put away the green bag . . . to come down again, to sit at the head of the luncheon table and listen, and be what was expected of her—her father's hostess, his unofficial private secretary in some matters, his quiet, well-brought-up daughter.

But it wasn't unimportant. It was vital. It was spring; even the cold gray stone of the old house warmed to spring. Abby was twenty-two. Next year she would be twenty-three. It was a matter of simple arithmetic before she arrived at an age when spring would no longer matter. Her father had reached that age many years ago. He was seventy-three.

She twisted one long hand within the other and steadied her heart with a deep breath. She steadied her voice. She said, "I'm going."

Her father rose. He said, wearily, "Very well. But I prefer that you do not go unescorted. I'm sure that Craig would be glad to go with you."

She said, knowing the objection idiotic, "He wasn't asked."

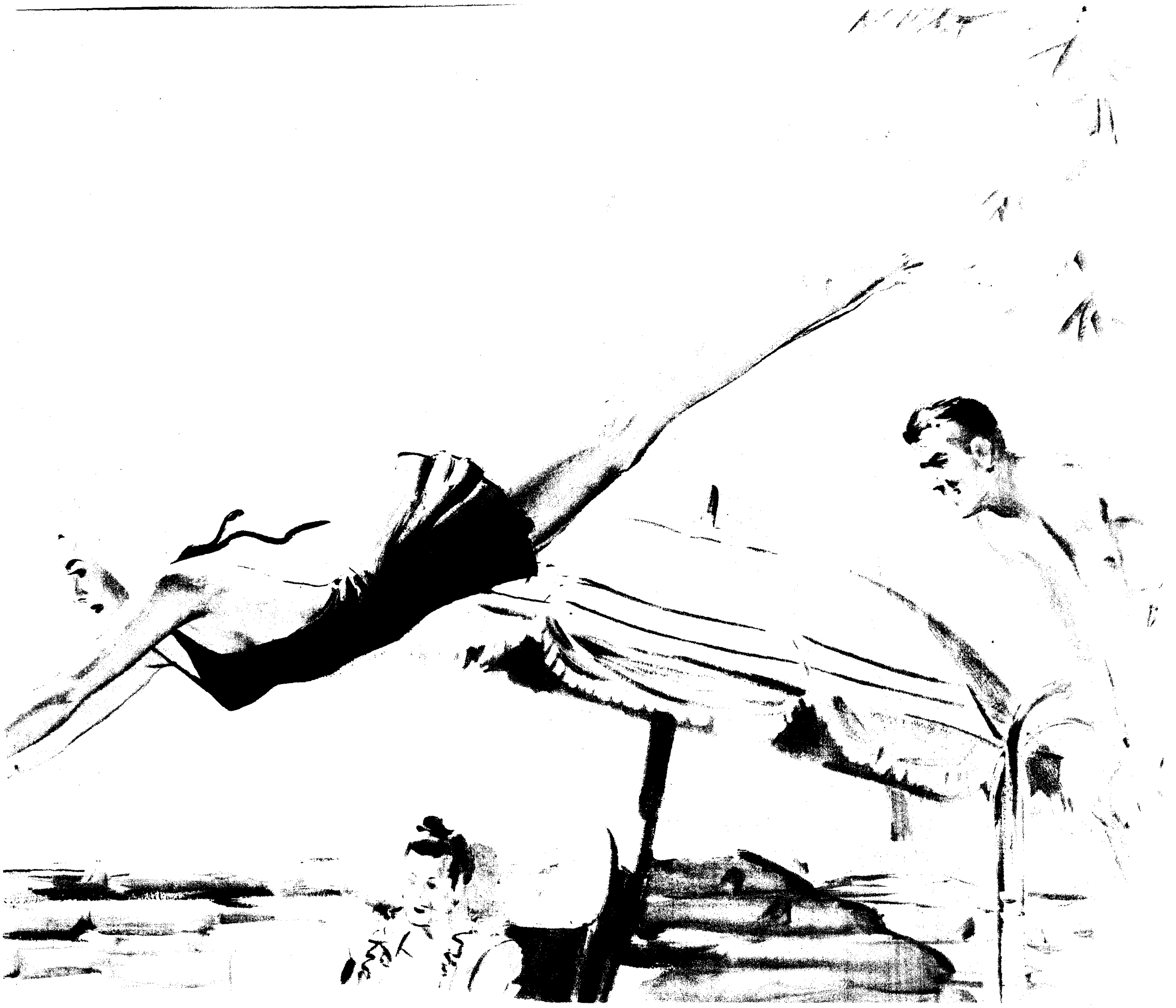
Her father said carelessly, "My dear Abby! Half of the people who go to establishments of the type maintained by a woman of Mrs. Duncan's informality are not invited."

He went to the library door, opened it and spoke pleasantly, "Could I see you a moment, Craig?" he asked.

Emerson shot out of the library, closing the door, looking from one to the other.

Wallace said with a faint, frosty smile, "Abby's going slumming. It would be"—he hesitated deliberately—"pleasant for her if you went along."

"To the Duncans'?" inquired Emerson,



"Don't be afraid, Abby, jump," Barry said. He watched her dive, swiftly and cleanly, into the water. The others were watching, too

startled out of his usual composure. "Well, of course, Uncle Norman, if Abby wishes. . . ."

She said, with a spark of anger, "Does that matter?"

Wallace said smoothly, "I'll take over Mrs. Evans . . . as Morris is in the city." He looked at Abby. "I hope you'll be back in time to take some dictation before dinner. Say, five?"

He nodded at them briefly and went back to the library.

Emerson said gently, "I'm sorry, Abby."

"It's all right," she said.

He said, "I'll just be a moment. I'll dig up my bathing trunks and join you."

She said, as he started up the stairway, two steps at a time, "I'll wait in the car."

But, as he disappeared, she did not move for a moment. She stood quite still, hating herself because she was shaking.

It seemed impossible to her, even after all these years, that you could begin by loving someone as much as the child, Abby, had loved her father, yet by the time you were twenty-two, there was no love left, none at all, only fear.

She shook herself a little, as if dispelling an enchantment, and walked, with her head high, and her unconscious grace, into the small morning room opening from the square hall. It was entirely French in feeling and *décor*, faded colors, gilt, delicacy . . . Over the fireplace, another portrait; this one, of her mother.

Abby stood looking up at it. She often came here to look at the portrait and wonder about the woman who had sat for it. She had never known her. She had been an infant when her mother died . . . at nineteen. Nineteen, three years younger than Abby was now, and she had known marriage and childbirth and death. What sort of a woman was she, this daughter of Pennsylvania Dutch farm people whom Wallace had discovered in a little town, playing the organ in a country church?

She had been painted wearing a stiff blue brocade gown, very period, almost costume. It was a fine, mannered portrait. Behind her, an indicated artificial landscape, dark, somber; in her lap, just touched by her long hands, a sheaf of lilies. She looked down at them, her face still and beautiful, her heavy hair hanging to her shoulders, caught up in some fashion so that it belled forward, smooth, glowing gold.

Perhaps the artist had been a little in love with his subject. There was tenderness in the small mouth, the flesh tones, the broad eyelids. Perhaps he had been afraid to paint what he saw in the eyes, for they were nearly hidden. But Abby knew what they were like. She saw them in her own mirror every day . . . long eyes, almost aquamarine in color, under the heavy white lids.

Craig spoke, just behind her. "You are very like," he said.

She started perceptibly. She said, "I didn't hear you come."

"I'm sorry." He touched her shoulder, quickly, and a little shiver went through her because it was pleasant to have the trivial weight of his hand on her flesh, even fleetly, laid there in affection, in, perhaps, love. But she couldn't love Craig, she reminded herself, she did not dare.

He asked, "Isn't it time we were starting?"

ABBY'S car was waiting outside, and she took the driver's seat, over Emerson's perfunctory protest. She liked to drive, to feel power under her hands, power which she could control, guide, suppress or encourage.

He said, leaning back, "This is all right. I'm grateful to Uncle Norman." The avuncular title was a concession to informality, easier to handle than Cousin. "But I'm sorry if I've spoiled your party."

Abby laughed. She said, "How could you spoil it before it happened? Besides, I'm glad, after all, that you came. Of course I don't like being told I must be chaperoned. But perhaps I'm a little scared."

"Will you never get over your shyness?" he asked gently.

"No . . . Yes." She shook her head. "I'm not shy, really," she said.

"No," he agreed, "not playing hostess for your father, not in auction rooms or commercial galleries. But sometimes with me, and always with him, and inevitably with young people."

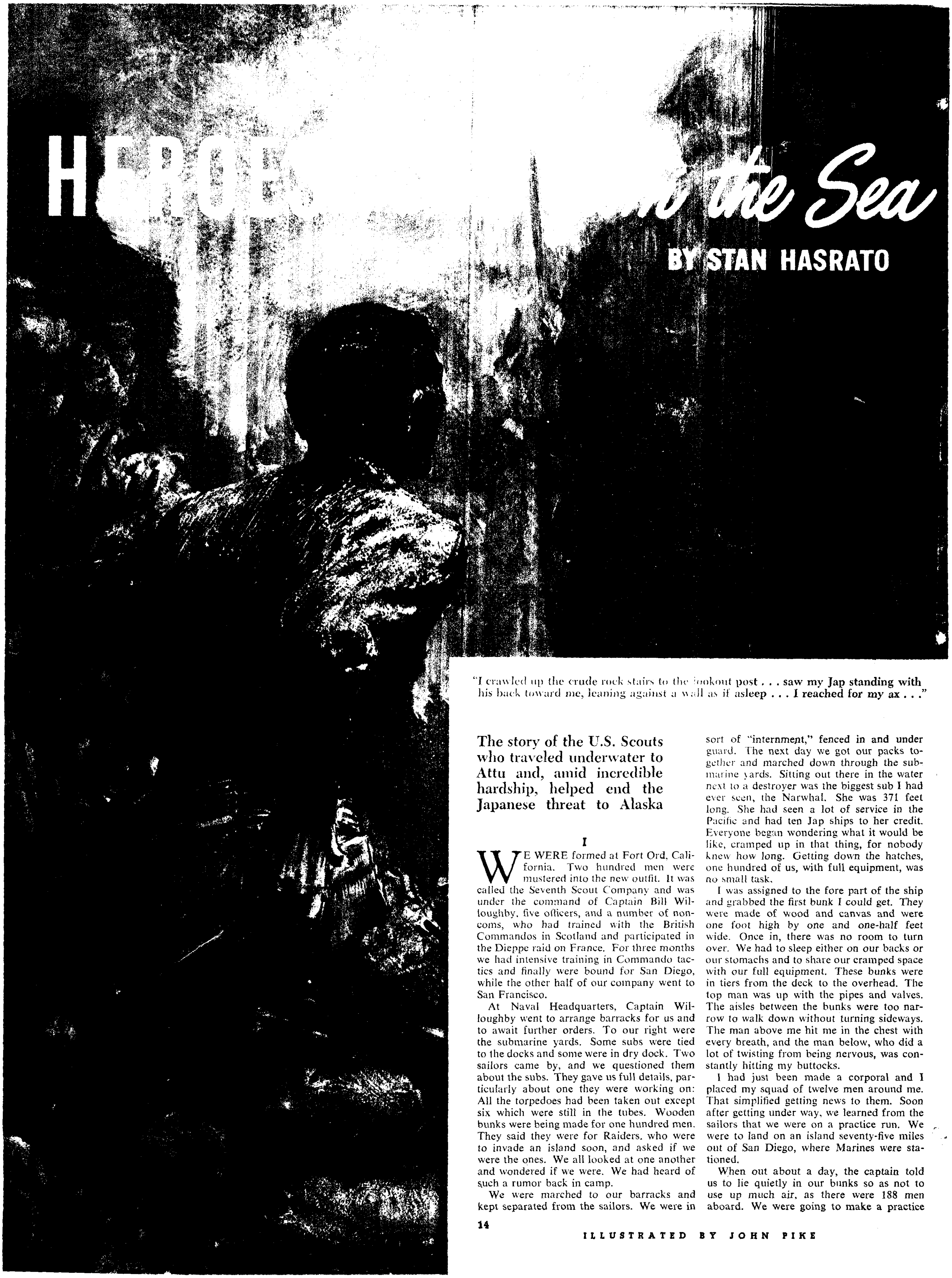
Craig sighed. He understood her, up to a certain point. He was also in love with her; he had been for a long time. He had watched with bitterness when she had fallen in love with someone else; and had observed with compassion, but with a certain comprehensible gratification, when Norman Wallace had entered the picture—a charming picture, all youth and growing awareness and delicate reactions—to destroy it with complete finality. But he thought: What have I to offer her? Not, at any rate, the one thing she wants.

For the one thing which he believed that Abby wanted was escape. He could not offer

(Continued on page 27)

HEROE[illegible] the Sea

BY STAN HASRATO



"I crawled up the crude rock stairs to the lookout post . . . saw my Jap standing with his back toward me, leaning against a wall as if asleep . . . I reached for my ax . . ."

The story of the U.S. Scouts who traveled underwater to Attu and, amid incredible hardship, helped end the Japanese threat to Alaska

I

WE WERE formed at Fort Ord, California. Two hundred men were mustered into the new outfit. It was called the Seventh Scout Company and was under the command of Captain Bill Willoughby, five officers, and a number of noncoms, who had trained with the British Commandos in Scotland and participated in the Dieppe raid on France. For three months we had intensive training in Commando tactics and finally were bound for San Diego, while the other half of our company went to San Francisco.

At Naval Headquarters, Captain Willoughby went to arrange barracks for us and to await further orders. To our right were the submarine yards. Some subs were tied to the docks and some were in dry dock. Two sailors came by, and we questioned them about the subs. They gave us full details, particularly about one they were working on: All the torpedoes had been taken out except six which were still in the tubes. Wooden bunks were being made for one hundred men. They said they were for Raiders, who were to invade an island soon, and asked if we were the ones. We all looked at one another and wondered if we were. We had heard of such a rumor back in camp.

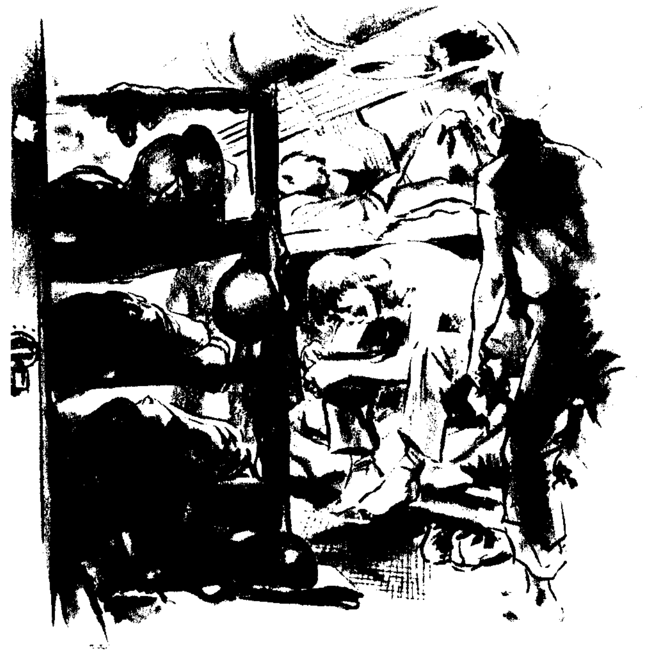
We were marched to our barracks and kept separated from the sailors. We were in sort of "internment," fenced in and under guard. The next day we got our packs together and marched down through the submarine yards. Sitting out there in the water next to a destroyer was the biggest sub I had ever seen, the Narwhal. She was 371 feet long. She had seen a lot of service in the Pacific and had ten Jap ships to her credit. Everyone began wondering what it would be like, cramped up in that thing, for nobody knew how long. Getting down the hatches, one hundred of us, with full equipment, was no small task.

I was assigned to the fore part of the ship and grabbed the first bunk I could get. They were made of wood and canvas and were one foot high by one and one-half feet wide. Once in, there was no room to turn over. We had to sleep either on our backs or our stomachs and to share our cramped space with our full equipment. These bunks were in tiers from the deck to the overhead. The top man was up with the pipes and valves. The aisles between the bunks were too narrow to walk down without turning sideways. The man above me hit me in the chest with every breath, and the man below, who did a lot of twisting from being nervous, was constantly hitting my buttocks.

I had just been made a corporal and I placed my squad of twelve men around me. That simplified getting news to them. Soon after getting under way, we learned from the sailors that we were on a practice run. We were to land on an island seventy-five miles out of San Diego, where Marines were stationed.

When out about a day, the captain told us to lie quietly in our bunks so as not to use up much air, as there were 188 men aboard. We were going to make a practice

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIKE



"When we got into Alaskan waters the sub would sweat and the dampness would make men sick . . ."

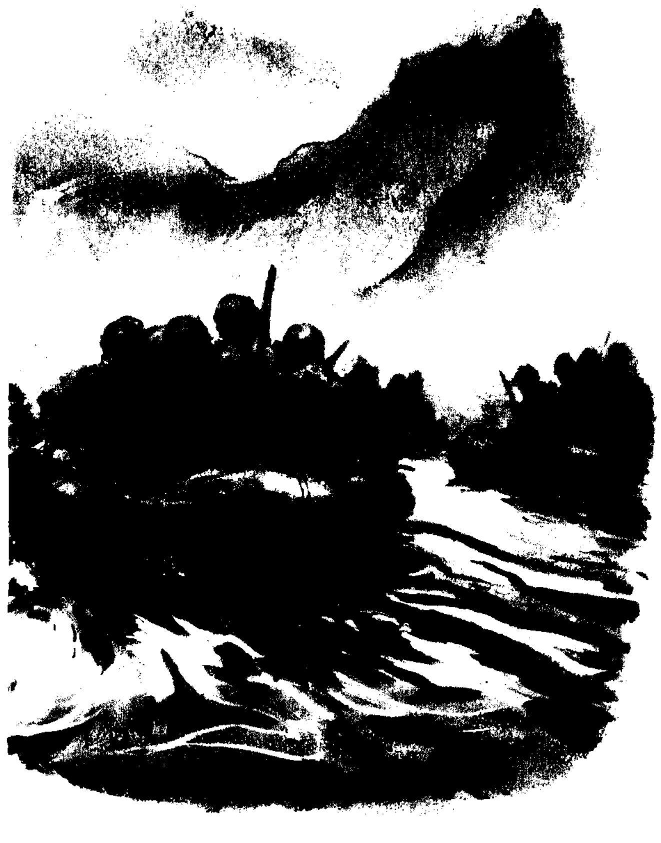
dive, staying under water for fourteen hours, which was equivalent to twenty-six hours with a normal crew of eighty-eight men. We passed this test. We were under 80 to 100 feet of water most of the time. Once we tested even deeper. The air became so foul, a match wouldn't light. Breathing became difficult after twelve hours. Back up, the hatch doors were all opened, and boy, that fresh air smelled good!

On top, the ship began rolling, and the Scouts had their first taste of seasickness. Men were heaving all over the place. The "head" (toilet) was jammed. Some men stayed in their bunks, too sick to get out. These used their helmets, tied close by. The ones who were able to get around were kept busy emptying helmets. I didn't get seasick, but the stench nearly got me. I often went down to the radio room to escape it.

We dived again and came up off the island of San Clemente under cover of darkness. We all got on deck, opened the hatch doors, took out and inflated the rubber boats and threw them over the side. Each squad was assigned to a boat. We paddled in to shore, and our sub disappeared from sight. We assembled on shore where we were met by Marines with a convoy of trucks to take us to our barracks. They didn't see any ships around and asked us how we had got there. We told them we had swum in from San Diego.

Late one night, after we had been on the island for three days, we were loaded into trucks and spirited down to the docks where we boarded a destroyer, which took us to our sub, waiting out in the harbor. We returned to San Diego.

"It seemed like a year, that ride into shore. Time stood still. My boat was third to land"



The next day, orders came through to fall out with everything we owned and get down to the docks. We were getting under way at noon. This was it.

We headed north toward Dutch Harbor in the Aleutians. That just didn't make sense, because we were in tropical uniforms and had been trained in southern California. When out at sea about a week, Scouts began getting sick again. More stench. More dirt. Cramped up under the damned ocean with foul air and no sunlight. What a life!

One day they opened up cases of heavy high-topped boots and heavy underwear; also lightweight overall parkas, white on one side and tan on the other. They passed out big bolo knives, small axes, trench knives, hand grenades, ammunition and tommy guns.

They called the noncoms into the messroom and passed out pictures taken from air of the island of Attu, which had been held by the Japs for the past year. Attu is seventy-five miles from Kiska. Intelligence at Washington informed us that there were 1,700 Japs on the island, camped in the areas of Massacre Bay, Chichagof Harbor and Holtz Bay, next to which we were to land on Red Beach. If there was to be a secondary beach on which to land, it would be Scarlet Beach, to the north and east of Red Beach.

We had daily classes on maps and charts. Soldiers were appointed to stand watch up in the stern of the conning tower when on surface. Shifts changed hourly. Being constantly on the alert was nerve-racking. When the general alarm was given, everyone cleared the decks on the double.

One day a B-24 was sighted and we dived down fast. Someone asked why we were running away from our own planes. One of the sailors replied that a submarine runs from everything. He said that some of those crazy kids who pilot the B-24s would like credit for bombing a sub, and it's hard for them to distinguish enemy from friend, and that, besides, we were on a very important mission and were not taking any chances.

A Scout started complaining about not having enough room. Those "coffins" made them all very nervous. He asked why they could not throw the bunks out and sleep on the floor. I took it up with the chief petty officer and a lieutenant, and they said it would be a good idea, except that when we got into Alaskan waters the walls and floor of the sub would sweat and the dampness would make a lot of men sick. So that was that. I went back and gave the boys the sad news.

We were on the surface when two loud blasts of the horn rang out. Another plane sighted. Down we dived again. We stayed under for a while, shut off our Diesels and ran on the battery motors. After an hour or so, we surfaced, and the same plane took a dive over us and down we went again. This was real excitement. What if that crazy kid pilot dropped bombs on us, we thought. The sub was packed with dynamite. It carried six torpedoes in the tubes, and rounds and rounds of ammunition all over the place. It was a floating powder bag.

The Scouts lay in their bunks and said little. The sailors were nervous and showed it. They had experienced this sort of thing before. The plane left. It was another B-24.

A few days later we were off the coast of Alaska. Two weeks passed by, and we were now entering the channel leading into Dutch Harbor. We were all anxious to see the sunlight again and to get a look at the Aleutians. I had seen the sun occasionally during the past few weeks when on watch, but most of the poor devils were damned anxious to get out. Only five soldiers had been topside.

We finally got there and tied up to a big oil tanker in the harbor for refueling. On the other side of the oil tanker was our sub's sister ship, the Nautilus, carrying the other half of our company. We all got out and walked on deck, breathing the good old fresh air. It smelled wonderful. The sun was shining very brightly and we were surrounded by snow-covered mountains. No trees were in sight—just snow.

Dutch Harbor was an awful-looking place: just very high snow-capped mountains towering all about us. The roads were mud and slush, knee deep. It rained and snowed all the time, and the winds blew a gale. It was miserable. It's inconceivable that troops could have lived there for two years. There were no women and no liquor. Ham and eggs cost $1.50. A wrist watch which would have cost $20 in the States cost $70.

Prelude to Battle: a Day of Relaxation

We got out the next day after a good night's sleep and met the other half of our company. We talked things over and were glad to see one another. We hiked up a steep snow-covered mountain and slid down. We played like little kids all day long. It limbered up our muscles. At night, we went to the PX and drank a lot of beer. Later we went to a movie and then back to our barracks. We talked over what we were going to do in action and got ourselves all riled up; then we went to bed.

The next day we took another hike, and that night we made practice landings with our rubber boats. At first, we tossed the boats over the side of the ship, but gave that method up for a better one. We lined up two rows of five boats each, on each side of the stern. The men got into the boats with their guns and equipment. Our captain gave a signal to the sub captain, who, in turn, gave an order for the stern end of the sub to submerge. That eased us on top of the water with little trouble. The sub sure looked funny half sunk.

We didn't return to our barracks but got down into the hatches and away we went. This time we sailed the Bering Sea, the roughest body of water in the world. The first day out, I was on watch. The waves came right up to the conning tower and into the open hatches. The engine room was flooded. This kept up constantly. The pumps worked like mad.

I wore a helmet made of navy-blue wool, a mask with holes for the eyes, a heavy coat, rain pants made of rubber, boots, heavy gloves, and a pair of binoculars. I looked like someone from Mars. Every ten minutes we had to make a report to the captain on the bridge. The report was: "Sea, sky, horizon, all clear astern, sir." We watched for planes, ships, torpedo wakes and submarines. At times the waves covered the entire sub except for the tower. We were strapped on to keep from being washed away.

The men began getting seasick again. Same old stuff, throwing up all over the place. Boy, was I getting tired of it! Then it happened: I ate cabbage for supper one night. I think it was fried and greasy. That got me. I soon joined my pals in heaving sessions.

A Desperate Mission for Exhausted Men

We were getting close to our destination and we all wondered how in the world we could fight when we had been vomiting for three weeks. We were damned weak, and every man had lost an average of five pounds.

Then Captain Willoughby told us our mission. We were to land on Scarlet Beach instead of Red Beach. The Navy had reported by radio that Red Beach was too well fortified. We were to attack Attu Island on May 7, 1943, at three o'clock in the morning. Our company would be the only Americans on the island. We would be the first American soldiers to start the offensive in the Aleutians. We would block a pass from which the Japs would try to escape. The main armies would come in from Massacre Bay and Holtz Bay hours later. No one would help us. It was "do or die." We would meet the infantry at Holtz Bay village in twenty-four hours, according to plan.

IFOR THOMAS

Safe after grim adventure. Back home with the thirty-sixth invader of Attu—and his mother

The men began cleaning their guns. Knives and axes were sharpened. Someone stole my ax, and I gave the whole fore end hell. Then I went back aft and stole someone else's ax.

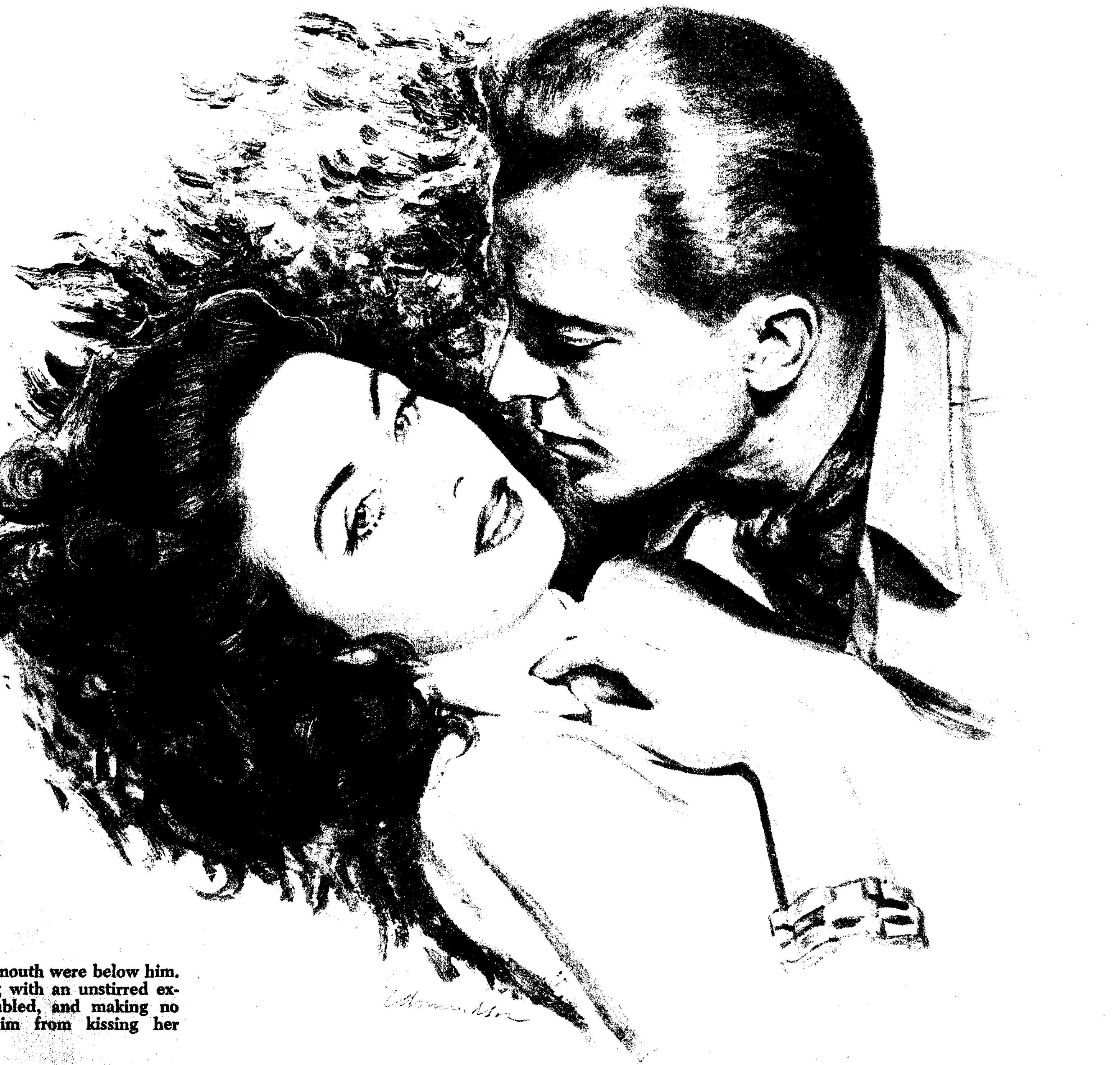
We were now passing Kiska, only seventy-five miles away. Jap submarines were all over the place. It's difficult to understand how we got through, on the surface most of the time. I asked a petty officer if we were alone in the area. He said we had battleships, cruisers, destroyers, plane carriers, submarines and a big convoy of transports. He said, "We are going to retake the Aleutians in a hurry and are trying to draw Japan's home fleet out for a final showdown."

We arrived at Attu the next day. Orders came through that the date of the attack had been changed to May 10th. We circled Attu slowly, almost always on the surface. I was told that we had a lot of protection, but when I got up on watch, I couldn't see a thing but the island of Attu. It is thirty-five miles long, twenty miles wide, and is about 750 miles from Paramushiro, the great and powerful Jap naval base in the Kurile Islands.

The captain said in a cool stern voice, "Carry on."

Our men were all pretty nervous now. This little handful of two hundred Scouts would be alone on the island for hours, fighting possibly 1,700 Japs before relief would come.

We dived again and periscoped *(Continued on page 50)*



Her face and her mouth were below him. She was watching with an unstirred expression, not troubled, and making no effort to stop him from kissing her

Back From Somewhere

BY ERNEST HAYCOX

His heart was in pieces and so was hers, and they thought it might help them both to try to match up the pieces

DOC FRANCE said, "There must be at least a cupful of gravel and splinters in your hide. What was it?"

"Speeder left the track," said Lowery. He lay on Doc France's office table, sweating from the accumulating pain and from the summer's heat trapped in this loose wooden building. Marian—Doc France's office nurse—had cut away his shirt and it embarrassed him to be here with nothing on but a pair of tin pants and calked boots. "Anything busted?"

"No, but I'm going to put you away while I muck it out," said Doc.

Marian moved around the office and came back with a cone in her hand. She laid her fingers on the side of Lowery's neck, and suddenly it occurred to him that he had not thought about her for a long while; he had seen her every week since childhood, but he had not really thought about her. That was the way it was with people here; they were so much together that they ceased to see each other.

Marian put the cone over his face, and Doc France's countenance came down toward him, a homely red-cast moon marred by pale freckles. In a little while Lowery passed out. . . .

He came up through the depths, swimming hard and tasting the fresh air when he broke surface. He was still thinking of Marian and when he opened his eyes he saw her face directly above him, her eyes round and alert and a little vein showing in the center of her forehead.

He said: "Your lipstick's haywire," and raised his head to view the bandages on his arm and shoulder and on part of his chest.

"Lay back and shut up," said Doc.

"Marian," said Lowery, "reach into my pants pocket and get two dollars and go find me a shirt. Size sixteen and a half."

She went away without the two dollars. Doc France walked into another room, throwing his talk behind him. "You're too reckless. When you going to grow up?"

"You grown up?"

"Well," said Doc. "I suppose so."

"Having any fun?" asked Lowery.

"My fun and your fun are different things."

Lowery rose and put his feet on the floor with a bad taste in his mouth and his shoulder red hot. He went over to the window and waited until Marian came back. She removed the pins from the shirt and helped him into it and buttoned it for him; once again he felt embarrassment, and went into the front room to stuff the shirt into his pants.

Marian waited a moment, then followed and opened the door for him. Her chin came to the point of his shoulder, which made her taller than he realized, and she showed up well in the white uniform. He looked closely at her face and saw nothing much there; she was thinking of him idly while her mind remained on something else.

He walked up Pennoyer Street to the mill office. He stopped at his father's desk a moment and said, "I ditched the speeder," and his father reared back in the chair a moment to see what the damage was, and said: "Hell on the speeder," and returned to his work. Lowery grinned and went on to his own desk and pushed everything on it into a pile and left the office.

It was near five o'clock, and Verna's tan roadster swung around the corner of Gibbs and pulled into the curb on the wrong side of the street. She opened the car's door, pointing at his arm.

He said: "Accident with the speeder."

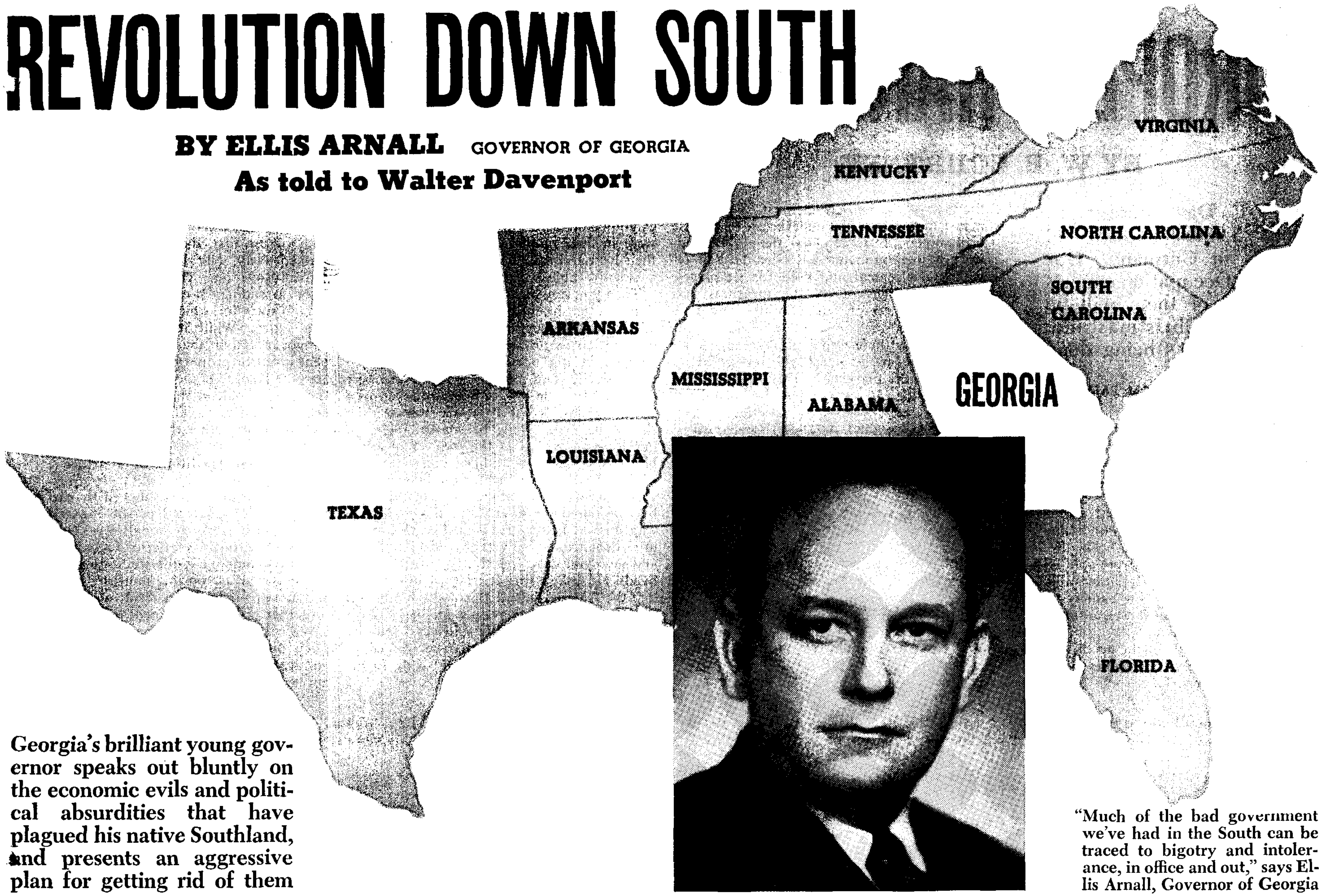
She said: "Oh." Her face was flushed from

(Continued on page 42)

ILLUSTRATED BY CAROLYN EDMUNDSON

REVOLUTION DOWN SOUTH

BY ELLIS ARNALL GOVERNOR OF GEORGIA
As told to Walter Davenport



Georgia's brilliant young governor speaks out bluntly on the economic evils and political absurdities that have plagued his native Southland, and presents an aggressive plan for getting rid of them

"Much of the bad government we've had in the South can be traced to bigotry and intolerance, in office and out," says Ellis Arnall, Governor of Georgia

LEONID SKVIRSKY

THE South has lived too much in the past. It's time she rejoined the Union. She is entitled to be back in the house of her fathers. For her political and economic reverie the South has been paying a huge price. We have been content to blame many of our woes on the rest of our country, particularly the North, the damyankee. Gentle warnings, subdued alarms, polite suggestions have failed to awaken the rest of the nation to the fact that here is a great economic frontier, crying for development. Growing pains have not yet awakened all of our own populace here in the South to our great potentials. It's time to make a rude noise.

The narcotic that has been keeping the South in her twilight sleep is poverty. Her evasion of reality, her self-pity, her inertia have given her bad government, filled many of her important political offices with demagogues and incompetents. Here and there thieves who went into office penniless emerged millionaires—even went to prison for their racketeering.

Since the War Between the States (the Civil War to the cold bread country), the South has at times given the rest of the country reason to think of some of her governors as clowns and of some of her legislatures as dominated by charlatans and scalawags. The South has sometimes elected to office noisy quacks and fantastic scatterbrains. Able men have had difficulty in being heard or seen in the burlesque played by some of our leaders.

To these latter misrepresentatives of the people of the South, her poverty and the ignorance begotten of poverty have been political capital. Men as mentally and spiritually benighted as the meanest illiterate voting for them have won and held office on no other issue than race and religious prejudice. Intelligent and liberal minds in the South have gone about proclaiming all this for years. They have named education as its cure—education and then more education. This education they say would close public office to the prancing demagogue. It would open the purblind eyes of those of our electorate who have been unconscious of the awful truth that they are being denied the benefits of a democracy for which they are called upon now and then to die.

But thus far, few forthright, aggressive moves have been made to attack the source of Southern poverty which in turn is responsible for all the ills afflicting our people. The ennui, the mental inertia, the unawareness of many of the voters and bigotry have, on occasions, flowed into state capitols, into legislatures and county and municipal offices, because our people have shunned the rigors of hard reality, have done the very human thing: sacrificed possible gains to immediate peace.

What they got was not what they wanted. It was—well, what they got. As governor of Georgia I shall cite my evidence in Georgia, ask you to listen to the people of my state. Not that this is Georgia's story alone. What Georgia has been, what she has had forced upon her, what she wants, will come to all the Southern states. So let's look at Georgia back in 1942. And it won't be unprofitable for Southerners to superimpose the picture on their own states—try it on for fit, say.

Georgia was ruled by a dictator whose chief ambition was self-perpetuation in office. The state was being pictured in the theater, in literature, in classrooms as Tobacco Road. Georgia to the outsider meant chain gangs, peonage, pardon racketeering, Ku-Klux, crackerism, race prejudice and bankruptcy. It was a gross libel on the people, but only an overblown picture of their government. With undeveloped resources and wealth reaching out begging for cultivation, Georgia, in financial ruin, had a state debt of thirty-six million dollars. Within the next twelve months this debt will have been paid in full.

A great part of this absurd debt was of a current or floating character. The legislature had surrendered all control of state finances to the governor, who was—believe it or not—authorized to spend the entire revenue of the state in any manner he chose. The governor, who never lost an opportunity to demonstrate his unfitness for such power, had become a member of almost every state board or commission, or had been given arbitrary power to veto all decisions of such boards and rewrite them to suit his own personal convenience. Even a competent governor has no right to such absolutism. And no man can exercise such power without presently accomplishing his own ruin.

It was my predecessor's bigoted efforts to impose his personal prejudices on Georgia's state school system that finally awakened the people to the fact that he was their enemy—not their friend. Awakened, they began to take stock. And having taken stock, they removed him from office. These people are still awake. My predecessor was more than anything else a rabble rouser. And he discovered that there was no rabble to arouse—anyway, less rabble than he had thought.

A House Cleaning in Georgia

Overnight an aroused public took inventory of itself, its financial plight, its government and governor. College students, their parents, school faculties, newspaper editors who saw in this governor-dictator's efforts to abolish academic freedom a direct attack on freedom of thought and speech, all entered the campaign of 1942 with an unprecedented energy.

And then the man who had held Georgia's destiny in the hollow of his hand, shrewd to see portents of political doom, dragged forth that last resort of so many misrepresentatives of the Southern people—race prejudice. Georgia, stung to swift action, gave her answer to this demagogue and to a skeptical nation. Government from Tobacco Road, by Tobacco Road, was overwhelmingly defeated.

Swiftly, too, the new legislature divested the governorship of dictatorial powers. Only a few old-school politicians failed to understand what was happening. In my campaign I said that to the best of my ability I'd be governor, not a dispenser of political preferment, a creator of a personal political machine. I'd be governor in the governor's office. The Governor's Mansion, my home while in office, would be just that—my home and not a political sideshow. But one morning after my election, there stood a group of politicians at the front door of the Mansion. I reminded them of my campaign promise, to run the office of governor at the governor's office, in complete publicity. They went away. But some of those gentlemen do not yet understand.

Then they came to me with requests for favor, for acceptance of their candidates for certain appointive offices. They told me that they had helped make me governor and that they would presently send me to the U.S. Senate. I told them that I had no political ambitions further than to lead my state as best I could out of her political disorder; that I didn't want to go to the Senate; that I didn't want even to succeed myself as governor; that all I wanted to do was to restore democratic order in a governmental setup that was most indulgently called chaos. But some of these gentlemen are having trouble understanding this, too.

In the twenty-four days immediately after I took office, Georgia's legislature broke all emancipation records. They are days of which Georgia boasts, which would honor the annals of any state in the Union. Without a dissenting vote it purged the governor's office of personal control of the state's finances. It removed from a governor's political whim and prejudice the management of the state's university and public-school system. It killed the pardon racket, creating a prison and parole board of competent men

(Continued on page 71)

EUROPE'S HANGOVER

BY W. B. COURTNEY

On V-E Day there were about 5,000,000 displaced persons in Germany. Our Army of Occupation expects that most of them will be home by Christmastime. Here's how it's being done

RADIOED FROM PARIS

RAIN screened the autobahn as we traveled northward from Mannheim toward Frankfort. It was not the felicitous rain of a promising spring. It was a dull thick rain, pushed by a soggy wind. It dripped from low clouds that ripped their bellies on the fir and pine woods and hung like dirty laundry over the fields. We huddled in the open jeep and were cold and wet, and Bill Reeder said, "Why in hell did I ever leave Miami?" This was a Sunday morning at the end of May, but it was autumn in the life of a once great land.

Yank doughs had fought up this highway short days before. Their tanks had ribbed its grassy shoulders. Their shells had crinkled the face of the bordering forest. Their riflemen had trampled the underbrush to cleanse it of snipers. In some places the parked midway of the autobahn had been leveled off with green cement and used for jet planes. Here were signs of all the measures and countermeasures of war's futility—and now its wreckage.

But chiefly there was living wreckage—living, moving, pallid wreckage. It washed up and down the margins of the autobahn in a dragging tide. It was composed of people of all sizes, ages, races and varieties of garments. A few had bicycles. Some pushed handcarts. The majority, however, rolled baby carriages.

The baby carriage is the sorriest joke in Europe today, for you never see a baby in one. There is supreme irony in this, too. Hitler wanted them filled with the chubby roots of his "Reich to last a thousand years." Instead, they are filled with pots and pans and tools and all the impedimenta of nomads. There were shivering maids, and youths in shorts, with legs blue and raw. There were released German soldiers with their army packs and cut branches for walking sticks.

You knew the true displaced persons by the bulk of their clothing and the magnitude of their bundles. A man wearing two or even three suits, a woman wearing several dresses and a couple of coats and carrying more were not unusual sights. None seemed to want food. Their want lay sadly deeper, and you could not touch it with your pity but could only surmise that it was for country and home and news of loved ones. Having once seen the wandering lost millions of Europe, you could never forget them, even as you could never fully know what thoughts were in their minds or what lumps were in their hearts. In the rain and wind, they were a steamy, abject porridge of human woe.

Then you saw him. What drew your attention was that he walked alone and unsharing. We halted the jeep and got out and tinkered casually so as not to frighten him off. He trudged in the peasant manner—slow, patient, docile and aimless. His eyes were downcast but the bait of a cigarette stopped him. He shielded it from the rain with a shovel-like hand while he smoked. He did not look at us, but at the jeep. You asked him in German how he liked it.

Now he glanced at us for the first time. It was a brief, sullen appraisal. He said that he considered the German jeep—the Volkswagen—was better. He said this with measured defiance, and it established his dignity, and now you were free to ask him where he lived. He asked was it true, as one heard, that the Americans had already built a bridge at Mannheim where people might get over the Rhine to France. We said yes. Then he said he was French and that he wanted to cross the river so that he could walk to his home in the south.

It would have been rotten to question him in French. So you let him talk on in his awkward, fumbling German with its unmistakable glide of a Slav tongue. You had known full well from the beginning that he was Russian, for he might have been cut from a page of Gorky.

But so many people in Europe lie nowadays that, unless it is your business, you do not badger them. He refused a K ration, patting one of his bundles significantly. He took another cigarette, lighting it from the stub of the first, then hitched his load and walked away, still alone and furtive.

We drove on. This is a story that can have no ending. It entails a bookkeeping of human lives for which there can never be a final entry. While it is one of the biggest hangovers from the war, propaganda has bent it out of proportion, and certain factors are now coming home to bedevil the winners. It creates problems that Americans, commiserating from afar, will be apt to judge with sentimentality rather than understanding.

In the Tradition of Warfare

Europeans are not as shocked by the general plight of displaced persons—except, of course, their own nationals—as you are. They incline toward matter-of-fact acceptance of it as something in the tradition of almost ceaseless warfare on this unhappy continent, and most of them are a result of some long-forgotten prior displacement, anyway.

Who are the displaced persons of Europe? They do not include prisoners of war, or political and racial persecutees. They were not among those kept in Buchenwald and

Frenchmen leaving the Reich had their fill of looking at ruined towns and cities. They thought that home would be different. It wasn't. These people have just arrived at St.-Lô from Germany. They found desolation and silence. Millions of displaced men and women and children are returning home to scenes like this

Dachau. Strictly, they are the people moved from their homes in other lands, either voluntarily or by planned force, to work in Germany or in German-occupied nations. They were paid, fed and housed well until the last few chaotic weeks, according to what dozens of them told me, and in view of other visible and more reliable evidence.

The war blight of hatred and fear will govern tongues of common people for a long time to come, and every man understandably says what he thinks will save his own skin. As nearly every German affirms piously that he was never a Nazi, and every Italian that he was not a Fascist, so every displaced person vows he was forced. One is as far from the truth as the other. The percentage of forced workers differs with each country from which the displaced persons were taken.

Considering the displacees in bulk, however, perhaps fifty per cent could be honestly called forced. The rest came of their own will, stirred by heaven knows what economic pinch or warped thinking. Many were attracted by the promise of better pay and food than were available at home; others by a faith that they were climbing aboard a victorious band wagon. It is the business of their own countries, not America, to judge them. Yet, because pre-victory propaganda invariably referred to all foreign workers in Germany as slave labor, you are going to be puzzled when you hear of the numbers of returned displaced persons who are punished and even shot.

Before victory, there were estimates of ten to twenty million displaced persons. The truth is closer to five million. In the American and British zones, there are about four million known displacees, divided among eleven Allied nationalities and including some 350,000 Italians. Not counted are Spaniards plus Bulgarians and other southeastern Europeans who have pushed or been pushed from the Russian into the American zone without processing. The number of displaced persons of Allied countries who, for their own secret reasons, have evaded being checked is a matter of guesswork. It is not likely more than 500,000.

No Balance Sheets on Tragedy

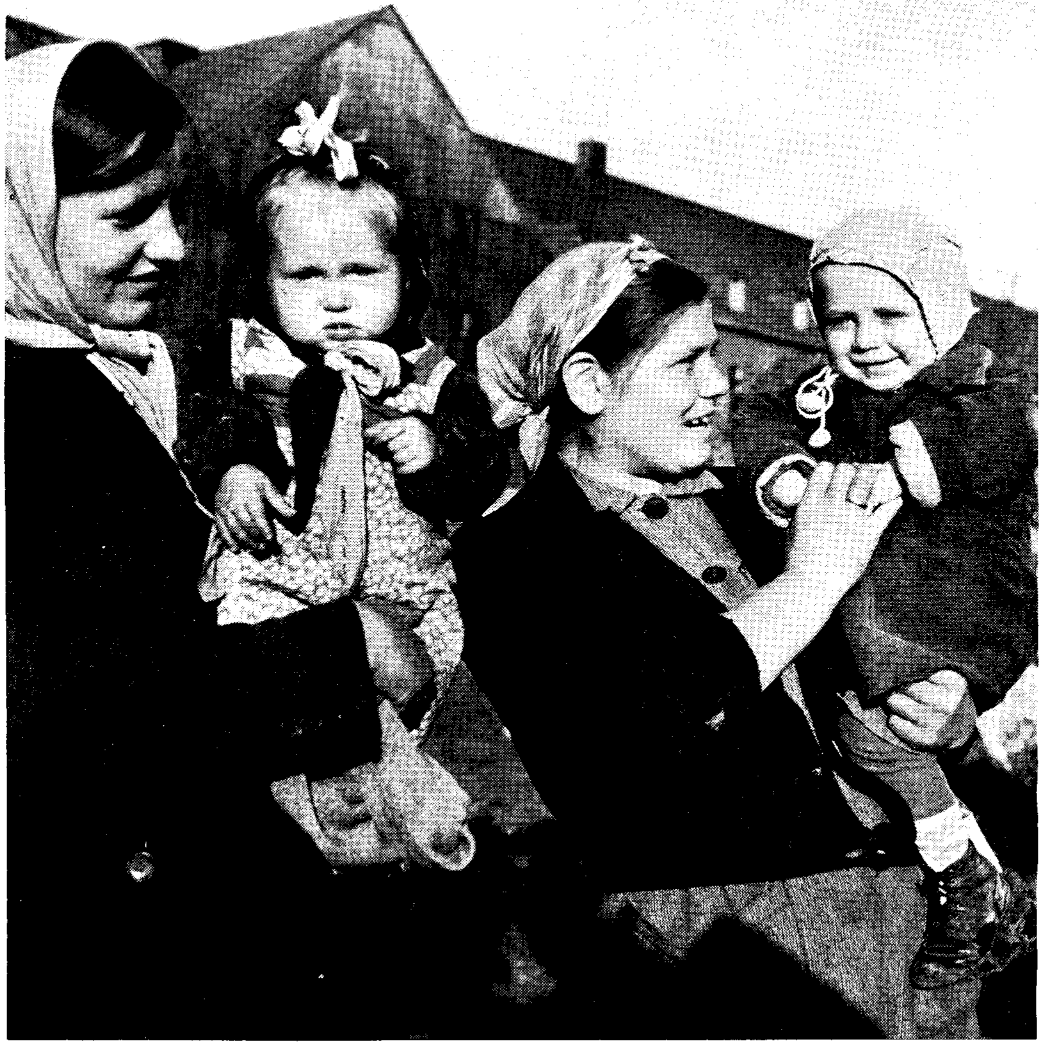
But statistics of displaced persons do not mean a great deal except to the sweating transportation officers whose job it is to move them and to the liaison officers who must sort and reshuffle and deal them out as in an enormous game of cards of many colors. You can't keep books on the heartbreak or on the relief or even on the guilt of all the little people.

So well are the military—especially the Americans, with their abundance of transport planes and motor vehicles and their habit of getting things done—handling a migration crisscrossing the face of the Reich that, before the first snow falls in what is expected to be this continent's winter of severest hardship and deprivation, there will be no displaced persons except those who want to remain displaced.

The work of sifting and classifying and

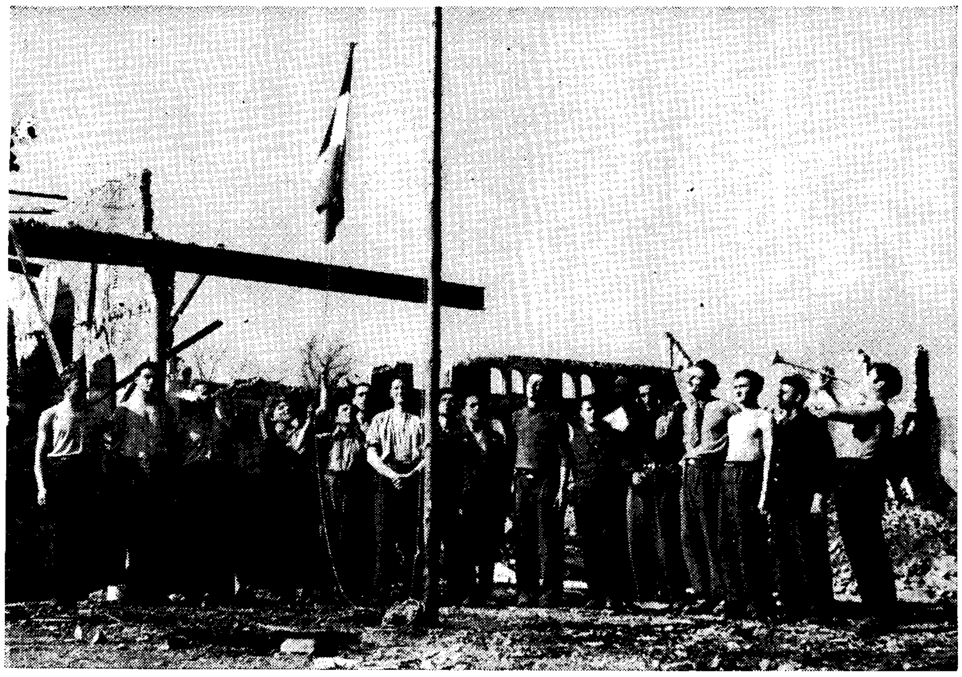
(Continued on page 60)

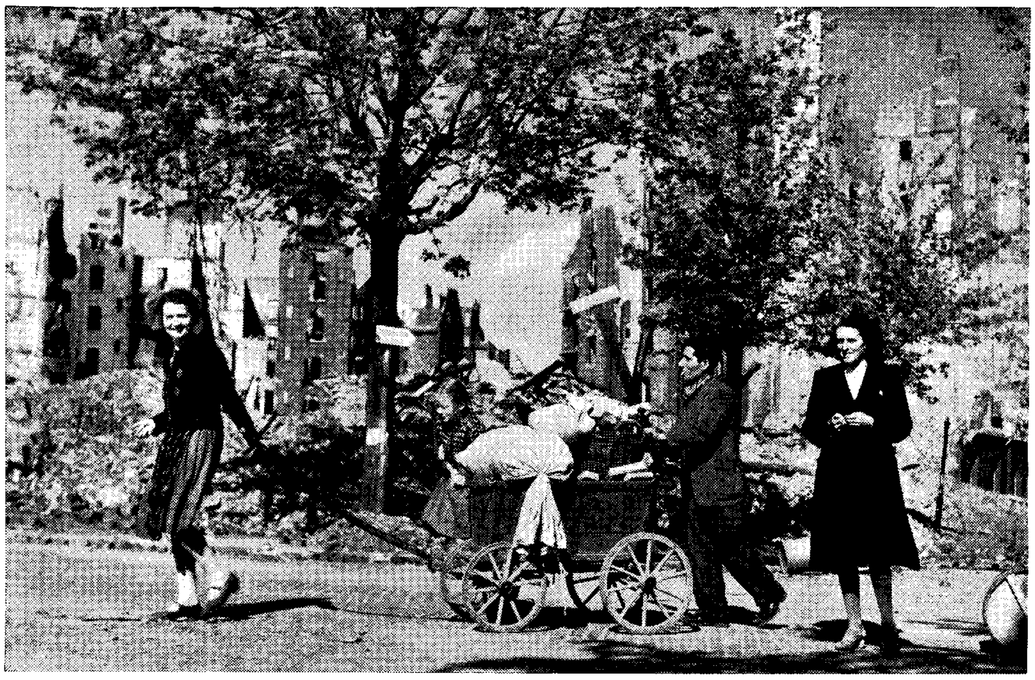
PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOE DEARING



More Russians will return home than came to Germany. These chubby youngsters were born to Russian parents in camps in Adolf Hitler's Third Reich

The Tricolor flies again in Germany. Frenchmen, awaiting transportation home, raise their flag over Nazi ruins. The facial expressions here are interesting





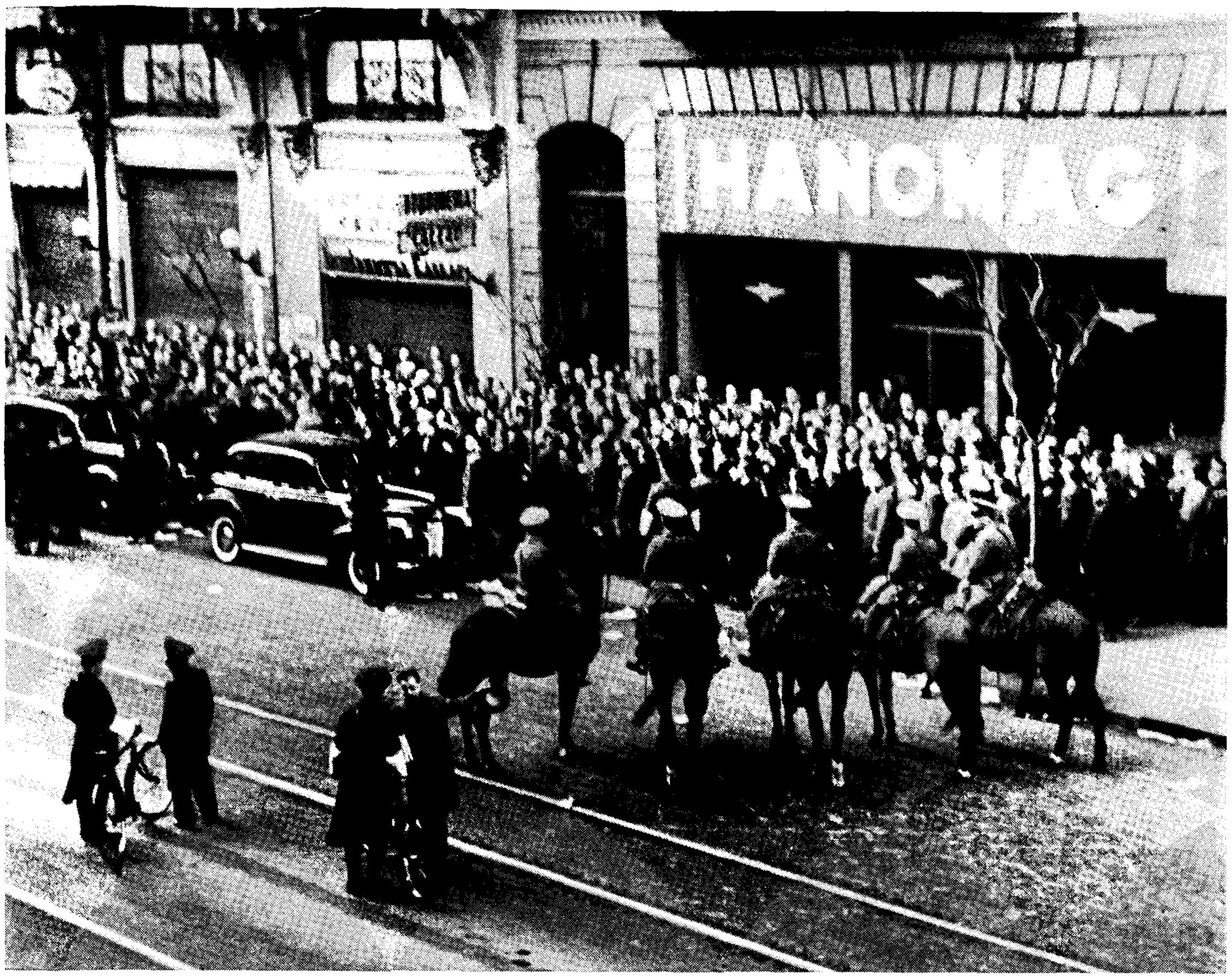
In any language, this is a flirtation. The language here is Russian. The girls and the boy are in a displaced persons camp. The interloper grins

This French couple is homeward bound, happy to leave wrecked Germany. The girl below is Polish. She married a German. She's homeward bound, unhappy

BLOOD IN BUENOS AIRES

BY JOSEPH NEWMAN

There are dramatic stirrings on the part of plain people in the terror-ridden Argentine capital. Here's an eyewitness account by an able observer of the march of events beside the River Plate



BUCHER-THREE LIONS

The people are usually sheeplike because they fear the trigger-happy police. But here, the Argentinians are out of hand. They have attacked the Hanomag, a German automobile shop. The police arrived quickly. And the people went home

PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.

Our State Department's Avra Warren went on a 3-day honeymoon with the Peron group. But it came to nothing

ACME

Spruille Braden is our new ambassador to Argentina. He's friendly to the Argentine people, tough with dictatorships

RADIOED FROM MONTEVIDEO

ON a crisp autumn day in June, an unusually large crowd packed the Plaza de la Republica, focal point of the sprawling capital of Argentina. Men, women and children raised their heads to stare silently at something they had never seen before. Facing the plaza, in the center of Nueve de Julio, one of the widest avenues in the world, was a huge condor standing atop a towering wall. Hung vertically from the top of each side of the wall were blue and white Argentine flags of heroic proportions. Below, in an area marked by blue and white pennants, was a display of newly made weapons of war.

This was on June 4, 1944, the first anniversary of the military revolution, and the army rulers who had seized power were riding high, confident of their strength and anxious to display it. In doing so, they paid tribute to the German, Italian and Spanish dictators from whom they had drawn their inspiration. Their exposition was a flamboyant and melodramatic offspring of the Nazi rallies in Nuremberg, the Fascist frenzies in Rome, and the Falangist fever in Madrid.

By June, 1945, the condor of the Andes had fled from the plaza. There was no disposition in the heart of Buenos Aires to boast of the second anniversary of the revolution. The men and women and children had begun to hate the condor of the revolution and what it represented. Sensing their resentment, the army rulers withdrew to near-by Campo de Mayo to celebrate their anniversary behind the well-guarded walls of the military base. They no longer were anxious to display their strength. The revolution was fighting for its life.

Under Gestapo Rule

The wounds left by the indiscriminate use of force and fear the previous month were still fresh. If you felt like singing, shouting or parading on the streets of Buenos Aires because you were glad Berlin had fallen and V-E Day had arrived, you'd be charged by mounted policemen and menaced by Mausers and sabers. If you wanted to enter or leave a subway station, you had to let a policeman give you a good going-over first, to see whether you were carrying guns or other weapons. If your wife was with you, the cop would rummage through her handbag for any guns she might be concealing for you.

After you left the station, you would be subjected to repeated searches on Florida Street, where the women throughout South America flock for new fashions, and on the Corrientes, the Diagonal Norte, the Avenida de Mayo and on other principal avenues. If you looked closely enough, you could see soldiers in battle array manning machine guns on the roofs of buildings.

If you wanted to send a cable, or visit friends in the Associated Press, United Press or Reuter's offices, you would be challenged at the door by several soldiers holding rifles with bayonets fixed. They would ask for identification papers and make you explain what you were doing there; they would open any packages you might be carrying. If you asked for an explanation—as I did—you would be told that your business is to obey what the representatives of the army order you to do, and not ask questions.

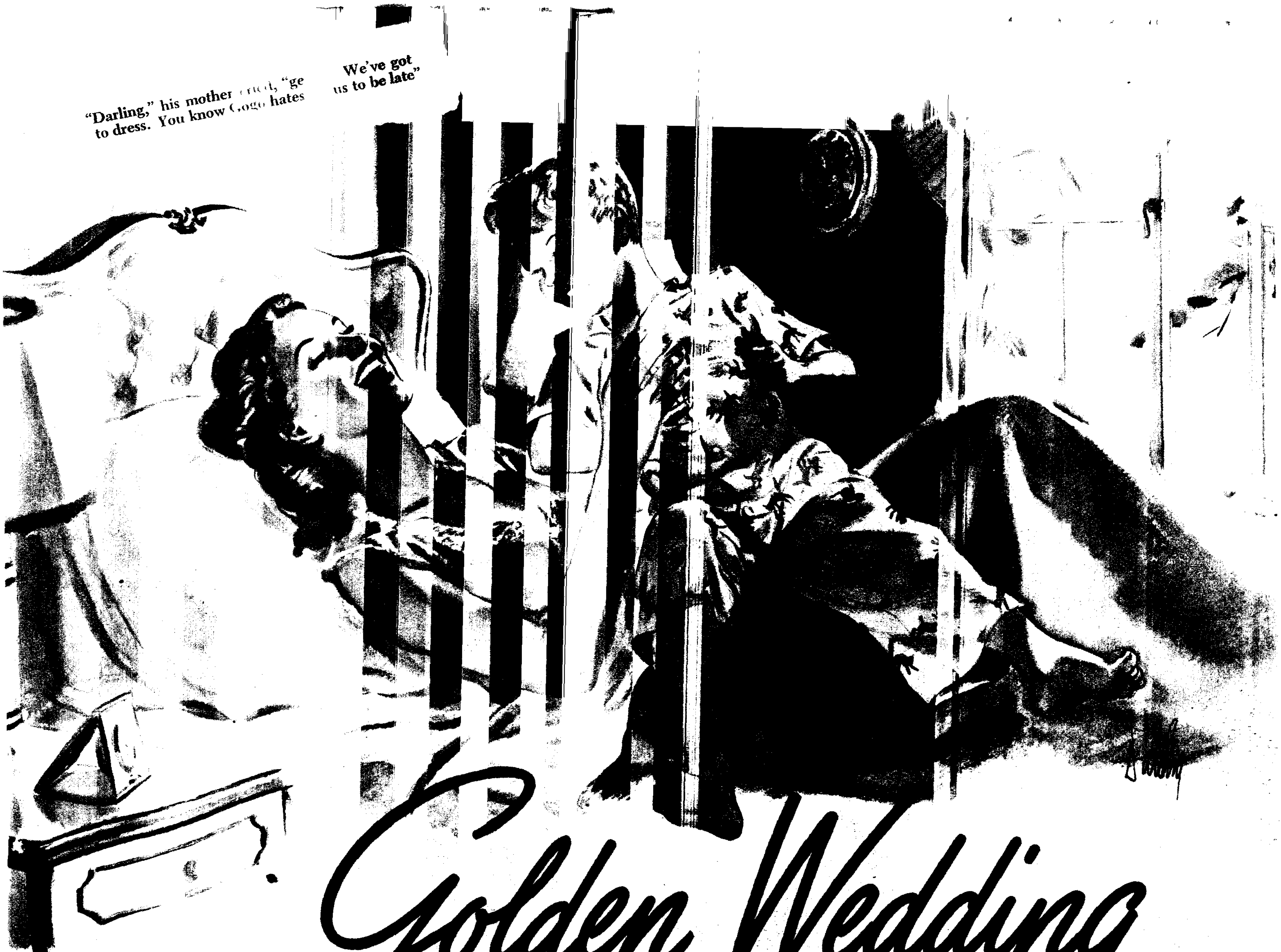
If you were wise, you would stay off the streets altogether during the week Berlin fell and Germany surrendered. The principal plazas were surrounded by mounted police who had orders to shoot if they saw any suspicious move. You wouldn't know what they considered suspicious, or whether a walk with a half dozen friends constituted a demonstration regarded by police as a legitimate target.

Even the statue of George Washington

(Continued on page 39)

"Darling," his mother ..., "ge
to dress. You know Gogo hates

We've got
us to be late"



Golden Wedding

BY MOSSER MAUGER

Age and childhood have little in common, but Jamey finally learned that he and his grandmother had the same ache in their hearts

THIS was the day. This was his grandmother's golden-wedding day. Jamey woke with a start and rolled over on his back. He slept in a small alcove off his mother's room, his bed pushed into the curve the wide bay windows made. A faint October breeze moved the looped ruffled curtains. The shades were never pulled down. Jamey liked to see the stars and the comforting street light on the corner below his window and the way the sun came up over the treetops.

Jamey pushed back the covers and went to stand at the window. He peered out anxiously. He wanted it to be a good day. Even if his grandmother didn't like him, Jamey knew that his grandfather did; and it was partly his grandfather's party, too.

He looked at the pale blue sky, and saw that it was streaked by a broad pink ribbon like the pink ribbon on a hatbox. his body delightedly inside his That meant a good day. screen and peered 's room. eep, curled into a round heap of dark hair and blue cover, and carefully, step by step, so as not to make the boards squeak, Jamey made his way to her bed. His father's picture looked at him from the table. His father was a commander in the Navy; Jamey grinned back at the picture. On those rare occasions when his father was home, they did this happy thing together—sneaking downstairs first to eat something out of the refrigerator and then back up here again to wake his mother with a great noise.

Jamey sprang upon the bed and yelled, "Boo-oo."

His mother giggled.

"You've been awake all the time," Jamey said. "Mommie, Mommie, that isn't fair."

"Isn't it, darling?"

She buried her face in the hollow of his neck under his chin, and blew. That tickled him outrageously. Jamey was convulsed with laughter. He dug under the covers, trying to fight back but it was impossible.

"Give up," Jamey cried. "I give up."

They lay there contentedly, and then his mother said softly, "You will be a good boy today, won't you, Jamey?"

"I'm always good," Jamey said largely.

"No, darling; you're not."

"I am except when Grandmother hates me," Jamey said, twisting the cream lace of her gown between his fingers. "And she hates me 'most all the time."

"Jamey," his mother said, shocked, "she doesn't. Gogo couldn't hurt anybody, much less you who are her own true grandson."

But Jamey was without logic. He knew things by instinct, and he couldn't reason with his mother now. Reasons, his grandfather John Paul Knowls had said, were a matter of how many years a man had lived. Jamey possessed exactly six years. That was enough to learn to walk and to eat and to talk in. But nothing more.

"Mommie," Jamey said, "I wish we lived alone."

His mother laughed, treating this thing lightly. "Think how lonesome Gogo would be. And Grandfather, too."

"They've got Aunt Margaret and Uncle Peter," Jamey protested.

They were very old, too, this sister and brother to Gogo. It seemed incredible that such an enchanting person as Gogo could have such a plain sister and brother. Everybody in the world called his grandmother Gogo, her relatives, her children, her endless, talkative friends. Even Grandfather called her Gogo. People loved her so gaily and freely, that she must have a nickname.

BUT Jamey called her Grandmother, stubbornly; to be different, and also truly because Jamey knew deep in his heart that she much preferred to be called Gogo.

"And besides," Jamey said, lowering his voice, "I'm not her grandson. I don't think she likes my red hair, Mommie."

"Nonsense, Jamey," his mother protested seriously.

Jamey sighed. "Why," Jamey said, wanting to hear the answer, knowing the answer from hearing it a dozen times before, "—why didn't you adopt somebody with black hair like everybody else in the family has?"

"Darling, because I like red hair," his mother answered, "and most of all because I like you." She gave Jamey a fierce hug.

He stopped playing with the lace. He lay against her side, hearing the way her heart went and feeling warm and happy. The questions and the answers were like a familiar bedtime story. He knew them by heart and, because he knew them, they comforted him.

"Tell me about me," Jamey began.

"Well, before you," his mother said, "I had two little boys and they both went to heaven to be angels."

Jamey said: "Tommy plays the harp and Timmy probably blows a horn."

"Which is all very nice for them," his mother said, her voice like a lullaby, "but it left me awfully lonely. I had nobody to love. Your daddy was away a lot and Gogo didn't need me, really, so I began looking around for you."

"But you didn't know I was going to be Jamey."

"Of course not."

"And you hunted and hunted."

"I hunted and hunted," his mother repeated softly. "I looked at, oh—hundreds of babies. You see, darling, being adopted *is* a great compliment. When a woman just has a baby she has to be satisfied with what she gets. She can't complain if the baby has a bad temper, or looks ugly like its daddy."

"But you had hundreds of babies to select

(Continued on page 56)

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

short story

mpletely gone. She felt
speak to that blonde?" she
ly," the soldier said.
," the gray-haired man
icular enthusiasm.

FOOL SCHOOL

We'd always felt that clowns just grew. Now we learn that there is a place where a staid businessman can go and study to become a three-ring circus in himself

BY HARRY HENDERSON and SAM SHAW

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHORS

This is called the Carmen Miranda routine. Lenore Wegner is teaching it to Robert Koepple. As he does the "bumba," parts of the costume fall off, including that spurious front hammock. This one is guaranteed to give an audience convulsions

THE Chicago dentist might have become neurotic. He yearned to make people laugh. But when they saw him, they winced. Or growled: "It's in the mail!" When he told that Elks Club side-splitter, his friends kept their lips buttoned over a front cavity.

At the warning mention of his name, kids for miles around ate their spinach and asked for second helpings. So the dentist walked over to South Austin Street, enrolled in the Rosalie School for Clowns and now, as we understand it, he keeps everyone in stitches by waggling his two-foot ears.

No one ever heard of a school for making clowns out of people until the Wegners decided to try it as a hobby. Mrs. Rose Wegner—Momma—used to be a soubrette in vaudeville. She thinks that there is a great future in clowning. Her daughter Lenore is the idea gal of the school. She devises the costumes and faces, and draws them on paper. Momma makes them.

There is a Poppa Wegner, but he works for a living and spends his leisure reading a newspaper in the living room, never missing a word as a three-headed lion walks by.

The Wegners charge no tuition. They have twenty-two male clowns now. The Wegners make their costumes, build faces for them, teach them comic routines and, later, patter.

Afterward, they are sent out to a Rotary Club picnic, for example, and there the novice clown watches a veteran clown. He observes what draws laughs and what falls flat. He notices that the veteran clown does his funny stuff with adults first, then children. The children must be able to see that the clown is harmless before joining in the fun. Otherwise, the clown risks juvenile hysterics.

What little the Wegners make comes from operating as a booking agency for their clowns. From this they draw a small percentage, most of which they put back into the school in the form of more clown-suit material and props.

The school used to ramble all over the house. But some of the women friends of the Wegners turned out to be mousy dames who, at sight of a two-man giraffe ambling through the dining room, would faint dead away. Now the props are kept on the top floor, and the school operates in the basement.

Quick-Change Personalities

Most of the current students are serious-looking young men who, to a photographer, appeared to be about as funny as a busted lens. A few were war-plant workers, and others were musicians and just plain businessmen. One cut-up is a grandpa. When they got into their costumes, however, the silly antics had us laughing. The metamorphosis was astonishing.

"It's a Jekyll-Hyde pitch!" Lenore said. In a sense, it is. These men feel capable of being funny only when they are in costume.

Lenore watched their routines, offering suggestions, and talking about the year she spent at the Chicago Art Institute studying clown make-up and costuming. She found out, she said, that a clown can copyright his make-up. She feels that the big circuses have pushed the old walking, talking, knockabout clown aside in favor of big, garish spectacles. Momma and Lenore plan grimly to bring the clown back into the center ring.

Mrs. Wegner is both gloomy and indignant about the role of clowns in the streamlined

John Considine watches Dick Snyd[illegible] face, as clowns are made up in the basement. Clown looking over girl's shoulder is Gra[illegible] John Sator

This is rather nice clown work and Ray Laban has it. He works with a plastic leg, trying to find a Cinderella with matching limb. This can bring on a punch in the nose

Momma Wegner works hard on clown suits and victory parade *suits*. Her cat can't forget seeing that two-man mouse in the basement

circus. "Why," she says, "all they do is run through the tent at top speed. It's not the clowns' fault. The whole thing is run on a timetable and the poor clowns are just squeezed in—at a run!" She paused and wagged a finger at us and added, "And another thing, their costumes aren't clean. Some don't even wear skullcaps. Why, they're not clowns at all!"

A rather shy fellow who had been listening to all this while waiting his turn at the make-up tables interrupted to point out that the circus clown hasn't got enough time before the audience to make it worth-while to develop a good routine. Because he was quiet and very unclownlike, we couldn't help asking if he planned to make clowning his life work.

"No," he confessed, "I just do it for fun."

"What's funny about it for you?" we asked.

"Well," he said, "you sorta become a completely different person when you put on a clown suit."

We pestered him for the schizophrenic details.

Somebody For You

BY IRENE KITTLE

"EVERYBODY is lonely," the gray-haired man said. The words had a flat, calming sound in the noise and hilarity of the party swirling about them. She looked at the gray-haired man and wondered what he was talking about.

"Parties are for lonely people," he said. She turned away from him to survey the room. Nobody in it looked lonely, she thought, but his words woke a faint misgiving in her. "Nobody looks lonely to me," she told him.

"In New York," the gray-haired man persisted, "everybody who goes to parties is looking for somebody—somebody just for them. That's why they go to parties. They aren't really interested in the people they already know. All the time, their eyes are wandering all around the place, looking for somebody new, somebody wonderful, somebody just for them. That's what you're doing right now."

"I am *not!*" she said sharply, and then she laughed. "Maybe I am at that," she admitted.

"Sure," the gray-haired man went on. "But you won't find him. Nobody ever finds anybody. At least, I never do."

"Maybe somebody will find *you,*" she said soothingly.

"Never thought of that possibility," the man said. "Maybe it's you," he said and he looked closely at her.

"Maybe it is," she said lightly. But instead of feeling light, gay, she was surprised by a sudden sharp discontent in herself. This was exactly why she had come to the party: To meet somebody—somebody who would appreciate her, somebody who would help her to dissipate her anger, her sense of defeat.

"You know," the gray-haired man was saying, "I wasn't sure about you. I wasn't sure you were lonely. I saw you when you came in, and you walked through the room as though you were always going some rea
place."

This should have pleased her. But it didn't

"No," the gray-haired man went on, "
wouldn't have guessed it from looking at you
You put on a good act."

"It isn't an act," she told him sternly.

"Ah," he said, impatient now himself, "yo
don't fool me. Now. Now I see through a
that assurance. You're looking for somebod
and you've got all dressed up in case."

"Why, Mr. Dunninger," she said, and sl
managed to smile at him. But the sight of he
self a half hour before overwhelmed he
She could see herself, her eyes bright wi
defiance and anger and hurt pride, putti
the flowers carefully, deliberately in h
dark hair, examining the gloves she had wo
to the office, deciding they wouldn't c
stopping to buy a new pair. She felt ridic
lous now and she wanted to go home.

Then it was that the soldier came into t

She was defiant
carefully and c

room—the tall,
brown eyes. He ca ist
as she had come a ng
hello to people but as
though he were goi

She stared at the s the
gray-haired man kne and
whom she was staring ot in-
side her seemed to be intied,
and the breathlessness th ied her
all day was lifting. She fe t excite-
ment of anticipation risin and just
then a big, handsome blond ocked the
soldier's path, smiled up at h anded him
a drink. The soldier smiled ba and stopped
walking and bent his head to listen to the
blonde.

Her
ng like giggling.
er "Why did you
rn asked.
lo, "She loo
u- "Very
he said, w

"Well," the gray-haired man said with a kind of soft finality, "that's that. That's the way it is at parties. You have to be quick—like a starling after a bread crumb. The world is full of starlings—big, blond starlings. A little canary like you doesn't stand a chance."

"Wait till I start to sing," she said gaily, but she knew her eyes were bright with tears.

She was lonely and desperate, and she couldn't tear her eyes away from the soldier with the blonde, and the breathlessness that she had thought was gone was on her like an ether cone. Once the soldier's glance swept over her, unseeing—unseeking even, it looked to her—swept right past her stare to rest speculatively on the gray-haired man.

"Listen," the gray-haired man said gently, "I was only teasing. You don't *really* look lonely. Anyway, everybody else is so worried about their own loneliness that they never bother to notice anyone else."

"Listen yourself," she said, furious with the gray-haired man, furious with the world. "I don't want to hear any more of your morbid talk. Go dig somebody else's grave."

"Ah, now," he said, laughing at her, "I like you. And that's a wonderful perfume you have on. What's its name?"

"The Lonely Heart," she said savagely.

"Are you kidding?" the man asked.

"Yes," she said coldly, "I am kidding." She glared at the soldier.

THE gray-haired man put his hands on her shoulders and whirled her around so she couldn't see the soldier.

"You're wasting your time," he told her. "Come on; I'll take you to dinner and tell you some more about life. You're a nice, restful girl."

"I am not a nice, restful girl," she said angrily, and she wrenched away from him; "I am a selfish, self-centered, mean woman and I wish you would go away."

This seemed to please the gray-haired man. He took her arm and started to pilot her toward the door. She pulled back and looked at the soldier and finally—finally—the soldier was looking at her. When the gray-haired man tugged at her arm again, the soldier broke away from the blonde and came toward them.

"Everybody is lonely," she said loudly, and the soldier and the gray-haired man were both listening. "Everybody is lonely except

ILLUSTRATED BY SHEILAH BECKETT

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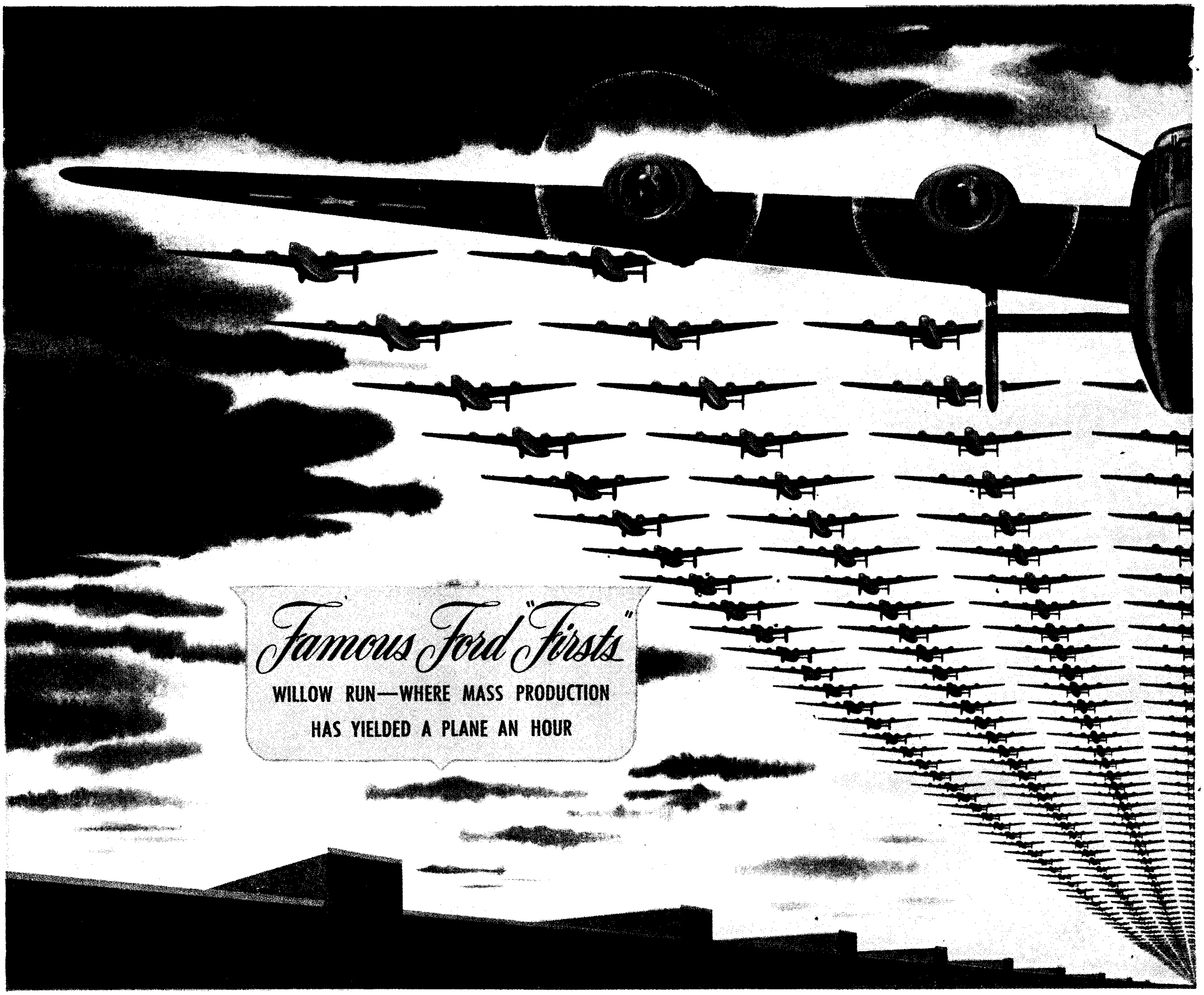
Famous Ford "Firsts"
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EXPECT THE "FIRSTS" FROM FORD!

The Expendable Heart

Continued from page 13

that, for he could provide no means. All he knew Norman Wallace had taught him. All he knew was art, as exemplified by the Wallace Collection, one of the great private collections of the country. Wallace was grooming him against the day when the curator of the collection, Jay Morris, would retire.

Without Norman Wallace, without the Collection, Emerson was lost, and knew it. Not that there weren't places where his special aptitudes would command a living and more, but there was still much to learn, and he would be a fool to throw his opportunity away—a worse fool to antagonize his benefactor.

No, if he could persuade Abby to marry him, she would not escape.

He asked conversationally, "What sort of a woman is Mrs. Duncan?"

Abby said, her eyes on the curving road, "She's wonderful, I think, in her own way. She has tremendous vitality. When she comes into the Red Cross rooms, everything's stepped up. She can work rings around most of us there. Some resent her, of course. She hasn't been here very long, you know."

"Two years, I think," said Emerson, "or a year and a half. I forget. The old Barstow place had been boarded up for years, until she bought it. How old a woman is she; what does she look like?"

"I don't know how old," said Abby. "It's hard to tell. So as to that and what she looks like, you'll have to find out for yourself."

"Is Duncan her fourth husband," inquired Emerson, "or her fifth?"

"I wouldn't know that, either," said Abby, smiling.

"A woman," commented Emerson, "who has had four or five husbands! Honestly, Abby, after the second, it doesn't make much difference, does it? It seems so greedy. I am not at all astonished that Uncle Norman doesn't approve."

Abby said, "It doesn't seem to me that her marriages are our business."

"Perhaps not. There's a son, I believe," said Emerson, "back from the wars. Medals and all that sort of thing." His voice was frankly envious. "Are there other children?"

"I don't think so," said Abby. "If so, she hasn't mentioned them to me. Only this one: Barry Lambert."

SHE was silent, remembering Madge Duncan's vivid face, her quick voice, saying, there in the Red Cross rooms, her hands competent and occupied, "You must meet my son, darling. If I do say so, he is really *something* . . ."

"I should think," said Emerson judicially, "that he would hate all this—the son, I mean . . ."

"All what? The Barstow place?" Abby looked at him in amazement. "But it's a nice old house," she said, "and the setting is perfect."

"I didn't mean," said Emerson, "that Lambert would hate the place. I meant all the various stepfathers. Of course, his mother can afford them," he said carelessly, "as the money's hers. She was an Elson. . . ."

"What's that?" asked Abby lazily. "A breed of cats or marsupials?"

She was different, away from the stone house. Emerson had very rarely been with her, away from the house. Yes, she was quite different.

He said, "Old settlers, you know the type . . . real estate, big properties, apartment houses, hotels, various city realty. Like the Astors." He looked at her, sidelong. He said, "Lambert should be quite a catch."

Abby said indifferently, "Maybe someone's caught him. I first heard about him from Val Stanley. I ran into her in the village, shortly after he returned from abroad. It was some time ago. She was quite articulate on the subject."

"Oh, Val," said Emerson. Everyone in Fairton knew Val . . . a native product, local girl makes good in New York.

She asked, "Don't you like her?"

"My dear," said Emerson, "I'm scared of her . . . all that sultry façade and her picture on magazine covers, too."

"How do you know it's a façade?"

"I don't," said Emerson, promptly, "but I'm not going to find out. Hey, don't miss the turn."

The Duncan sign was here, on the left. There were big oaks on either side of the driveway, and flowering shrubs. A robin flickered by, and an early oriole.

She said, "I'm beginning to wish we hadn't come, but I'm excited about it, too."

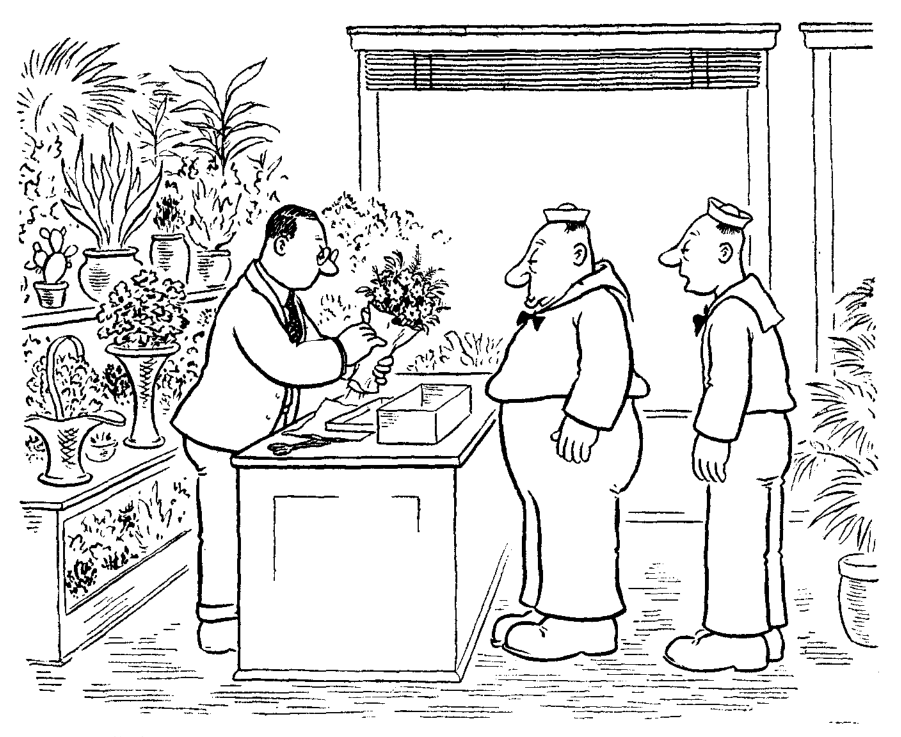
He put his hand over hers on the wheel. He said, "You poor kid! If I could give you the world with a fence around it . . ."

She was again aware of the pleasure his touch gave her, yet it was almost an impersonal pleasure, such as she took in the impartial shining of the sun. She said quickly, definitely, "But, Craig, I wouldn't want—the fence."

EARLIER, by the pool, Madge Duncan sat in a long chair talking with her son. She was a thin woman, very brown, with dark red hair skillfully touched up. She had little beauty but great animation. She wore a peasant-type frock designed for a fourteen-year-old, and it did not look grotesque. From a distance she looked like a fourteen-year-old—long, thin brown legs and arms, a small scrubbed face, brightened only by her wicked black eyes and her lipstick.

ALFRED

by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE



COLLIER'S

"I know Josephine will be delighted with the flowers, Alfred, but it would be still nicer if you weren't sending them C.O.D."

Her house guests had not come down from the house as yet. The big cement pool was rippled a little by the breeze; fresh spring water poured into it from the open mouths of incredible cement fish. There were chairs and umbrellas all about and, directly in back of Mrs. Duncan, a small cabana.

She said, without complaint, "I haven't seen much of you, Barry."

He was a very big young man. His hair was dark red, as hers had been when she was younger. His eyes were black as hers. But his face was differently shaped. and his mouth. His mouth was like his father's, the modeling of his skull and his rather long nose.

He said, "Believe it or not, I've been busy."

"You needn't be," she said. She had always spoiled him; she wanted to spoil him now.

"I know." He grinned at her. His teeth were very white, and a little uneven. "Don't worry, Monkeyface."

She said, hesitantly for her, "I'd like you to be happy."

"Lovely, maternal thought," he said, smiling. "I am. . . . I'm out of that mess," he said, "alive. I even have a job . . . complete with a paneled office, a beautiful blond secretary, not at all dumb, and three telephones which kindly refrain from ringing."

He had entered, after his return from the hospital, the offices of the Elson estate, competently managed by a gentleman who had been in them since, practically, time immemorial. He drew a salary . . . more than adequate for what he was expected to do as an apprentice, learning estate management. And he had, besides, the small income left him by his father, William Lambert.

His mother said uneasily, "David tells me you insist upon collecting rents."

"Well," he said, "I was getting nowhere faster than the speed of light. So I hollered. So they sent me out with one of the underlings to collect rents. It's wonderful. The East Side may be the Mecca of all the New Yorkers from Iowa, Illinois, Brooklyn, Connecticut and Los Angeles, but it is also the home of thousands of people who live in walk-ups and whose rent is collected in cash, weekly. You meet interesting characters, when you ring doorbells."

He stretched and Madge saw the long, ragged scars across his ribs. They had faded but they were still very noticeable. She shivered, turning her eyes away.

"I'll never understand," she said, "why you left the perfectly good place I found for you, and moved to that rabbit warren you're in now."

"I like it," he said. He regarded her tolerantly; "and you don't even own the dump, although you do own some near by."

She said, "Well, you've always had independence."

She had given him that, after the early years of dragging him to and from Reno. She hadn't interfered, no matter how she felt. When he had enlisted as a private—though he might easily have gotten a commission—she hadn't interfered. She hadn't meddled in his various love affairs. How serious was he about Val, she wondered. She didn't especially like Val. But then *she* wasn't going to marry the girl. Was Barry? Madge would hold her tongue if he did.

SHE said, "I suppose I've been a rotten mother."

"The world's worst," he agreed cheerfully, "but a lot of fun. There's Val . . . and Bob."

Val Stanley and Robert Duncan came around the windbreak of pines and waved at them. Duncan was a big man; he looked impressive. He wasn't, but he was amiable and easygoing and comfortable. The tall girl beside him was very dark. She looked as dangerous as an unfenced precipice. Black hair, brown eyes, clear skin, a full, very red mouth, a miraculous figure. She wore a striped toweling robe over a white bathing suit.

"Hi," she said.

She was staying at the house for the week end. She came over and sat down beside Madge. She said, "The Lawsons are just up; they'll be along. Pete Carstairs is riding, someone told me. Who else is missing?"

She smiled at Barry, whose pulse accelerated. Last night, out on the terrace . . . Damnedest girl he'd ever seen. One moment in your arms, the next, eight feet away. He remembered giving her the cigarette and her unrevealing face briefly illuminated by its flame.

He remembered her voice, consciously low and deep. "Well, *really*, darling," she had said, "you didn't return from the war yesterday. You've had time to adjust yourself and control your reactions!"

He couldn't believe her. What man would? The way she *looked* . . . if there was anything in that. She looked like embers, smoldering. If you took her in your arms . . . But you did, and she was as light and evasive as ashes—and as cool as ashes long burned out.

Madge said, "I've asked Abby Wallace."

"Good Lord!" said Val. "Abby? But she won't come; she never comes."

"Who is she?" asked Barry.

Robert Duncan grunted; he said, "She's part of the Wallace Collection."

Madge said, "Barry doesn't know the Wallaces."

Duncan said, "But he knows about the collection."

"Stamps?" asked Barry politely.

MADGE said lazily, "Don't be stupid. Art, of course—all kinds, but principally paintings. Now and then he lends some of them to a museum. His father started the collection. It's as famous as any in the country."

"Hell of a lot of money tied up in it," said Duncan. "Not that he's had to worry. He's never done anything *but* collect. Occasionally, he sells, at a huge profit. But not often. He still lives in that dreadful house the older Wallace built. I got in there once, last winter, when I came up to see about something here on the farm. . . . I used to know Morris, the custodian or whatever, and ran into him at the Tavern and he dragged me over. Wallace wasn't too pleased. For a guy who collects, he isn't very hospitable. . . ."

Val said, yawning, "He's a sweet old thing, really."

Barry spoke to her directly. He said, "Anything male would appeal to you. . . ."

"Thanks," she said, unsmiling.

"How old is he?" asked Barry. "Anything over forty's old to Val."

"He's over seventy," said Madge promptly.

"Saw the girl once," said Duncan. "She's remarkable."

"Girl?" asked Barry, incredulous. "How could she be?"

"Norman Wallace," said Duncan, "was fifty when he married, for the first time."

"My mother," said Val, "says it caused an earth tremor in Fairton. He threw a party for his bride. She wore a Grecian robe and played the harp . . . or maybe an electric organ."

"No kiddin'," said Barry.

"Farm girl," said Val, "from the hinterland. He went somewhere looking for a painting in someone's attic and found her, instead."

"The daughter," said Duncan doggedly, "is a raving beauty."

Val shrugged. She said, "I suppose so. She used to come here summers, with a governess. Her father was usually in Europe. Sometimes she joined him there. The rest of the time she was in Fairton. She had a little pony and cart and they used to drive through the town. I knew her. All of the native kids," said Val with acidity, "used to be washed, braided and instructed within an inch of their lives and go up to Stone House for a party, every summer. It was pretty shattering. The rest of the time she was away at school."

"Sounds rugged," said Barry.

Madge made a motion with her hand. She said, "I hear someone."

Craig Emerson and Abby rounded the windbreak, following the manservant who had been with Madge since Barry's birth;

Madge's eyes widened and Val's narrowed. The men rose, and Madge rose.

She said, "Abby, I'm so glad you came."

Abby said, a little breathless, "I brought—" she hesitated, "my cousin," she said firmly, as if the very distant relationship put the status of an uninvited guest on a surer footing. She made the presentations, smiled at Val. She said, "Hello, Val," and Val nodded, and looked at Barry. He was frankly staring, looking down from his great height.

Madge said, "You know my husband . . . and this is my son," she added. "Barry Lambert."

Barry took Abby's hand. She didn't know why, as she had not offered it. It was long and beautifully shaped, almost boneless in his grasp. He asked, puzzled, enchanted, and, because of the enchantment, which had possessed him at the exact moment he had first seen her, a little alarmed, "I couldn't have . . . but I *must* have. Where in the world have I seen you before, Miss Wallace?"

Madge said, "Let go her hand, for heaven's sake, and let the poor child sit down."

She sat down herself, on a glider, and motioned Abby to sit beside her.

Abby said, "I don't think you have seen me, Mr. Lambert."

"I have," he said; "I know it. I couldn't forget, you know."

His mother said lightly, "Darling, I didn't know you went to art museums or looked at reproductions or prints."

"I don't," said Barry, affronted. "But what's that got to do with it?"

Val said, patiently, "Abby looks like the women Botticelli painted. Even a beautiful, uncultured hunk of man like you should recognize that, darling." She looked at Craig Emerson and asked, "Isn't that so, Craig?"

"Please—" Abby broke in, discomfited.

Emerson grinned. He said amiably, "Yes, but it's a shame to tag her with it."

MADGE touched Abby's cheek briefly with her brown hand. She said, "We're embarrassing her." Her tone was lazy, but her glance at Val was sharp and Val was quite aware of it. She said, instantly, "Ah, but it's only envy—for the Botticelli women are out of this world."

"I'll say," said Barry. He looked at Abby and grinned. He asked, "Would your father permit me to come up and look at his Botticellis some time?"

His regard warmed her. It was a tangible warmth. She felt and welcomed it. She said lightly, "I've never cared much for the Botticellis. They look as if they had low blood pressure, and," she added, "a little neurotic."

But she did look like them, the sweet shape of her face, her mouth, small and full, the floods of yellow hair which she had never cut because her father abominated short-haired women. Her eyelids, too . . . but her chin was shorter, more pointed.

Madge asked, "You're swimming, aren't you, Abby? Let me show you where you can change." She rose and Abby with her, and they went into the cabana.

Barry sat down on the ledge of the pool. He whistled, as if he had been holding his breath.

Bob Duncan spoke to Emerson. "How about a drink," he inquired, "before you swim?"

Val sat down close to Barry, her robe discarded. She was distracting in the white bathing suit. Her beautiful legs dangled, and she touched a tentative toe to the blue water. She said, "It's cold."

"Could be."

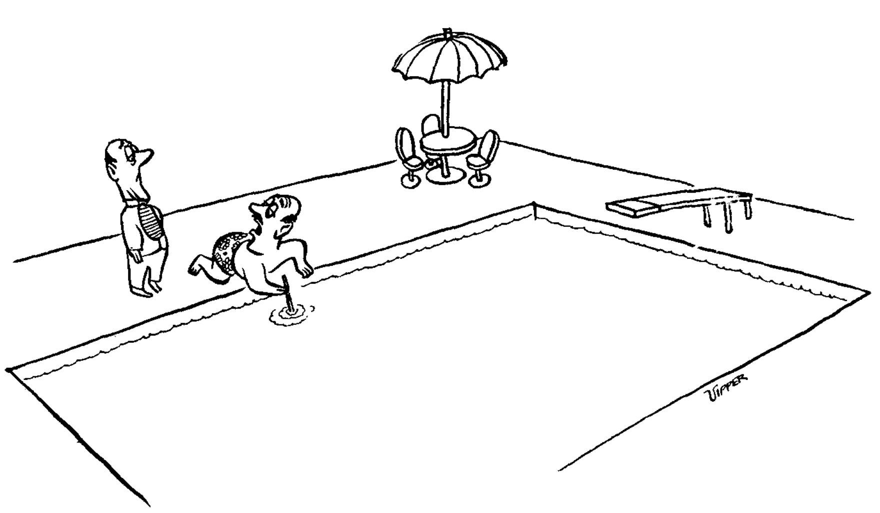
She said, "There's a dance at the Country Club tonight, the season's first. If you have enough gas . . ."

"Let's stay home," said Barry, "and discuss what makes you tick."

"It might be fun," she agreed. She sighed, looking across the water at the low hedge, beyond which were gardens and spacious lawns. "I used to envy the Barstows until I was sick."

"Why?" asked Barry. "Why the Barstows or, for that matter, anyone?"

She said, "I lived where my parents do now, in the village. White house, needing paint, front yard, back yard. Father moved into Fairton from the farm, when he married. He was a carpenter."



COLLIER'S "Just a shade more gin, I think, Hawkins" VIRGIL PARTCH

"Sure," said Barry, "I know. What of it?"

"Nothing," said Val, "except that he still is, with a little real estate on the side since his brother went into the business of showing properties, after people began coming here from New York. I remember," she said, "how I hated Abby Wallace and those terrible parties and her fat pony and hag of a governess, all long teeth, worn on the outside."

"Well," said Barry, "the governess has gone, bridgework and all, the pony's probably dead and Abby's grown up."

"That's what you think," said Val. "She looks the same—a beautiful little girl in a picture frock, different from all the rest of us."

"I didn't see the picture frock."

"It's the *effect*," said Val impatiently. "The sweater and skirt can't disguise the effect. And she holes in here . . . Good Lord, if I had her opportunities!"

Barry said lazily, "Seems to me you've made the most of yours, sweetheart—a flat in town, photographers, pin-up girl. I ran into your pin-ups all over, in the oddest places, and on the most unusual walls."

"You did?" said Val, and flashed into life. She added, "I do get letters from men overseas . . . lots of them, awfully sweet."

"Oh, sure," said Barry, "they're awfully sweet, all of our boys." His tone rasped like a file and Val looked at him and away. She said, "I'm sorry, Barry."

"What for?"

His stepfather came out and silently handed Val a drink and Barry another. Barry's hand closed around the cold, smooth glass. He had had a drink—two, in fact. He didn't want this one. He set it down beside him on the flagstones, aware of the sun and the world's remoteness, of the provocative body beside him, aware, and remembering something Vining had said to him before H-Hour, that *time. "If we ever get out of this," he had* said, "I'm going to concentrate on having a hell of a good time for the rest of my life." But there'd been no rest—except the ultimate—for Vining. . . .

BARRY heard his mother's voice and Abby's, and rose. He saw the Lawsons appearing, and Pete and the little group form, while his mother made the presentations. He waited until it was over and then he went up to Abby, touched her arm and drew her aside. She wore a black dressmaker suit, very plain. The sun was brilliant on her heavy braids. She carried her head so well, yet it seemed as if it must droop from the weight of the hair, on the round, slender throat, long and flawless.

"Someone give you a drink?" he asked.

"I'd rather wait," she said.

He thought: She's the loveliest thing I've ever seen, and the strangest. She was new to him. He could not pigeonhole her. He did not know why she looked as she did, controlled and vulnerable at one and the same time. The curve of her cheek was as young as the year, but her clear regard was too grave. She smiled, often; she laughed, he thought, seldom. There was a shadow in her eyes. . . .

He took Abby's hand casually, held it, swung it a little. He suggested, "Let's go over to the deep end—shall we?—and jump in, together. If you can't swim, it doesn't matter."

She said, "I can swim."

She felt his hand. She was terribly aware of it. It was not like Craig Emerson's hand on her own, familiar and comfortable. It was very disturbing.

Barry Lambert was disturbing. She tried to make a little small talk. She had been trained to small talk, by teachers and governesses; just as she had been taught to run a household, with the help of a housekeeper, speak good French and Italian and passable German; just as she had learned to dance and ride, and sit at the head of a table; as she had learned shorthand and typing in order to be of use to her father; as she had learned other things. . . .

HER father had discovered her intelligence when she was very young and the fact that she was as absorbent as a sponge. It had pleased him to teach her the things in which he was interested. He had not discovered her beauty until she was eighteen.

"Come on," said Barry, and drew her to the diving board. "Jump—don't be afraid."

But she was afraid—afraid of the sudden excitement in her blood as she looked up at Barry's lean face, the features sharply defined, the black eyes warm and amused . . . a very masculine face, and, despite the warmth and amusement, unrevealing.

"Well," he demanded, "what gives?"

She said suddenly, "You hang in art galleries, too."

"Baby," said Barry with resignation, "are you nuts?"

She asked, "Hasn't anyone ever told you?" Her eyes slid over his astonishing physique, halted briefly at the scars. She said, "My father would recognize you at once . . . that is . . . in a bathing suit . . . not that Adam wore one."

"My good child," said Barry, "you look almost human, with a touch of otherworldliness, but you are addicted to double talk."

She took her hand from his, and immediately wished she had not. She said, "Michelangelo's Adam, Mr. Lambert . . . you should make a point of looking it up some time," and she dived, swiftly, cleanly, into the cool, fresh water.

Barry watched her rise to the surface. She had put on, a little while before, the tight white cap. None of her hair was now visible. Her face, no longer dominated by the weight and burning color, emerged with a startling bone structure, delicate and strong.

She shook her head and laughed. She asked, "Are you coming in?"

Barry was conscious that Val and Emerson were still standing there, some distance away, watching: that his mother was watching, too, from the lawn chair. Then he dived.

He came up, close to Abby and touched her smooth, wet arm. He said, "Race you to the end of the pool . . . then let's pray for lunch. I'm starved."

He won, of course, although she swam very well. They reached the shallow end and stood up, and he took her arms and lifted her to the ledge. She took off her tight cap and the pins slid from her hair and it began to uncoil.

Barry said, staring, "Let it down. I haven't seen a girl with long hair since"—he paused, scowling into the sun—"since my grandmother died. She was seventy-six, and hers was long and thick too, but white. And she was quite a girl, at that."

Abby said, "Certainly not," and was not referring to his deceased grandmother. She looked around for the pins, and felt Barry's hard hands on her head. He said softly, "You have a nice little skull."

He liked the feel of it, in his hands, through the masses of hair. He found the other pins, and the braids uncoiled and fell over her shoulders. The ends were roughened into curls. He said, "Well, that *is* something."

Val said, just behind them, "Very pretty. Wasn't the name Rapunzel?"

Someone shouted, "Lunch," and Barry rose and pulled Abby to her feet.

She said, visibly embarrassed, "I'll be back in a moment," and went off toward the cabana, conscious of what she considered her absurd appearance in the long, childish plaits, murmuring something unintelligible at Madge Duncan and the others as she passed.

The cabana was empty. She went into the small cubicle where she had undressed, and took off her wet suit. She had a beautiful, fragile-boned body, very narrow through the waist, with small, high breasts and rounded hips. She was long-legged, perfectly proportioned.

She looked at herself, almost blindly, and flushed. She had not been conscious of her body for a long time. She took a towel, dried quickly, splashed toilet water on her neck and arms and dressed. She rebraided her hair and wound it around her head, leaned forward to draw the lipstick firmly over the exact curves of her mouth. . . .

WHEN she returned to the others, luncheon was being served from the hamper which had been brought down from the house, and Barry was shaking cocktails for those who preferred them.

Madge Duncan asked, "Dressed so soon, Abby? Aren't you going in again?"

Abby said, "I don't think so. But it was wonderful . . . the first swim of the year."

She accepted the Martini that Barry offered, and Emerson appeared, having occupied himself usefully, with a plate of sandwiches, a dollop of aspic and the usual olives and celery.

He asked, "Coffee, Abby, or iced tea?" and she said, "Coffee, I think."

When he had gone, Madge said lazily, "That's a nice boy. Did you say he was your cousin?"

"Very distant," Abby told her, "but he's made his home with us for some time."

"What does he do?" Madge asked.

Abby said, "Oh, it's not a job you can define exactly." She finished her cocktail and put the glass on a little metal table.

"But he has a job?" persisted Madge. She thought: He's in love with her, of course.

"He's an apprentice, really," said Abby, "in a way. Some time, he'll take over Mr. Morris' position. He—well," she said helplessly, "he does some traveling for Father, and interviewing, goes to galleries, and auctions; all that sort of thing."

"You," said Madge accusingly, "what do you mean holing up on your hill? You ought to be out having a very giddy time."

"I ought to be out," corrected Abby somberly, "doing something worth-while."

"Well?" asked Madge.

Abby tasted a sandwich. She said, "My father's not young, Mrs. Duncan, and he needs me."

But he doesn't, she told herself despairingly. He likes to look at me. He wants me around. If he could hang me in the gallery, he would be satisfied.

When she was small and in boarding school, other girls had bragged about their fathers, and their mothers; or talked casually, sometimes hiding scars, of divorces—half a year with this one, six months with that. Some played one parent against the other, profitably. Abby had only her father.

"Why doesn't he come to see you?" they would inquire brutally. And she would say,

(Continued on page 30)

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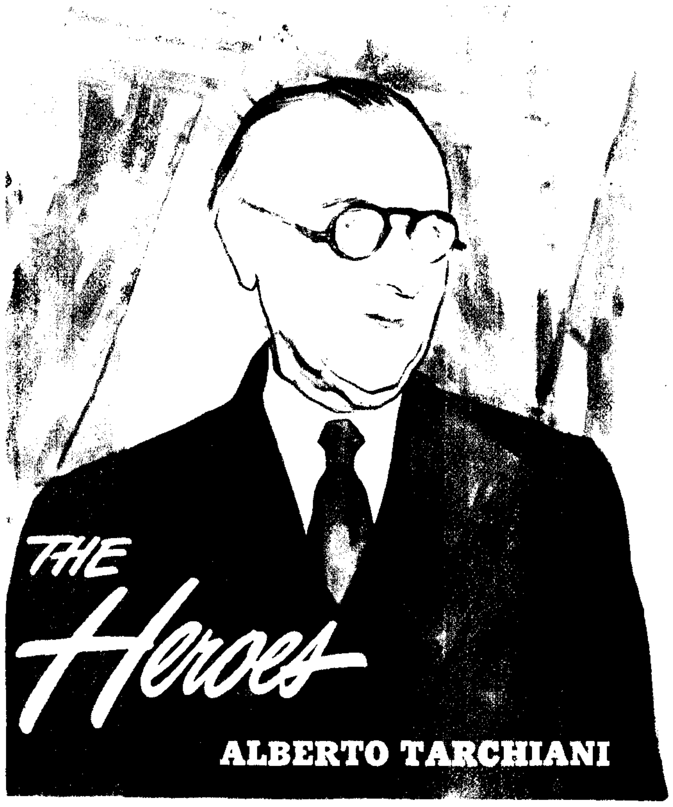

THE Heroes

ALBERTO TARCHIANI

XL

TALL, graying Alberto Tarchiani, Italy's new ambassador to the United States, likes to be thought of as an editor, author and economist—a man of ideas rather than action—and his inclusion in a gallery of heroes is likely to disconcert him. And yet how else can a man be classified whose life is packed with dangerous exploits and high adventure? Long an exile from his native land, knowing the bitterness of poverty and prisons, hunted always by Mussolini's secret police, and never free from the dread of daggers and poisons, the scholarly patriot not only fought the tyrannies of Fascism with tongue and pen, but time and again engaged in daring rescues that had the thrill of a Dumas novel.

A born democrat, for all of his family were ardent disciples of the great Mazzini, young Tarchiani threw himself into the liberal movement soon after finishing his course at the universities of Rome, Genoa and Florence. In 1907, then twenty-two, he made the first of many trips to the United States, studying popular government and sending home enthusiastic reports on the American system. He was in America in 1915, when Italy entered the first World War on the side of the Allies. He rejoiced at the chance to strike a blow against militarism and absolutism, and hurried back to Italy to enlist as a volunteer.

Returning to newspaper work after the armistice, he took a position on the staff of *Corrière della Sera,* Milan's militant liberal daily. Eventually promoted to editor in chief, he became the spearhead of democracy's struggle against the rising tides of Communism and Fascism. Not even Mussolini's seizure of autocratic power stopped Tarchiani's attacks, and it was to silence him, more than any other, that Il Duce cracked down on the Italian press in 1925. A futile attempt at suppression, for from his asylum in Paris, the exiled editor warned the world of Fascismo's menace, and pilloried the dictator for his crimes.

Baffled and raging, Mussolini jailed and killed without pretense of trial. Liberals simply disappeared. As a result, it was not until 1929 that Tarchiani learned that flaming Carlo Rosselli lay in the infamous island fortress of Lipari. A rescue was planned at once, but establishing communication with the prisoner was a slow business, and raising money for a boat even slower. At last, however, all was in readiness, and under cover of darkness, Tarchiani slipped across the Mediterranean to Bizerte. After that, a dash from the North African coast into the Tyrrhenian Sea, the midnight approach to Lipari, and the rescue of Rosselli and two companions as they struck down their guards and waded far out into the surf.

Tarchiani was arrested by the French on complaint of Mussolini, and there were some unhappy weeks in the medieval French prison of La Santé, but on release, he joined with Rosselli in the formation of the Justice and Liberty movement that is today a dynamic force in Italy. Managing to collect funds for a plane, the patriots now dropped anti-Fascist leaflets on Italian cities, using bases in Switzerland and Germany. For these offenses Tarchiani was again imprisoned, first by the Germans and then by the Swiss, but he pleaded his own case with an eloquence that won acquittal. Playing no favorites, he also saw the inside of an English jail, but succeeded in convincing a fair-minded judge that he was not a "dangerous alien."

Thwarted in his efforts to keep Tarchiani behind bars, raging Mussolini now turned to assassination and sent his choicest gangsters to Paris under instructions to "get" the patriot group at whatever cost. How any escaped will always remain a miracle, for Il Duce's murderers had the active assistance of the Cagoulards, the French Fascist organization. As it was, Tarchiani came close to death from poison, and Carlo Rosselli and his brother were set upon and butchered as they drove from Paris to a near-by town.

When the Germans invaded France in 1940, not the least of their orders was to capture Mussolini's enemies, but Tarchiani, by now an artist at escape, wormed through the lines and took ship to New York. There he organized the Mazzini Society, with Americans of Italian origin, and went up and down the land, preaching the gospel of a democratic Italy. Finally came 1943, when America's legions gathered in North Africa for the drive against Sicily and the mainland, and all the hard, unhappy years were forgotten when Washington gave Alberto Tarchiani permission to accompany our troops.

A civilian and an alien, nevertheless he was in the first wave that landed on the beach at Salerno; and again, in the furious fighting at Anzio, the scholar-patriot was never far from the front line. As Germans halted the advance on Rome, word came that aged Benedetto Croce and his family, interned on Capri, ran the risk of removal to a prison in the Reich, and for a second time Tarchiani engineered a daring rescue. In company with officers of the British Intelligence, he sailed through German mine fields, past German guns, and brought the famous philosopher back to the safety of Allied headquarters.

Although he did not like the government first imposed by the Allies, Tarchiani took office in the second Badoglio Cabinet as minister of public works, but continued his drive for the democracy that he saw as Italy's only hope. Ivanoe Bonomi, succeeding Badoglio, placed the editor-economist in charge of the herculean task of national reconstruction, a job eminently suited to his taste and talents. But before he was warm in his chair, the need arose for an ambassador to the United States. What better or more inevitable choice than Alberto Tarchiani, not only one who knew and loved America, but a selfless patriot whose whole life had been given to the fight against totalitarianism? . . .

GEORGE CREEL

PORTRAIT BY WILLIAM AUERBACH-LEVY

The Expendable Heart

Continued from page 28

stoutly, "My father's very busy," or "My father's in Europe."

Sometimes she joined him, wherever he was. She had wished to grow up, very quickly, and become indispensable to him. Well, she had grown up and she had no illusions about her usefulness, the secretarial work on the book he might never finish, the occasional mission with which she was entrusted.

Madge said, "Your father sounds damned selfish to me."

Barry appeared with a fistful of sandwiches and a drink. He sat down on the end of his mother's chair and set the glass on the flags. He said cheerfully, "If I were her father, I'd be selfish, too."

Abby looked at him gravely. She had known very few young men—and only two, well: Craig, familiar, comfortable; and a lad in the office of the law firm which attended to the Wallace business affairs. Thinking of him, she felt a little sick.

"He," said Madge, indicating her son, "has a wonderful line—inherited," she added, with complacence, "from me."

Barry regarded his mother with affection. He said, "Monkeyface, I sometimes wonder how you ever produced such a beautiful, healthy, normal and intelligent specimen as myself."

"Well," said Madge modestly, "it wasn't easy but I managed. Of course," she added, "I had help."

Barry laughed, and Abby smiled, with constraint.

Madge looked at her, and raised her eyebrows. She said, "We've shocked her!"

"No," said Abby. She was not easily shocked. If she were innocent, she was by no means ignorant. But her contacts with people like Madge Duncan were few—and most of them, through current fiction. She read everything and anything, avidly and without discrimination. Her good taste and common sense were often affronted, and her natural fastidiousness. But she was not shocked. She was, however, bitterly envious of Barry's relationship to his mother, the easy give-and-take, the complete naturalness, the affection.

Barry said, "Finish your sandwiches. We're going for a walk."

Madge asked, "How do you know she wants to?"

"What difference does that make?" inquired her son, faintly astonished.

Abby felt his hands on her wrists again, pulling her up, and she found herself walking away with him. They turned the corner of the tree windbreak. The pool vanished and the voices receded.

He had his robe slung about him, and disreputable slippers on his feet. He said, "My mother likes you very much."

"How do you know?" asked Abby.

"I can tell." He added, "She doesn't often like my girls, although she has the good sense to keep quiet about it."

HE WAITED. Abby said nothing. She walked beside him, her head bent. She might have been a thousand miles away. He was interested and impatient. He had thrown her her cue, and she had not taken it. He asked, "Why don't you say something?"

She said, after a moment, "I have nothing to say . . ."

Now they were walking through the spring garden, newly, prematurely in bloom.

She said, "This is lovely. I wish that we had one like it."

"Haven't you?" he asked, astonished.

"No . . . not since my mother died . . . Flowering shrubs, of course," she said, "and climbing roses. My father doesn't care much for flowers."

He asked, "When am I going to see you again?"

"I don't know," she said, conscious of sorrow.

"Here," he said, "let's sit down."

There was a stone bench, warmed in the sun. Trees grew at a distance, a hedge enclosed them and the flowers were sweetly scented. The sun was bright and concentrated, and it was quiet here, except for bird song and the sound of bees.

He asked, "What kind of a girl are you, anyway?"

Abby said after a minute, "And if I said again: I don't know?"

"I'd believe you," he told her promptly. "You're the damnedest . . ." He broke off. He asked curiously, "Have you ever been in love?"

"Once."

"And?"

She said, "It was a long time ago."

"I don't believe that. Was it Emerson?" He added grudgingly, "He seems pretty regular . . ."

She said, "It wasn't Craig."

"He was telling me," said Barry conversationally, "about his bad eyes and all that. I don't know why he feels he has to explain, but most of them do. He's damned lucky, that's all I can say."

She said, "You were wounded?"

"Oh, sure," said Barry. "I'm a hero. Medals and such. They make a pretty rattle if you keep 'em in a tin box. Tell me about your other boy friend, the guy you were in love with."

She said, "I'd rather not."

"Why?"

She said, "There's nothing to tell. Besides—" She looked at him—"are you always as curious," she asked, "and as—personal?"

"Naturally," he informed her. "If you'd ask about me, now, I'd tell you. I lack reserve," he added, grinning, "like my mother. My love life is an open book, if banned in Boston. I'm an interesting character. I've ambitions," he said solemnly. "I'm full of plans for the postwar world, at least for as much of the world as I'll inhabit. I even have a job. I'm a solid citizen. No difficult adjustments, no psychosis, not even one little neurosis. Look," he asked anxiously, "am I selling myself?"

Abby laughed, and he regarded her with satisfaction. "I wasn't sure you could—more than once a day," he said.

"Could what?"

"Laugh. Do you think your father will like me?"

Abby said, "I doubt it."

Barry shook his head. "Must be rugged," he said sadly; "everyone likes me . . . well, practically everyone. Do you?"

She said, and was conscious of a too-keen awareness of his nearness to her, his extreme masculinity, "I—think so."

"Make up your mind," he said. "Abby, you're a very strange person. I watched you today talking to the Lawsons, holding your own with Val—and she's quite a girl you know, a little on the sharp side. And I watched you with my mother, and with Emerson. But when you're with me, what's the matter?" he said coaxingly. "It's like talking to you through a glass wall."

She said, "I'm a little afraid of you."

"Of me?" He looked blank with astonishment. "Could be flattery," he said thoughtfully, "and could be something else."

Abby said, "Yes." She thought: This is a fantastic conversation. But somehow it seemed important to her that it continue, that she make her position clear, if she had a position. It seemed imperative that she and Barry Lambert, who was a stranger to her, understand each other from the outset. And that was foolish, as she might never see him again. Reaching this reasonable conclusion, she was unaccountably grieved.

BARRY leaned back and fished in his robe pocket for cigarettes. He offered her the battered pack, and Abby refused.

He asked, "You don't smoke?" and when she said, "Very rarely," he commented, "That should make you popular, what with the shortage." He then asked, "Would you tell me why you're afraid of me?"

He put his arm along the bench, at the back, but Abby leaned forward a very little. She said, "I'll try."

It was her habit to be truthful. She had not come into contact with enough people to learn that, while honesty is the best policy, it can often become embarrassing.

She said, in her clear, rather rapid voice, "I've known very few people my own age."

"That means," he murmured, "men. At the moment I feel half a century your senior. I'm twenty-six, by the way. And you aren't exaggerating? You must have gone to school?"

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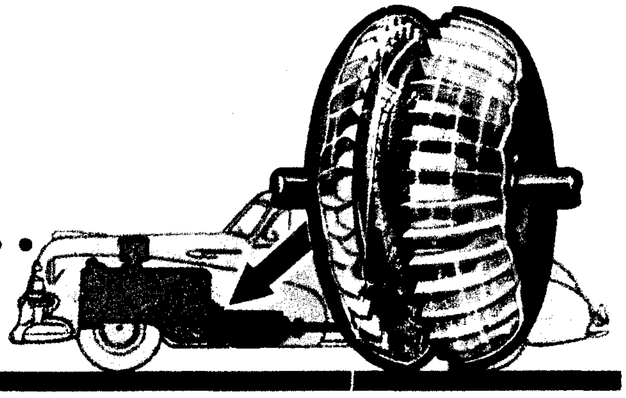

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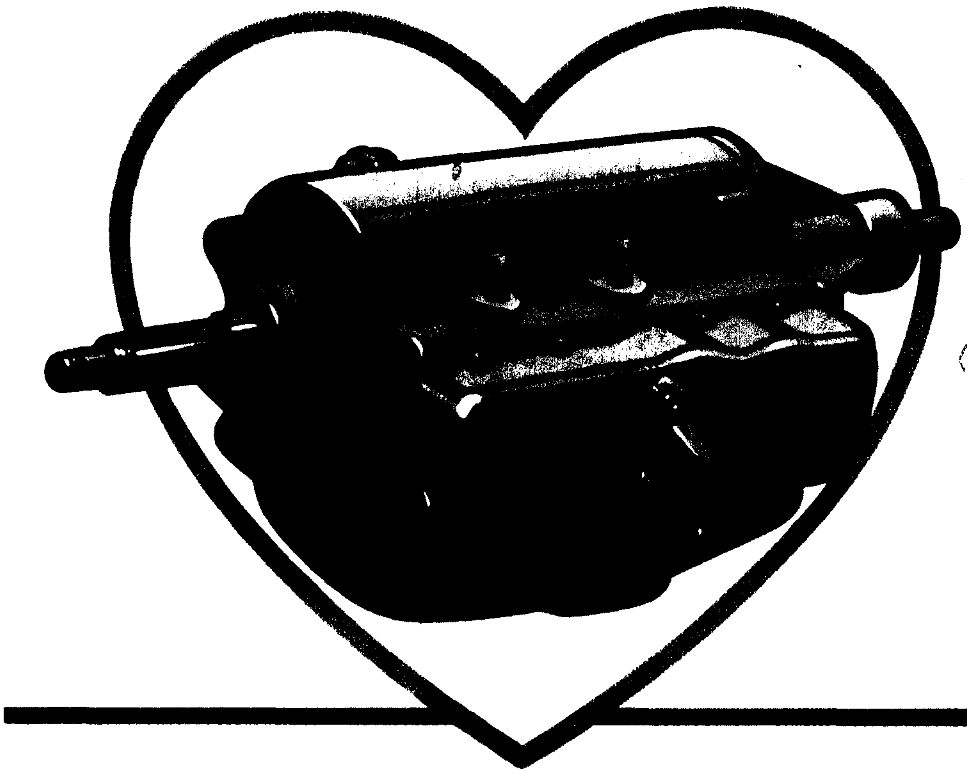

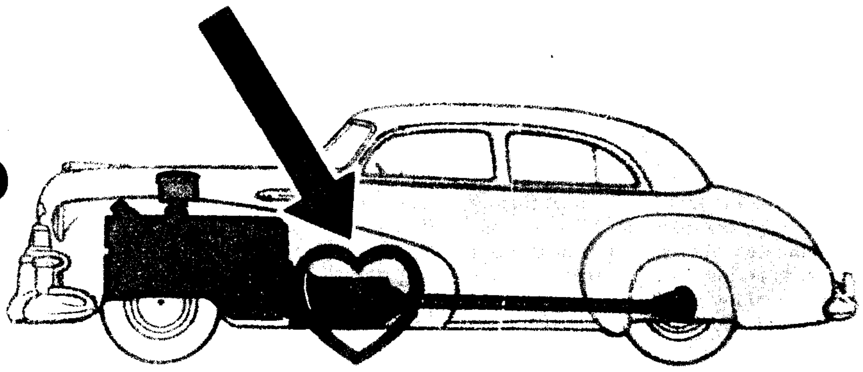

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"Several," she agreed; "boarding schools. But I didn't know the girls well."

"Why not?"

She sketched a gesture with her shoulders. She said, "No special reason. I didn't go in for athletics particularly. Perhaps that was it . . ."

Or for confidences, she thought, after lights, sticky fudge and crumbling saltines, the surreptitious cigarette with the windows open, the letters from boys passed from hand to hand. . . .

"But there must have been girls," he said, "there always are . . . who asked you home, who came home with you—girls with brothers, big families."

She shook her head again. She said, "There weren't."

She remembered a hockey team captain, Peggy. Abby had had a terrific crush on her, from a distance, just as she had had on Miss Lacey, her Latin teacher, at Miss Howard's. She remembered others, later, but mostly Peggy and Miss Lacey because they were the first. Peggy had treated her with casual good humor, and Miss Lacey, young and trying to be earnest despite an incorrigible humor, had been very kind. But she had embarrassed both Peggy and Miss Lacey, saving her allowance, buying them useless, expensive gifts, votive offerings.

Barry said, "I'm waiting."

Abby looked up, startled for a moment; she had been back at Miss Howard's, the square white school in Virginia, back in the cottage which housed the younger girls.

She said, "I don't know why I'm trying to explain." But she did know. It was important. It was necessary. "At home," she said, "I had governesses. My father was away a good deal. Sometimes, we traveled to meet him somewhere—London, Rome, Florence, Paris . . ."

"I see." He didn't, however. He looked bewildered. "But you didn't travel in a *void,*" he argued. "There had to be other people, on shipboard, in trains, in hotels."

SHE might have been an eight-year-old, from his tone. She recognized it. She said patiently, "There were, but I never grew to know any of them."

"And now," he asked, "at home?"

"People come," she said, "of course, to see my father and the collection . . ."

They had taught her to meet them, to look after their comfort, at Miss Jarrod's. She remembered the weekly social hour, with the girls taking turns at receiving, at pouring tea, at making small talk among the visitors.

He said violently, "It sounds like a hell of a life to me. Did you ever think of getting away? I don't mean by the usual means," he added, "for if I suggested that, you'd look at me and say, 'But I don't know any men.' I mean, a job, for instance? Or can't you do anything?"

He looked absurd, scowling at her, but his eyes were friendly; more than friendly. Sudden sheer joy shot up within her like a long-repressed flame. She could not have said why. She answered, "Of course. I speak several languages, I am an excellent secretary, and I can even cook!"

"Well!" he said in triumph. "There's your out. Everyone wants cooks."

Abby admitted, "I would even be useful in an art gallery." The laughter which had illuminated her face was extinguished. She said, "I couldn't leave my father." She did not add, "He needs me," as she had said to Madge Duncan, but she stated the exact truth, "He might need me."

Someone was calling, "Barry . . . where are you, Barry?"

It was his stepfather. Barry rose, and Abby got to her feet. She did it better than most women. She looked smaller than she was in comparison to his great height. The birds went on singing and the flowers opened their young petals, and it was warm and hushed and scented.

Barry put his arms around her. He had known her a very little while. Well, that didn't mean anything. He had known other girls for as short a time or shorter, and had put his arms around them . . . laughed a little, and kissed their willing mouths.

But Abby stood quite still except for an inner shivering which somehow communicated itself to him. He did not kiss her but held her, quietly, in the circle of his arms, and presently released her. Yet he was more troubled by this brief contact than he had been by many kisses, given and taken.

He said, "Okay, let's go . . ."

ON THE way back to the pool, "I'm staying up here for a couple of weeks," Barry said, "and coming back week ends during the summer. I'll be seein' you, Abby. Tomorrow? I'll come to the house. It isn't far, is it? I don't know my way around yet."

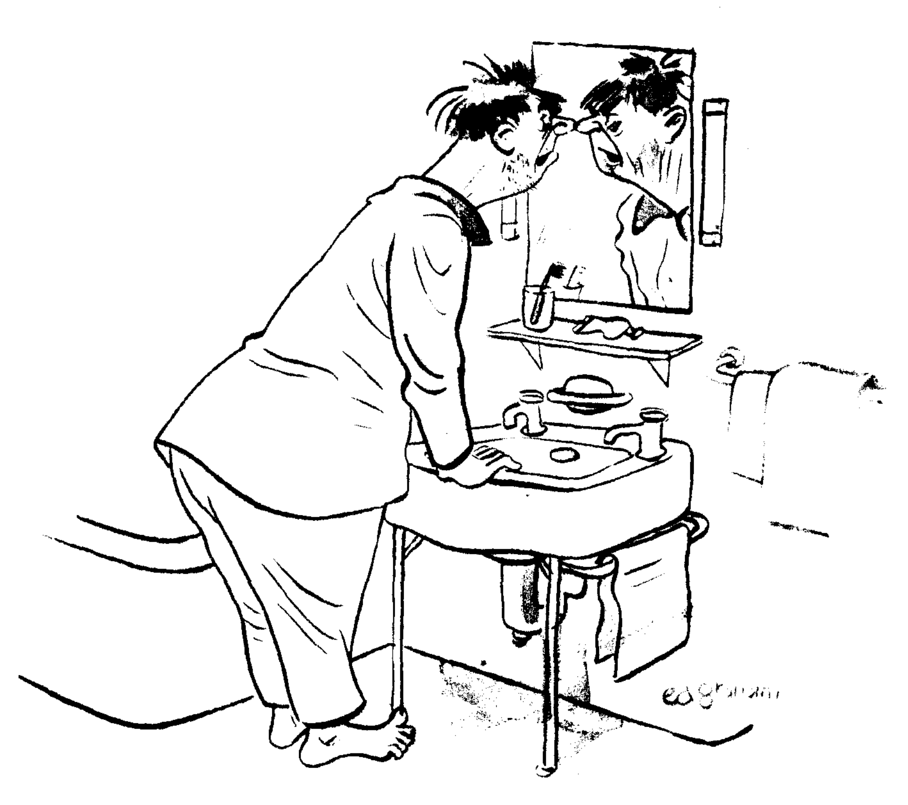
"Just a few miles. But . . ." she hesitated.

"But what?" he asked. "Are you going to be difficult again?"

She couldn't say: *But my father would receive you, and see that you didn't return. I don't know how, but he'd manage.*

She said aloud, drawing a deep breath, feeling as if she were doing something incredibly courageous, "At teatime, then?"

"Long before," he said. And, as he had earlier in the day, he took her hand and held it, swinging it carelessly. He still held it as they rejoined the group at the swimming pool.


COLLIER'S "Where's that big smile this morning?" ED GRAHAM

The Lawsons had vanished. Peter Carstairs, middle-aged, eligible and wary, was still there, arguing with Madge Duncan. Duncan was watching, amused, and Val and Emerson were swimming again. Val looked up as Abby and Barry made their appearance. She spoke to Emerson a little sharply. She said, "Dereliction of duty, Craig. If Mr. Wallace hears that you let her out of your sight for half an hour, he'll have your ears on a platter."

EMERSON made a face at her, swam to the far end and went up the steps. It was still early in the afternoon and he was enjoying himself. Val was exciting and entertaining, and even if, as he suspected, she was being amiable to him because Barry wasn't around and she resented the fact, Emerson *did not quarrel with her motive.*

He looked at Abby and asked, "Coming in again?"

She said that, no, she wasn't and added that she was sorry but she thought that it was time for them to go.

Emerson nodded and went off to dress and Abby went to sit by Madge and tell her how much she had enjoyed the party.

"Not," said Madge, "a party, exactly. You must come again, you must come and swim every day." She patted Abby's hand. "And tell your father that I'm coming to see him. . . . I'd like to see the collection. . . ."

Abby said she would tell him.

Barry, sprawled on his face on the flagstones, raised his head. He said, "I'm asked to tea tomorrow. . . ."

"Maybe I'll come, too," said his mother, and added, "It would be marvelous, Abby, if you could lead Barry in the direction of culture. He's never been one for the museum, the opera or," she added, "the ballet—"

Barry groaned.

His mother went on: "But since his return from overseas, he's gone proletarian; he spends his days—when he's supposed to be working—prowling around the dingier districts, asking impertinent questions."

"In your behalf," said Barry, rolling over, "collecting your rents."

"And living," said Madge, ignoring him, "in the most dreadful arty little flat you ever saw. Top floor, and if you toil up another flight and push open a door, painted blue on the outside, there's a roof with a tree in a wooden pot, two camp chairs, cigarette butts and all the soft coal in Manhattan."

"A penthouse," insisted Barry; "a poor thing but mine own. You must come up and see me some time," he told Abby, smiling.

"Also," said his mother, "he has joined a political club or something and he threatens to go to night school."

Abby asked, "What for?"

"Don't ask me," said Madge. "Perhaps he likes the teachers."

Barry sat up and hugged his knees. He said. "I had a lousy education, Abby. I was kicked out of the best schools, and it took three universities to give me a degree. Don't you think night school has glamor?"

"It depends," said Val, coming up to sit on a metal chair near Madge, "on the curriculum."

"Now you," said Barry, turning his attention to her, "you might profit by a spot of night school—or wouldn't you?"

Abby was silent, listening. She had made a habit of both silence and listening for a long time. She felt remote again, no part of *this particular picture.* She watched Val's dark, mobile face, the tilted eyes and very red mouth. . . . This was the sort of girl who understood Barry, who would be comprehended by him. She felt a sharp, saddening envy. . . .

Emerson came out and she rose and made her farewells. There was nothing shy about her, speaking the conventional phrases; no lack of poise. She had integral dignity. And besides, she had been well taught.

When they were in the car: "Have a good time?" asked Emerson.

"Very. . . ."

"I did, too. Val, for instance. What a woman! I've seen her only a dozen times, I suppose, and I forget her in between, but each time when I see her again, she has all the impact of a block-buster."

"She's almost beautiful," said Abby.

"But not quite. She won't wear," said Emerson, "as you will. When you're eighty, you'll still be beautiful," he said.

Abby was twenty-two; to become eighty would take a very long time. She considered it, without hope.

He said lightly, "What was the idea of vanishing with Lambert?"

Abby said, "I didn't . . . that is, I didn't vanish. We were on the other side of the hedge, in the garden."

"He's all right," said Emerson, "and has, I suspect, more on the ball than you'd imagine at first meeting. I liked him." He paused and added deliberately, "He liked you."

Abby said nothing. He was accustomed to that.

He asked, "You're going to see him again?"

"Tomorrow," she said, and the flame shot through her again and she was warmed by it.

Emerson said, "Well, it's your own business."

She said, a little wildly, "Why not? There's nothing wrong with Barry Lambert or his people, for that matter . . . and no earthly reason why I can't ask my—my friends to the house, is there?"

He said, startled, "Of course not . . . but your father did express himself rather strongly, if you remember . . ."

She said, after a moment, "I remember. But then, perhaps he—"

"What?"

She forced herself to finish, hating her cowardice. "Perhaps he won't be there," she said.

There was another silence. Then Emerson said:

"Perhaps not. He did say that he might go to town, but it wasn't very definite." He looked at her quickly. "You recall that, I dare say."

She had recalled it, when Barry had said, "Tomorrow?"

Emerson leaned back. He said, "You haven't asked anyone to the house since—"

Since Malcolm . . . four years ago. She remembered the first time he had come, not by invitation, but by command, bringing papers for her father to sign.

She said, "There's always a beginning."

"Worse luck," said Emerson gloomily . . . "as you know how I feel about you."

She had known for some time. She had been glad about it, in a way; and in another way, sorry. Because if she ever permitted herself to drift into loving him, through familiarity, through loneliness, then there would be no escape, not ever. . . .

He said, "Last time I spoke of this I said I wouldn't again until you gave me permission. So, I'm breaking a promise. But you would be happy with me, Abby. I swear it. For I would love you, I do love you very much."

Nice to be loved, wonderful to be loved . . . better, perhaps, than loving . . .

She said gently, "I'm sorry, Craig."

ON THE following day Norman Wallace went to New York with Jay Morris, to attend an auction, and Abby, too aware of excitement and expectation, listened to the elderly housekeeper complain of the shortcomings of a curtailed staff, went for a short walk, transcribed the notes her father had dictated the previous afternoon and lunched with Craig.

He asked, watching her almost untouched plate, "You seem a little distrait. . . . Aren't you well?"

"*Perfectly.*"

She had superb health; she looked frail but was very strong.

He inquired, "What's the matter, Abby? I passed the library door about six last evening and heard Uncle Norman's voice. As he rarely raises it, I wondered—"

She said, thinking back to that unpleasant cross-examination. "He was asking me about the—the Duncan family."

"Meaning, I assume, Barry Lambert," said Emerson. "Well?"

"Nothing," said Abby. "He just doesn't like them, quite arbitrarily, that's all."

She was determined not to talk about it. It was a matter of deep humiliation that

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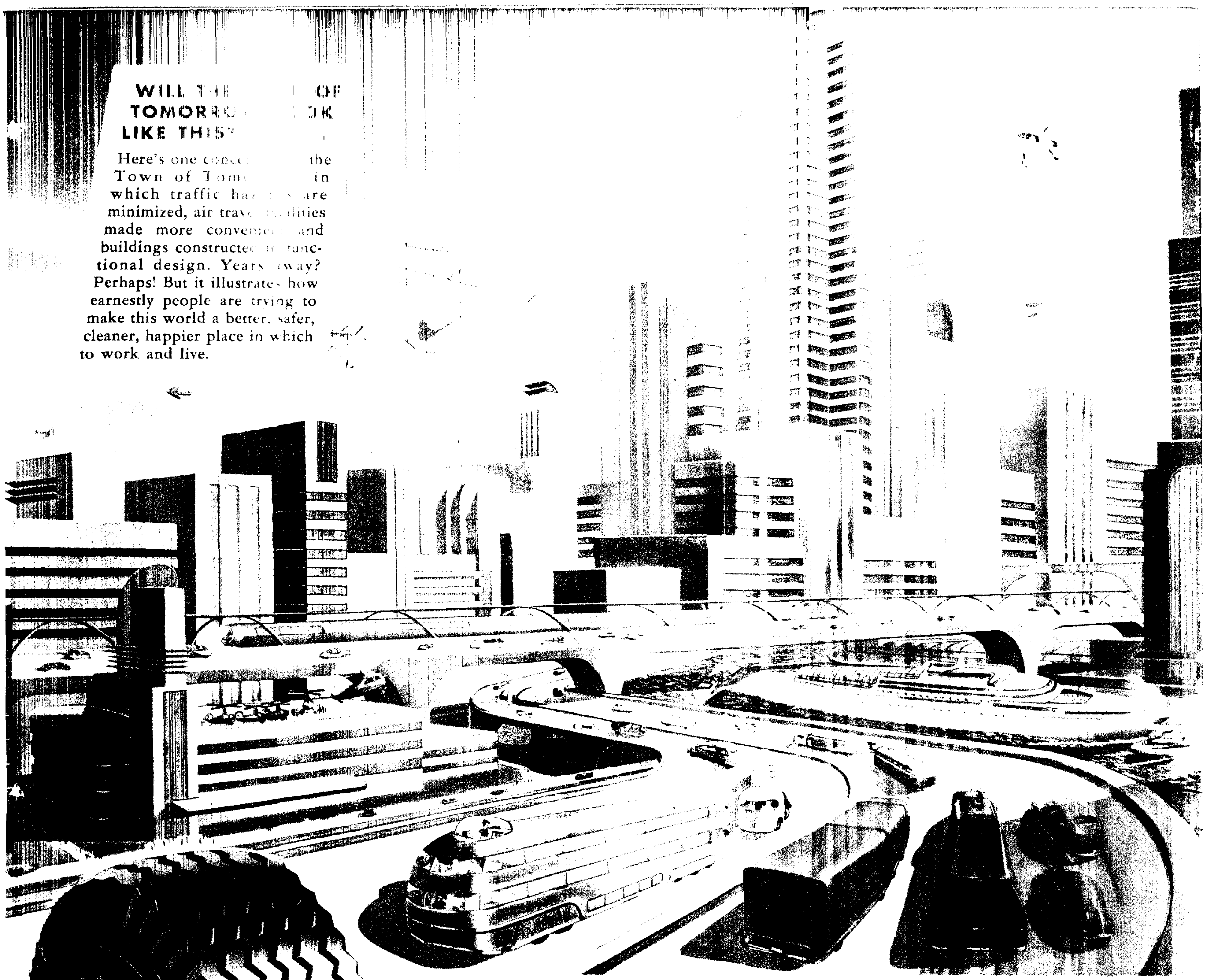

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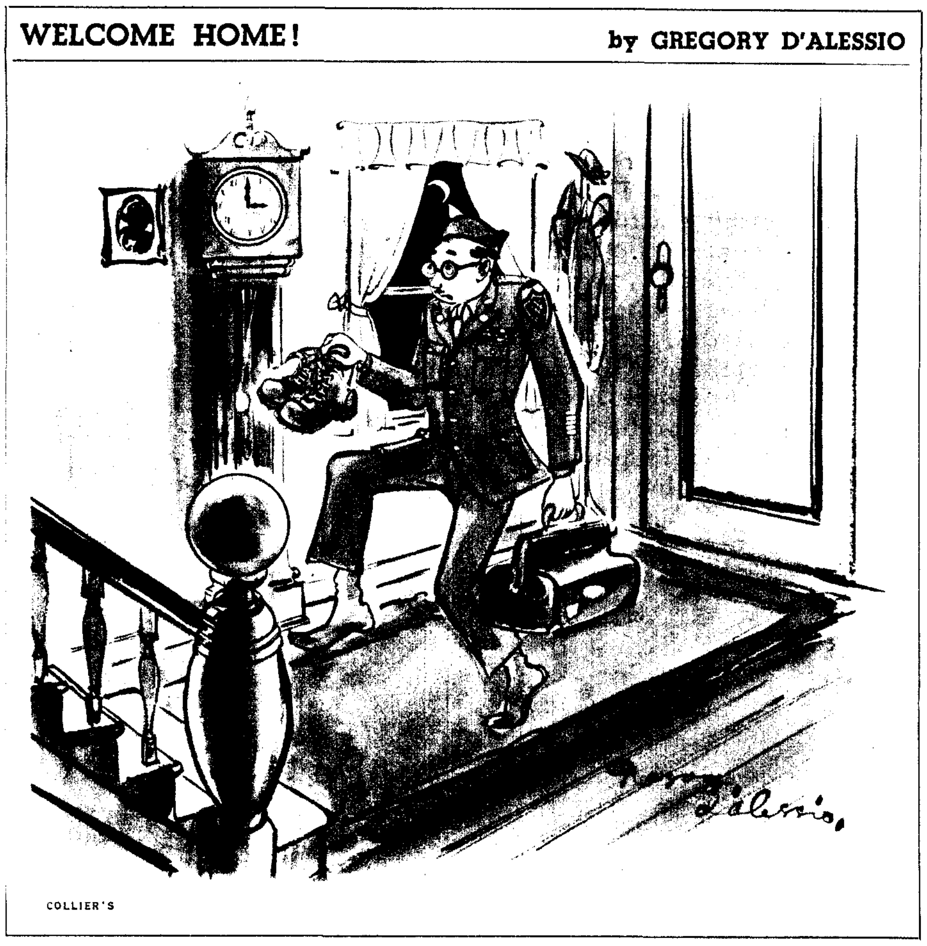


she could go to face her father with confidence engendered by reason, and then, in a few minutes, find herself reduced to that fearful inner shivering, her hands cold and her heart hammering in her throat.

She had not told him that Barry was coming to see her. She had counted, almost prayerfully, upon her father's absence. For if she told him, she knew that half a dozen words would reduce her to an abject docility which would take her to the telephone to cancel the engagement.

AFTER luncheon, she worked on the notes. She cleared her desk, in the anteroom of her father's library. She went to the gallery to find Emerson and consult him about a telephone inquiry which had come in from the Coast and left him to deal with it. She changed her frock. It was still very warm. She opened her closet door and after considerable thought selected a shirtwaist dress of pale green linen, belted in brown suède, and with a little brown jacket.

She thought: I'm crazy. He won't come; of course, he won't come.

She was at once unbearably disappointed and relieved.

At a quarter of three she was called to the telephone. She picked up the instrument with apprehension. She said, "Yes?"

"It's Val," said the other voice. "How are you, Abby?" Val's tone was colored with laughter. She went on, "Pete Carstairs and I are about to ride. . . . I wondered if your father would mind if we rode through your place? We'd be careful to close the gates. . . . We might," she added, "stop by, later, at the house."

Abby said, after a moment, "The bridle paths aren't kept up, Val; they haven't been since the war. My father doesn't ride any more, and I haven't, in some time . . ."

"We could take machetes," said Val cheerfully, "and hew our way through. It would be fun, rather. So, if you don't mind—?"

Abby said faintly, "Of course not," and presently, hung up. She thought, Val knows that Barry is coming here.

Well, if she knew, he *was* coming . . .

He came at three and Abby went to meet him in the drawing room. It was, at any time, an impressive place. He looked at her and grinned. He said, "You didn't expect me, did you?"

"No," said Abby. "Yes . . ."

"Make up your mind."

"I wasn't sure," she admitted. She asked, "Won't you sit down, Mr. Lambert?"

"Skip the preliminaries," he advised, and glanced around the big room. He waved a brown hand at the paintings on the walls. "This the Collection?" he inquired.

"No," she said, "it is in the gallery. Would you care to—?"

She thought, Craig will be there.

"Nope," said Barry. "I don't give a hoot for the Collection." He looked at her. "Can't we get out of here?" he asked. "This place is too big, too—" He broke off. "Outdoors?" he suggested.

She took him through the sun porch, out the French doors. There was a small, rather overgrown terrace here with a barberry hedge which hadn't been clipped recently. The sun was warm and on the branches of an old pear tree beyond the hedge an oriole was swinging, like a flame.

Abby sat down in an Adirondack chair and Barry on the end of a long bench. He said, "You look as if you hadn't slept."

"An unflattering conclusion," she remarked. It was true enough. She had slept wretchedly. Waking, her mind had been made restless by wonder, by fantastic imaginings; she had dreamed, only to wake again. It had been a very bad night.

"I didn't either," he said, abruptly. "I *couldn't* get you out of my mind. . . . I suppose you're beautiful," he said, staring at her. "I wouldn't know, Abby; beauty has nothing to do with the way I see you. I know that your face, the way you walk, the way you use your hands and carry your head—it's all as familiar to me as if we had grown up together . . . and don't start telling me I've seen you on the walls of art museums . . . It has nothing to do with a chance resemblance to women long dead and probably idealized," he said, half smiling, "but it has everything to do with us . . . that sense of familiarity as if, finally, I had come home."

She said, very directly, "It's foolish to talk to me like this. You don't know me."

"Who knows anyone?" he demanded. "Who wants to . . . ? It's the learning that matters between men and women . . . You know I'm in love with you."

She flushed. She said, flesh and blood and nerves informed by a most irrational delight, "It isn't possible."

"Of course it is," he said impatiently. "Do you think that everyone has to go through the preliminaries? I said, skip them. I meant it, Abby . . ." He got up and came to sit on the arm of her chair, very close, too close . . . "I want you. There's no possible argument. I know it. I shall make you know it.

"I've fallen in love I suppose a dozen times . . . Fun, or not, while it lasted, as the case might be. No scars anyway. This is something else. Last night was pretty remarkable. I wanted to push the walls out . . . the ceiling was too near. I wanted to shout. Morning was an eternity away . . . I thought, when morning came, I couldn't wait another moment; I'd come at once and tell you . . . There's a first time for experiencing anything . . . this was a first time for me. . . . In a way I resented it. Nor is it as unreasonable as you might think, to believe that you feel this way, too, because anything like this can't be for one person . . . one person couldn't sustain it. It has to be shared."

He bent his head and put his cheek against her hair and sighed as a man sighs who has been hurt and knows a lessening of pain.

Abby sat very still. With one part of her mind she repudiated the thought that anyone else could have experienced this shock of delight, this instinct for surrender; and with the other she told herself that true lovers had always met and known each other, like this . . .

"Darling—" he said, urgently.

Abby moved away a little. It was the last thing she wanted to do and the first thing she must. Barry straightened up and looked down at her.

He said, "You don't give yourself away much. I could shake you until your teeth rattled in your lovely head. I think I know what's underneath the surface but I'd like some confirmation." He put out his hand and took hers, lying still in her lap. He said, with elation, "You're ice-cold!"

She said desperately, trying to keep her head, "We met yesterday, Barry."

"Yesterday," he said, "tomorrow, a thousand years ago. Does it matter? Do you know why I've never asked any girl to marry me? Because no matter how crazy I was about her at the moment, I was never certain I could be faithful to her. . . . And I wasn't being noble for her sake. I was thinking of myself, how I'd hate not being faithful and all that went with it. But I could be faithful to you, always."

She thought, I couldn't bear it if you were not . . . She thought, I couldn't risk your not being, Barry. Aloud she said, "That's—today. Tomorrow you will think otherwise."

"Not any tomorrow," he said. "I want to marry you. Now. As soon as possible." He laughed, suddenly. "We have the rest of our lives in which to be engaged," he reminded her. "The important thing is being together . . ."

She said, slowly, "The important thing is being *sure*."

"I'm sure," he said, confidently, "enough for us both. If you love me . . ."

"How can I," she asked, "so soon?"

"Is there a stop-watch on loving?" he demanded. "This minute no; the next, perhaps. You're afraid, aren't you? You said yesterday you were afraid of me. . . . Was *this* the reason?"

After a moment she said, "Yes."

Barry stood up. He put his arms around her, and lifted her from the chair. They were quite alone, but if a dozen people had been there he would not have cared. He held her close and kissed her. He kissed her again and then put his cheek against her hair and stood there, very still.

She was no longer frightened and she was not rational. She was without thought, mindless. Everything which was right and enduring, everything which was right and transient, in the world, went into that embrace . . . the sun's penetration, the sound of birds singing, the spring, the new green, the smell of the earth and growing things, the eternal sky.

After what seemed like a long time he gently released her. "Sit down, there," he said. "Let me look at you."

She sat down, gratefully. Her knees were fluid. But her hands were warm now and the color rose sweetly to her throat and face.

Barry stood away a little and laughed. He said, "When I think I know your face by heart, it alters and I have to learn all over again." He said, "Let's go in and tell your father . . ."

She said, "He isn't here," and remembering him her mind steadied and became wary, as if it were hunted.

"He will be," said Barry impatiently. "Let's get in the car and go tell my mother . . ."

"No—"

HE HAD not asked her if she loved him, she remembered suddenly, with incredulity. He had taken it for granted. Perhaps she did not. Perhaps this was just . . . freedom after long bondage, a beautiful but curable lunacy.

He said, "You're going to be difficult. Why? We love each other."

Abby said after a moment, "What makes you sure—of me?"

"I know. Look, Abby, we aren't children, we're grown up. At least I am, and I assume that you are. This has happened to us both . . . Some people have more warning, that's all. What's the use of wasting time?"

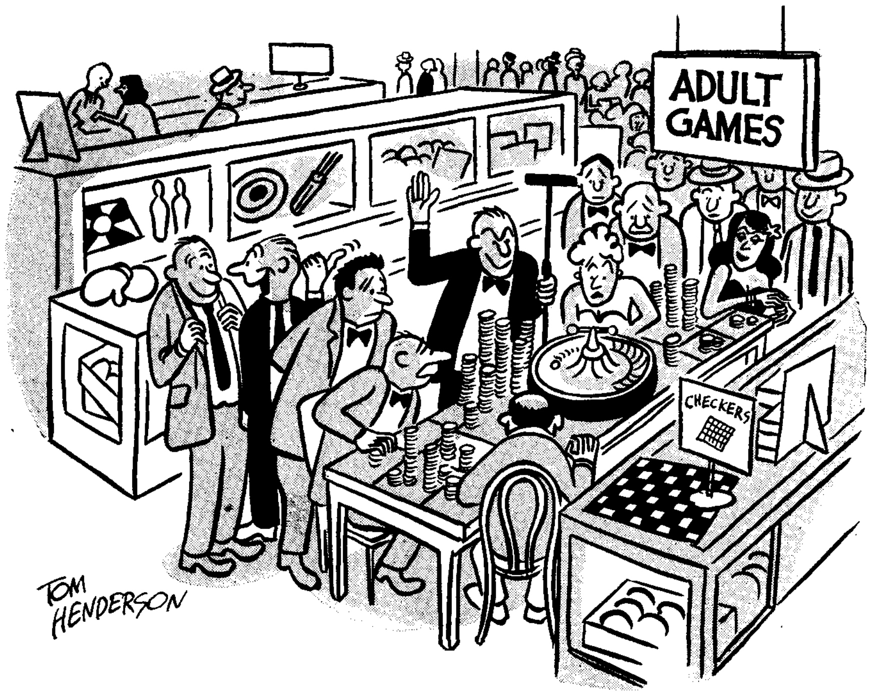
She looked at him, reluctant to make an admission. "Perhaps," she said, "I'm afraid, again."

"Of what?" he demanded.

"A lot of things." She couldn't say, My father. Barry would laugh at her; he'd ask, What has your father to do with it? She couldn't say, Of loving you too much . . . because he would answer: That's impossible. But it wasn't impossible. She knew her capacity and her frustration.

They heard voices and Barry swore. He said, "That's Val. . . ."

"Did you tell her you were coming here?"



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He said, "Sure, why not? She wanted me *to ride with her and Pete. I said, I had a date.* She asked, where, with whom, and I told her."

Abby thought, She has no *right.*

She rose. She said, "Mr. Carstairs is with her. She telephoned me, before you came, to say they were riding and wanted to use the bridle paths . . ." She was walking away from him, around the terrace, to the front of the house. She looked back over her shoulder, and he was standing still, looking furiously angry, looking murderous. And she was aware of terrible pleasure. He resented Val, he resented everyone. He wanted only herself. If it were to be like that always . . .

She smiled, secretly, quickened her pace, and called to Val and Carstairs, looking down from their horses, Val superb and self-confident, in her casual riding clothes, Pete looking a little worn around the edges.

"Overgrown was right," said Val, "we couldn't go through. May we come in, Abby?"

Barry had come up and stood frowning into the sun. He said, politely, "By all means, ride right in . . ."

"You could give me a hand," said Val.

He helped her dismount and Pete slid off his horse, remarking that he thought he'd walk home. And Val asked, "Is there any place where we can tie these nags? . . ."

The gardener, Morton, was working near by. Abby called him and he came up, dour and incurious, and took the horses and led them off down the driveway to the empty stables.

Abby said, brightly, not looking at Barry, "It's time for tea . . . let's go on, shall we? I'll send for Craig; he's working in the gallery."

THEY *had tea in the sun porch, Emerson* appearing before the first cups had cooled. The sun porch was the downstairs room which Abby had been permitted to refurnish as she pleased, some four years ago. The floor was flagged, and there were many French windows and a fireplace. The furniture, reed and bamboo, was comfortable, the chintzes still bright. There was no vestige or reminder of the Collection here.

They drank their tea. Emerson watched Abby pour hers, put in too much sugar and drink it as if it were water. He looked from her to Barry who, he thought, was talking too much, laughing too much and certainly behaving a little oddly. Val and Carstairs had highballs. Barry had refused.

Barry said abruptly, "In the words of the old cliché, we want you to be the first to know . . ."

Abby's cup clattered in the saucer. She was perfectly white. She spoke his name, almost shouting. "Barry!" she said.

He went on unmoved, "We're going to be married, Abby and I. . . ."

Val flushed a dull red under the olive skin and Carstairs, an imperturbable gentleman, said mildly, "Is that so?"

Then Val asked, "Is that supposed to be funny?"

"If it is," said Emerson quietly, "it's in bad taste." He looked at Abby, noting her pallor, against which her mouth was shockingly red. He asked, "Abby?"

She said, trying to recover herself, feeling herself sliding inexorably toward the edge of a precipice, toward an unimaginable destination, "Of course, it's a joke."

Val looked sulky but relieved. She commented, "Barry has an odd sense of humor."

"Not at all," said Barry smoothly. "I didn't say that Abby had consented. I merely stated my intentions."

"Good boy," said Carstairs. "Nothing like giving warning," and Val asked, setting down her glass, "Rushing your fences, aren't you, Barry?"

"There isn't much time," said Barry, "there never is." He looked at Emerson. He said, "You aren't very talkative."

Emerson said, "No . . ." He rose. He said, "Sorry, Abby, but I must get back to work."

Barry spoke to Abby as if they were alone: "Angry?" he inquired. "Madder'n hell, are you?"

She said, "Yes . . ." but she smiled a little. Yet she was angry. He was out of his mind; he had no right to make this outrageous statement to them all.

"If you two don't stop playing around, it'll be dark before you finish playing around!"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

But the sensation of being in his arms was still strongly upon her, as if she had not left them. To look at him directly would be a betrayal.

He said, "You'll get over it."

Val rose. She said courteously, "It's been too fascinating. I have never seen anything like it away from the theater. Do let me know what happens in the next act. We'd better be going, Pete . . ." and, as Abby rose, she added, "Don't come. I'm sure you and Barry have so much to discuss. Why he *wants to marry you and why you won't* marry him." She was taut with fury but it was not in her husky voice or eyes. They were too cool.

Abby was scarlet and helpless. Barry walked over to her and put his arm lightly around her shoulders. He said, "I couldn't enlist your special gifts on my side, could I, Val?"

A car drove up, a door slammed, there were voices and steps in the hall. Abby was white again, and Barry's arm tightened. She tried to move away. She heard Jay Morris' elderly, slow footsteps retreating toward the stairs; she heard her father's brisker tread; she heard him speak to a servant. "Where is Miss Abby?" he asked, clearly.

He came through to the sun porch. Abby spoke to Barry just in time. She said low, savagely, "If you don't let me go, I'll never forgive you . . ." and Barry released her.

"Well," said Wallace pleasantly. "How gratifying . . . Val, how are you? I haven't seen you in years. You are looking very well. Is there any tea, Abby . . . ? I quite forgot to have luncheon." He looked at Carstairs and at Barry. His eyes remained on Barry, thoughtfully.

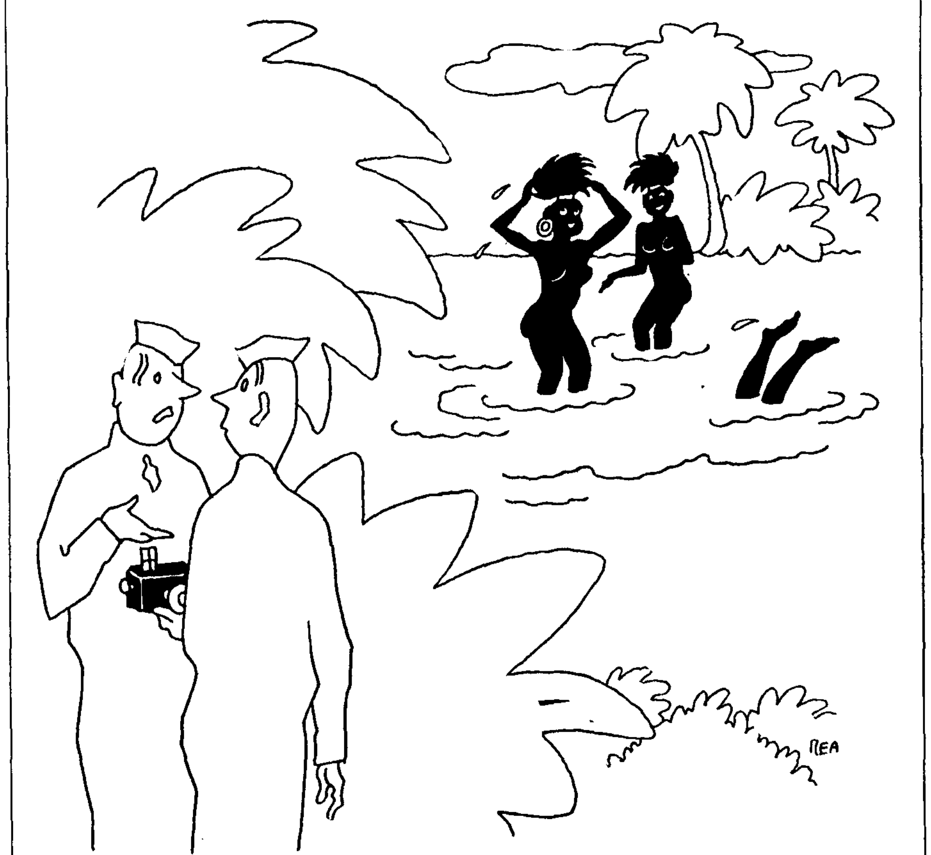
ABBY made the presentations, and wondered if he had heard her. Val was smiling at him. She said, "You should have been here a little earlier, Mr. Wallace."

He motioned toward the chairs they had left. "Please don't go," he said hospitably, "just as I come. . . . Persuade your friends to stay," he told his daughter softly.

She was pouring his tea. Her hands shook perceptibly and Carstairs said, in pity for her, "Come along, Val, Madge expects us." He glanced at Barry but Barry shook his head, looking at Abby, the downbent head, the long hands busy with cool, worn silver and cool porcelain.

Barry spoke to Abby, directly, again, as if they were alone. He asked, "Shall I stay, Abby?"

She felt the nervous tears in her throat, and against her eyelids. She said, desperately, "No, Barry, please, not now."



"I don't know—film's tough to get, and I want to take some snaps of the sergeant"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

In another moment they had gone, all of them. There was a long silence. A maid tiptoed in to light a lamp here and there, although it was unnecessary, and vanished. Wallace set down his cup.

He said, "The tea is cool and too strong. Where is Craig?"

"He was here, but he went back to the gallery."

"I see. And what was the meaning of *that extraordinary little* scene?" her father inquired.

She tried, as if by magic, to conjure up the sensation of Barry's arm around her, his nearness, his protective tenderness and passion. It was of no use. She was alone and afraid.

She said, "Nothing . . . just a—joke. You know Val."

"On the contrary," he said. "My knowledge of her is quite perfunctory. And this young man . . . Lambert . . . what am I to understand by this sudden intimacy between you? Because it is perfectly obvious."

She answered, "He came, about three . . . Val and Mr. Carstairs rode over later."

"I am not interested in time tables," her father said. "What exactly happened here before I came in?"

She thought: Barry will be back . . . tonight, tomorrow. He will see Father. He will tell him . . . there's no use trying to evade it, now or any other time.

She said, "Barry asked me to marry him. . . . He told . . . the others."

Wallace was very still. His face was gray and unrevealing. After a moment he said, "That's interesting. And are you going to marry him, Abby?"

Abby put her hands to her face, a frantic, childish gesture. She was more afraid than she had even been in all her life.

"Are you?" asked her father softly, insistently. "Are you?"

The tears ran between her fingers. She took her hands away and her face was devastated. She knew how he despised tears, how anything as purely physical as tears, a distorted mouth or swollen eyes affected him. Long ago, when as a child she had cried bitterly because he had hurt her, he had said, "I am not moved by tears."

She steadied her voice and answered. She said, "I don't know, Father. *I don't know.*"

Wallace leaned back in his chair. His face was rigidly controlled, except his eyes. He said, reflectively, "You are very like your mother, Abby. She was always"—he hesitated—"indecisive. It is a symptom of immaturity, and she was, of course, young . . . younger, when she died, than you are now."

Abby stared at him. Why was he talking to her of her mother, of whom he so rarely spoke?

She asked, bewildered, "But what has that to do with—"

He interrupted, lifting his hand in mock apology. His smile was as taut as a tightrope. He spoke genially, as if he were amused by an entertaining memory. He said, "There was a brief time when she believed that she wished to leave me."

ABBY felt strength flow back into her bones and blood. It was as if, for a split second, she could identify herself with a woman she had not known—a woman, seeking escape, a girl, younger than herself, trying blindly to find release from a situation which *had become intolerable. But why had* he told her this? It was the one thing which was not in his character to admit. That is, if she knew him; and she thought she did. For he had an enormous, vulnerable pride.

She heard herself speak, quickly. "Why didn't she?" she demanded.

He smiled again, slyly, and spoke with obvious relish: "It took her some time," he said, "to make up her mind. And when she had done so, she found that she was pregnant."

He knew, as soon as he had spoken that he had made a serious error. Abby's face hardened, her mouth and eyes steadied. For a moment she forgot her own situation, forgot herself and Barry, thinking of a frightened girl.

She said, hard, "What difference would that make?"

"You're not very practical," said her father. "Look at it this way: What had she to

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return to? A farmhouse," he said contemptuously, "cluttered with animal people, drudgery, reproaches."

"She would have had me."

"No. You," said her father, "are my child."

As simple as that. Nothing of her own, nothing with which to fight, no arms, no armor, against Wallace and his money, Wallace and his battery of lawyers.

It was as if he had read her mind. He said pleasantly, "She hadn't a chance."

"No," agreed Abby. "But I have."

Yes, a very grave error. He recognized it, and shrank within himself, waiting to see how he could recover the lost ground. There was still a card which he could play. He held it, waiting.

She spoke first. She said, "I wish I could have made it up to her."

"You read too much fiction," he told her. "What was there to make up, as you put it? Your mother had everything . . ." He hesitated again . . . "to live for," he concluded tritely, and watched her narrowly.

SOMETHING reached out and touched her with an icy finger but she shrugged it aside, too intent to trace it to its source. She said, "Barry and I are in love."

He said, "Love?" and laughed, not loudly. "Uniforms and medals. . . ."

"Barry isn't in uniform."

"He was," he reminded her, "a short time ago. It happens all the time—on dance floors, or a park bench. Love is a romantic word. But not the right one. Sex," he suggested, "is as near as we can come to it without being—indelicate."

She asked, low, "What's wrong with sex?"

"My dear child," he said, "it is hardly enough upon which to base a marriage."

Abby said, "No marriage would be much good without it!"

His had been. He had married a woman in order to add her to his collection . . . to give her her proper setting; to exhibit her when he wished and, when he did not wish, to keep her to himself. He had seemed marvelous to her, releasing her from monotony and hard work, from the eventual necessity of marrying some man like her father, with manure on his boots. So she had loved her husband with gratitude and an awkward ardor. There had been no one else to love.

He spoke evenly, and Abby was appalled. He said, "If that's what you want, it were better to sleep with—with this stranger, Abby, and get it out of your system."

She was very white. She cried, "You don't mean that!"

"In a way," he told her, "I do." But his control was briefly shattered, his face dark with revulsion. He said, recovering himself, "Once before I kept you from making a mistake."

"Malcolm?" she asked. "Not me. You persuaded him. He wanted me, but not without your money. He was very ambitious. You made it clear that by the time there was money for him to use, it would be too late."

He said smugly, "Of course. And he made an abrupt exit. He was a bright young man. An eighteen-year-old girl without a sou to her name would have been an emotional and financial drain. Yet you were not grateful."

She said flatly, "I am, now. But not before. For most women, a bad marriage is better than none."

He said, "If you *must* marry," and his slight emphasis on the word made her feel suddenly unclean, "I would have no objection to your marrying Craig."

"I know," she said. "There have even been times when I considered it."

"You are going to tell me," he suggested, "that you could not—love him?"

Abby shook her head. "No, I have thought that I could—that it would be easy, too easy," she said.

He was, she saw, a little startled. She was rarely able to startle him.

He said, "I am fond of Craig. I know him, and his background. You have had ample opportunity to know him, also. I would not have been unreasonable . . ."

Abby said, "I suppose not. And we would have gone on living here. The only difference being that we would have had connecting rooms, Craig and I."

"I see." He rose a little stiffly. He said, "This has been a very unprofitable conversation."

Abby stood also. She said, "We haven't finished it."

"No?"

"But you have helped me make up my mind. I'm going to tell Barry that I'll marry him."

SHE walked past him. Her knees shook, but she could move—away from him, through the door. He put out his hand and caught her by the wrist. His fingers were surprisingly strong. He drew her back until she faced him. He held her there. He had failed once. He would try again.

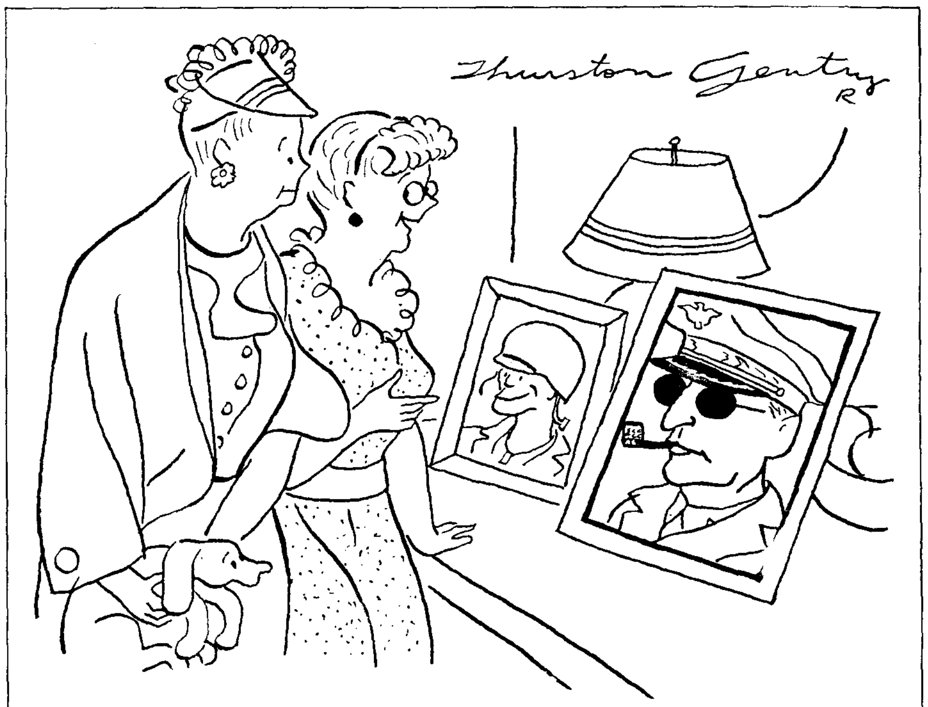
He said, "When I said I had no objection to your marrying Craig, it was not wholly true. But I have every reason to believe that he is devoted to you, and that the sacrifice which marriage to you would—or should—entail would not seem too great."

"Sacrifice?" she repeated uncomprehendingly.

She tried to pull away, but his fingers bit into the delicate flesh of her wrist. She said, frightened, "You're hurting me."

His fingers did not relax. He said, "I wish I need not, but you compel me." And she knew it was not of physical hurt he spoke. "You are not stable emotionally, Abby," he went on. "It is an inherited instability. It caused your mother to destroy herself."

(To be continued next week)



"And that's someone in my son's outfit in the Pacific"

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Blood in Buenos Aires

Continued from page 20

which faces the American ambassador's residence on Avenida Alvear was not left alone. Several students who thought the monument was an appropriate site from which to shout for freedom and democracy were arrested.

The Federal Police, whom the Argentines refer to as the Gestapo, had issued an unprecedented warning to the civilian population to stay off the streets on May 2d, the day that the fall of Berlin was announced, or run the risk of being shot. They failed to announce a warning for May 3d and 8th. Several persons who went out on those days had reason to regret it.

Christopher Ward, an Argentine of Irish descent, left his desk at the All America Cables to take a subway train home for dinner with his wife and three children. As he entered the station, he was riddled by twenty-eight bullets and slashed twice by police sabers. At midnight, the police raided his home, forced his wife and children—aged one, three and eight—out of bed, terrified them with questions and a frantic search for antigovernment literature which would permit them to justify his murder on the grounds that he was a Communist, failed to find anything and left without telling the family that he had been killed.

The Man Who Played Possum

An unarmed architect, riding alone in a taxi, passed the subway station as Ward was entering. The police pumped forty slugs into the cab, wounding the architect, who opened the door and fell to the ground, feigning death. Two policemen rushed up. One asked if he should kill the man. The other said no; he was already dead. At that moment, War Minister Peron approached. The architect sprang to his feet, explained what had happened and begged Peron to save his life. Peron did.

These facts were established by Ward's family and the Buenos Aires judge who later examined the case. They were distorted into the following official police version: Extremists killed a policeman near the subway station. About the same time, Ward (described as a Communist) and an architect passed in a taxi and shot at the police. The police shot at the cab, wounding the architect. Ward was killed when he left the cab and tried to escape.

But the judge discovered that the policeman allegedly killed by the extremists was the victim of another policeman's bullet. A number of bystanders, including an 18-year-old girl, were wounded in the crossfire between police on opposite sides of the Avenida de Mayo.

This trigger-happy mood, created by a police decision to shoot first and look afterward, led to another attack several days later which caused an outburst of indignation in the Buenos Aires press. An unarmed Argentine was arrested for "suspicious activities." He broke away from the policeman who was taking him to headquarters. The policeman whipped out his revolver, fired one shot and killed a 12-year-old girl playing in the street. The newspapers scorned government press control to accuse the police of criminal negligence.

The people of Argentina had become accustomed to the gradual extinction of their civil liberties since the late President Ramon Castillo declared a state of siege in December, 1941, on the grounds that the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor entitled him to suspend the freedom of the press, free speech, the right of assembly and other constitutional guarantees. After the army officers seized power in 1943, they abolished whatever liberties Castillo overlooked. Congress was dissolved, trade unions were liquidated and reorganized under government control, union leaders were arrested and packed into jails and dungeons, or shipped to the island of Martin Garcia or the frozen wastelands of Patagonia.

Deposed political leaders, professors and students who protested overmuch were similarly treated. No explanations were necessary, no trials were given. The right of habeas corpus, established by constitution, was ignored. The press was suppressed if it dared to criticize these practices, and a number of arrested newspapermen had an opportunity to study the inhuman conditions of the nation's congested prisons.

Gradually the public became resigned to the loss of liberty and freedom, and learned to speak guardedly in the bars and cafés.

The Federal Police raided several hundred homes in the capital and the interior country and arrested retired army officers, leaders of dissolved political parties, newspapermen, businessmen and a number of women. Among them were General Arturo Rawson, whom army officers made their first president after seizing the government; General Juan Tonazzi, former War Minister; Jacobo Saslavsky, 70-year-old multimillionaire, retired head of Dreyfus, internationally known grain dealers; Eduardo Crespo, 75, retired banker; Enrique Gil, prominent promoter of friendly relations between Argentina and the United States; Americo Ghioldi, fearless editor of the Socialist weekly La Vanguardia; Mrs. Augusto Bunge, 70-year-old widow of a Socialist congressman. She was placed in the penitentiary with prostitutes and thieves.

The government claimed that these people were plotting civil war, scheming to assassinate army officers and the leaders of the government and to set fire to their homes, to seize control of the country the day Berlin fell and to reduce army salaries. Of the total number arrested, only thirteen pro-Allied army officers were found guilty by a military court and they were sentenced to prison terms ranging from one to six months. Most of the others were never brought to trial and were gradually released after being held incommunicado up to forty-one days as "material witnesses." They were never called to testify.

The public suspected that this wasn't a people's plot against the government but a government plot against the people. Rumors flew through the city that the government had planted the plot in order to frighten the public and justify dispersal of army police forces throughout the capital in order to prevent mass democratic demonstrations during the week Berlin fell and V-E Day was announced.

They also suspected that Peron wanted to silence the opposition of jealous fellow officers to his plans to retire his military government and have himself *elected* president. The Argentine equivalent to the Reichstag fire might convince those officers that they needed Peron to protect them against underground schemes to murder them and reduce their pay.

A Clumsy Job of Buck-Passing

The elaborate statement about the plot issued by the propaganda office was full of contradictions. It claimed the plot began to unfold with labor strikes in meat-packing plants. But the government propaganda writers forgot that these strikes were officially authorized by Peron's Secretariat of Labor which backed the workers as part of the campaign to win their votes for Peron's election. Peron even issued a statement published in all newspapers saying the workers were right and that the meat-packing plants were all wrong, although only a few days before, he had told the American and British managers of these plants that they were justified in laying off hands for whom there was no work—the reason for the strike.

The propaganda writers also forgot that the government-controlled General Federation of Labor called a general strike in support of the meat-packing workers, though this strike, curiously, was called off before it began. No one was more surprised than the packing-plant strikers when they read about their part in the "plot to overthrow the government and assassinate its leaders." They also had difficulty trying to understand why the promised general strike was called off at about the same time.

And the people of Argentina had difficulty understanding how thirteen officers, convicted of treason against their government in time of war, were able to get off with such light sentences as one to six months.

If this was the government's way of preventing street demonstrations in celebration

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of the Allied victories and at the same time checking the differences among the quarrelsome army officers in Campo Mayo, the public didn't like it. Nor did they like the thought that Buenos Aires had to wear a funeral aspect during the week Berlin fell.

Of course, everyone knew of the dominant German influence in the army.* The list of high officers in the Argentine army reads as if taken from files of the Wehrmacht. Among the better-known officers of German stock who cultivated the Prussian tradition in Argentina, were General Carlos von der Becke, chief of the general staff and president of the Army Officers Club. His physician brother is now caring for the Germans imprisoned for espionage. General Luis Perlinger, the former Minister of Interior who closed the American news agencies and sought to foment hostility between Argentina and the United States, is another. So is Colonel Gregorio Tauber, secretary of the presidency. Colonel Aristobulo Mittelbach is aide to President Farrell. Then there is Colonel Anibal Imbert, Director of Postal Savings, and Colonels Juan Witbrich, Alfredo Sonnenkalb, Gustavo Adlercrentz, Guillermo Warckmeister and others.

There are officers, not of German stock, who were won over to Prussian principles at an early age while training to become officers in the Colegio Militar, Argentina's West Point. The director of the college, with few exceptions, drew his lessons from Clausewitz, Ludendorff and Hindenburg. A member of a former Congressional committee investigating Axis activities in Argentina described them as deliberate or unwitting instruments of the German Intelligence Service. A number of German generals taught in the Argentine War College or were attaçhed to the General Staff. These included Von Faupel, Hitler's representative in Spain during the Civil War and one of his leading Intelligence officers; Von Bellocq, Von Kreisman and Von der Goltz.

Neutrality Helped the Nazis

The public also knew that this preponderant German influence was responsible for the 1943 military coup to prevent the election of the pro-British candidate, who might abandon the neutrality policy, which permitted the Nazis to operate in the Western Hemisphere and to set up espionage headquarters in Buenos Aires.

The army officers themselves later abandoned neutrality and broke diplomatic relations with the Axis in order to ward off American economic pressure and purchase British silence regarding the compromising evidence extracted from an Axis agent at Trinidad when he tried to pass this English naval control station as an Argentine government official bound for Barcelona on a Spanish ship. The diplomatic break with the Axis helped to save the dictatorship, as did the subsequent declaration of war.

However, the weapons of fear, violence and arrest exercised so freely by their military rulers failed to silence a large number of hardy Argentine souls. They continued to meet in bars and cafés and in private homes to discuss a means of exerting political pressure and induce the military regime to quit. They continued to keep alive the democratic spirit of resistance by circulating jokes and stories about the government.

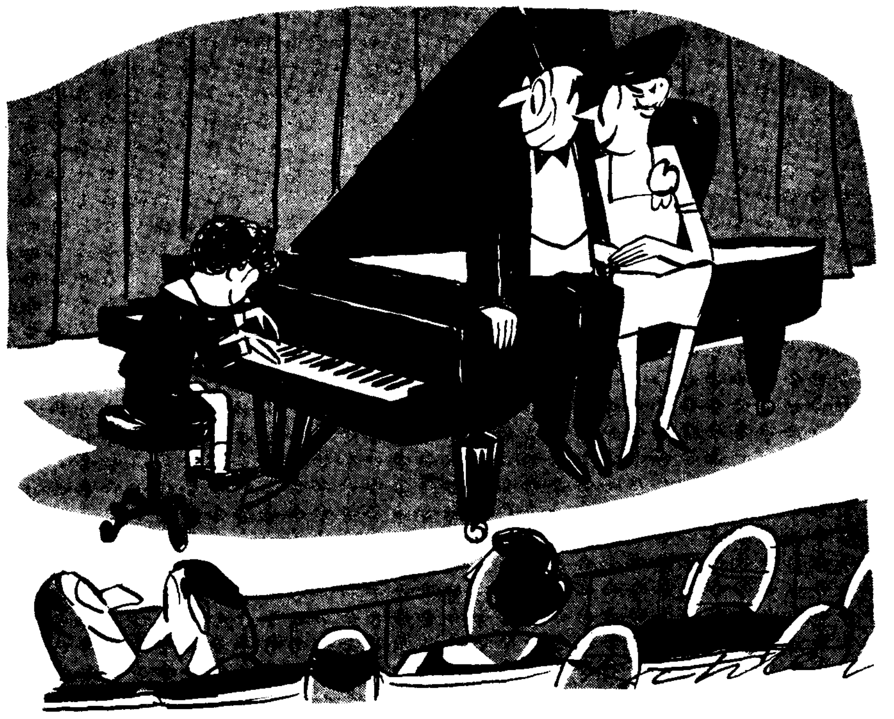
One was that an army sympathizer, angered by the fact that only one person applauded the government propaganda newsreel, stood up in the theater and cried, "Where are the Argentine patriots?"

The audience roared, "In Villa Devoto Prison!"

Another told of an army governor's decree, closing a newspaper in Comodoro Rivadavia for criticizing discriminatory price control in houses of prostitution to which soldiers were admitted for two pesos, while civilians were obliged to pay five.

Press associations throughout the country issued declarations denouncing press censorship and the arrest of newspapermen in violation of the Act of Chapultepec, signed by the government only a few days before. Bar associations called for a return to constitutional government in fulfillment of the Act of Chapultepec. Students staged demonstrations, ousted pro-Axis professors in La Plata and Buenos Aires, and demanded restoration of liberty in fulfillment of the Act of Chapultepec. Political leaders called for elections and the lifting of the state of siege in fulfillment of the Act of Chapultepec. The Act became the slogan of the democratic forces.

Leaders of industry and commerce submitted memoranda to President Farrell indicting Peron for attempting to impose totalitarian economy on the nation, for disturbing peaceful relations between workers and employers by agitating labor discontent, and for damaging Argentina's economic position in competitive international trade. Powerful *estancieros* and landowners published an announcement criticizing government control over the sale of their agricultural products, claiming that this violated articles in the Act of Chapultepec pledging American republics to respect freedom of trade. Others pointed to the skyrocketing expenditures of the military regime. Government expenditures soared from one and a half billion pesos in 1942, the year before the revolution, to almost two and a half billion in 1944. The annual deficits increased from one half billion to one billion six hundred million while the national debt rose from 6 billion 243 million to 8 billion 453 million.



COLLIER'S

"His parents. They always get the best seats"

MISCHA RICHTER

In the face of this blistering advertising campaign, which left the government without a single important source of civilian support, the army leaders needed help badly. As if by divine intervention, two Flying Fortresses alighted in Buenos Aires last April packed with American Army officers and diplomatic officials, bearing tidings of good will for the Argentine military dictatorship. The State Department's Avra Warren, Admiral William R. Munroe, who steamed into Buenos Aires harbor aboard the flagship of the South Atlantic Command, and other members of the mission were photographed fraternizing with Farrell, Peron, Von der Becke and other leaders of the military regime.

General George Brett, commanding general of the Caribbean area and head of the military phase of the Warren good-will mission, talked with Peron and waxed enthusiastic about the possibilities of establishing close relations between the Argentine and American armies. He promised to send American military supplies to reinforce or replace outmoded Argentine equipment and offered to send an American military mission to bring the backward Argentine officers up to date on tactics newly developed on the European battlefields, and invited Peron to send some of his officers to the United States to train at the expense of the American taxpayers.

Argentine civilians were alarmed. They asked: Is Washington attempting to drape our military rulers in a cloak of international respectability? They are hurting our campaign to force the military men to Campo Mayo where they belong—a campaign waged at a cost of a number of lives, the arrest of hundreds of democratic Argentines and the prison torture of many.

They recalled Warren's mission to Bolivia, which led to diplomatic recognition of the military dictatorship in that country. His visit to Argentina aroused fear that Washington was about to adopt a policy of military, political and economic intervention, in favor of the Farrell regime at the expense of the democratic opposition—all in the name of the Good Neighbor policy and continental solidarity. The British residents were also alarmed. They suspected a scheme by the United States to steal their dominion in Argentina. The British ambassador, who had been withdrawn in 1944, flew back to Buenos Aires from London. He lost no time in demonstrating to the Argentine rulers that Britain, too, had considerable affection for them. He gave an embassy luncheon, invited Farrell, Peron, Ameghino, Von der Becke and other important officers still glowing from Warren's courtship. He also presented a personal gift to the chief of the Argentine air forces in the form of a British plane.

During the three-day whirlwind honeymoon, Warren won for himself, in the minds of many democratic Argentines, high rank on their black list of appeasers and collaborationists. The very day he left to carry a favorable report back to San Francisco to help justify Washington's policy of securing Farrell a seat at the United Nations Conference, the Argentine police launched a campaign to terrify the populace with mass arrests and threats to shoot anyone attempting a public celebration of Allied victory over Germany.

Washington success in hammering through its decision to seat Farrell at the San Francisco Conference over the objection of the Soviet Union brought joy only to the *officials* of the government, the only Argentines who had not lost confidence in the integrity of the United States government. But the Farrell regime underestimated the power of a free American press and the force of public opinion on U.S. foreign policy. The resentment aroused in America by press reports of the violence indulged in by the Farrell regime had quick effect. Washington cooled toward Buenos Aires.

Then an unexpected thing happened. A rough-and-ready Montana-born mining engineer and businessman who knew what he wanted and who knew how to dig for it came to Buenos Aires as the new American ambassador. The Argentines knew Spruille Braden's record as an American delegate to the Chaco Peace Conference in Buenos Aires, 1935 to 1939, and the role he played in solving the smoldering conflict between Paraguay and Bolivia. They also heard of his work in short-circuiting the Nazi designs on the Panama Canal from air bases in Colombia, and in contributing to the election of a democratic government in Cuba by withholding all American intervention in favor of any candidate.

Braden lost no time letting the Farrell regime and the Argentine people know where he stood. He announced that the American government is not happy about dealing with a dictatorship and hopes to see democratic government throughout the world. He also reminded Peron and his foreign minister that they had contracted a number of democratic obligations when they signed the Act of Chapultepec.

The Argentine people next heard that Washington wouldn't intervene with military and political aid, thus giving the democratic groups a chance to have a freely elected government. In contrast to the other American envoys, Braden showed interest in meeting the democratic members of the opposition as well as the military members of the government. The democratic movement took heart in the new ambassador who, in a few days, revived among the Argentine people some of the faith in America destroyed by the Warren mission.

Braden realizes that a stiff policy, holding out for a responsible democratic government in Argentina, instead of one of appeasement, won't help American business interests in the immediate future. It also carries the danger of British commercial interests seeking to capitalize on U.S.-Argentine government differences. But he is convinced that Americans must have friendship for the Argentine people, that a free and responsible government is the only basis on which American trade with Argentina can be securely established and expanded for the long future, and that the Americans must stand by the principles for which they are waging a World War.

U.S. Must Stand by Principles

An appeasement policy runs the risk of discrediting Americans in Latin America, destroying the validity of inter-American agreements and thereby destroying the basis of our continental solidarity system. It also runs the risk of perpetuating military dictatorships, which are forever plagued by disgruntled populations plotting to recover their liberty. Such dictatorships sometimes seek a solution to their internal difficulties by diverting the nation's attention to wars of conquest or the recovery of lost territory. The dream of some Argentine officers is to recreate a vice-regency by establishing a bloc of Bolivia, Chile, Paraguay and Uruguay. Only a democratic government in Argentina can banish such dreams.

The democratic groups are now attempting to forge a National Democratic Front to force the military rulers to abandon the powers they usurped by force, and permit Argentina to establish a democratic government. But this movement is hampered by the indifference of the middle-class Radical Party, the largest political organization in the country. The radicals feel that they are strong enough to win the elections and are therefore reluctant to share the electoral spoils with the other parties, which are trying to convince the radicals that there won't be any elections unless they unite.

Peron is seeking to split the radicals and win the presidency with the backing of those disposed to support him in exchange for personal political favors. But the opposition insists that he could only win through electoral fraud, which would discredit him at home and abroad. If American diplomacy succeeds in convincing Britain that its future interest, too, will best be served by withholding military and economic aid so that democratic rule may be established in Argentina, the democratic opposition may succeed in convincing Peron he had better withdraw to Campo Mayo with his fellow officers.

One thing they know: There is little likelihood that the condor will again rear its head in the Plaza de la Republica.

THE END

**Editor's note: Other articles on Nazi influence in Argentina appeared in Collier's for September 2, 1944, and April 21, 1945.*

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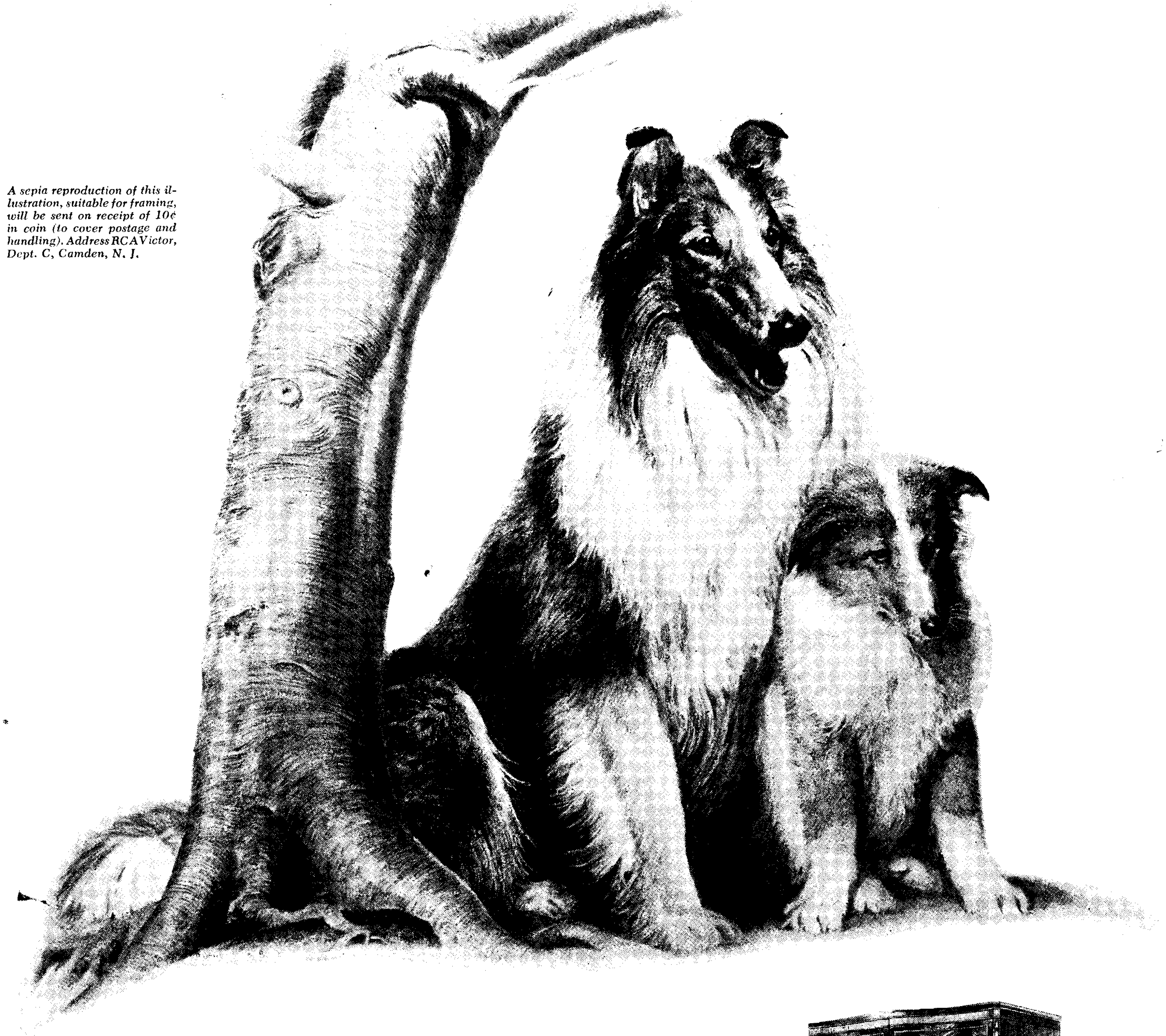
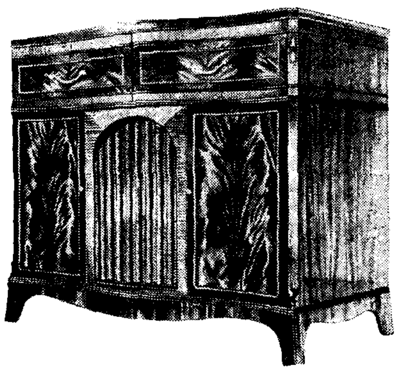


There's something in heredity . . .



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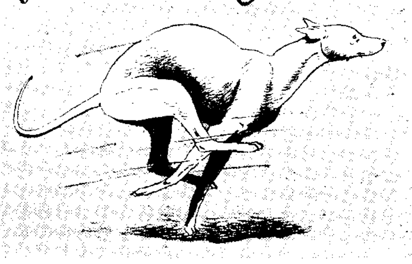

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Back From Somewhere

Continued from page 16

a day-long session on the golf course and her hair hung around her ears. From the harassed, short-tempered expression she wore he knew her game hadn't been good. She said: "My approach shots are simply foul. Will you feel like going tonight?"

He realized she wanted to go, so he said: "Sure. Might as well do something."

"Well," she said, relieved, "you can sit out if you don't feel like dancing." She closed the car door, her mouth tightening when she stepped on the starter, and drove away. Lowery fished a cigarette from his pocket and made a lot of work lighting it. The sun flashed on the second-story windows of the Buckman Block across the way, and the smell of summer was close about him.

There should have been some life upon this street, but there was almost none; the town lay numb in its second year of the great depression, hoarding its resources, paying out its energy in miserly little driblets. The buildings were peeling and ruts showed on the street; people's mouths sagged at the corners; they talked depression, and ate it and slept it. He looked on the street and was not proud of its decay and he looked at the shops and was sorry for their owners, yet unpleasantly aware of the littleness which had come over them.

Marian came out of the Buckman Block; she had changed into a print dress and a light coat; she walked up Pennoyer with her hands in the coat pockets, swinging along without looking at the town; yet when she came abreast Hube O'Rourke's auto agency she turned her head and gave the store a quick glance, and seemed to catch herself, and went on. She hadn't meant to do that, Lowery guessed. It was a little gesture which betrayed her.

BECAUSE of his arm, Verna insisted on driving. She dropped him at the club porch and he stood there, feeling silly, while she parked the car and came back. "You don't have to dance," she said. "I'll make out with the stags."

The club was a converted farmhouse with the partitions ripped out to make a dance floor; there was an orchestra over from Salem, not too good but loud and lively, and the place was filled with the same people he had seen last week, last year, last decade. A small town got inbred, he thought, and watched Verna cross over to Phil Ball; in a moment they were dancing, with Verna leaning back from him as she talked—no doubt explaining her golf game. Hube O'Rourke wheeled by with his wife, and Hube nodded at Lowery. Hube's wife looked sharply around to see who had drawn his attention away from her; she had the same unhappy discontent on her face she always wore, and when Lowery observed it he surveyed the room and discovered Marian dancing with Joe Kiehl.

He walked around the edge of the crowd, saying something here, saying something there. Verna came over to him, with Phil Ball. "Phil and I are going out to try a few chip shots. I think he knows what's wrong with my game."

"That's one way of putting it," he said.

He hadn't meant it seriously, but Verna was in a bad mood and gave him a head-on stare. "Don't be funny. If I wanted to neck, I'd pick a man with a better approach than Phil."

At the bar he got a drink and sat there looking down into the glass while waves of sound—the brass flare of the horns and the rustling clack of voices and the jungle bumping of the drum—broke against him and around him. Marian came up and took the adjoining stool; he raised his head and saw Joe Kiehl going out the door with another girl, and he wondered what Marian saw in Kiehl, who was nothing but a low-grade bumpkin regardless of the clothes he wore. Maybe she saw nothing in him; maybe Kiehl was only a way to get to the dance.

Lowery moved his drink over to her and waited for another, and when it came he turned toward her. None of his talk would interest her, he guessed. She was wrapped up in her own thoughts; but he was thinking about her now and he found pleasure in watching her.

"Let's try this one," he said, putting down his glass.

She hadn't expected it. She said, "Do you want to?" and seemed on the edge of making an excuse. He got up and drew her into the crowd with his good arm and discovered that she had really wanted to dance. There was rhythm and response in her; she went along with him and he saw some warmth on her face.

When he realized it, he said: "No use nursing a lonesome streak. What's the name of this tune?"

"Come Back From Somewhere."

"That's it," he said. "Come back out of it."

Her lightness faltered, she became heavy in his arm and she missed a step. She was watching someone else, and Lowery, following her glance, discovered Hube O'Rourke and his wife dancing near by, with Hube staring at Marian. The expression on Hube's face very clearly said, "You belong to me," and it seemed to reproach her for being here with another man. Marian caught herself. She broke the glance and there was a small pressure in her arms which swung Lowery away.

He heard Mrs. Lila O'Rourke say: "Hube, get rid of that calf-sick look. Why don't you put a sign around your neck? You want me to put on a scene? I'm about ready for it."

Lowery drove a pathway straight through the crowd, away from the O'Rourke's, and at the side of the room he took Marian's arm and led her toward the porch; but she shook her head and left him and he went outside and stood there, wondering what she would do: Go to face it out with Hube's wi[illegible]o, she wouldn't do that. That was L[illegible]ivilege. Marian stood on the wrong [illegible]nd to make a scene, or to bring anything to issue; she was the other woman in a very old story.

In a minute or two she came out of the house with her coat. She said, "I can't locate Joe. Tell him I've gone home, will you?"

He took her arm and went along the driveway with her and turned her at his car. She drew back from him, murmuring, "[illegible] a won't like it."

"Verna's all tied up with golf," he said. He pushed her into the car and closed the door and walked around to the driver's side, not sure she wouldn't slip out on him. But she sat still, looking away from him and when they drove beneath the clubhouse light he noticed the covering stillness on her face again.

He eased the car down Monitor Grade and through the town toward the houses sitting dark on the hill, thinking closely and actively about her—remembering things he had almost forgotten. She and Hube had been engaged, but that had broken up. He had married Lila Stryker instead—two years ago—but either Hube had been sorry for his bargain or Marian had never wholly let him go. He didn't know which thing was true and neither did the town, but the town did a lot of talking.

HE STOPPED the car before her house and sat back. The shadows were on her face and he couldn't catch her expression but her voice was soft; it was scarcely the voice of a hard woman. "I shouldn't have let you do it, Tom. This isn't good."

He turned on the seat and got out his cigarettes. "Light one for me," he said, and when the matchlight flared he watched her with his risen interest. He wanted to find something in her eyes or around her lips which would help him to know her. What was he to look for? What signs would be on her if she still loved Hube O'Rourke, if she had kissed him and had been in his arms the last two years? How did you tell these things? The light went out and he wanted to talk, but she opened the door and slipped from the car, saying nothing, and walked away.

On the way back to the country club he got to thinking that if he knew nothing about Marian, he knew little more about Verna.

Somewhere, long in the past, they had been thrown together—paired off until now everybody seemed to agree they would be married; they themselves never had come to any conclusion but just seemed to be drifting into it.

Verna was on the steps of the club waiting for him with her coat thrown over her shoulders. Phil Ball was with her, disturbed by the scene which he knew was in the making. He gave Verna a hand into the car, closed the door and turned away. Lowery said: "Early yet. Why go home?"

"It's dull," she said. She opened her purse for her cigarettes and closed it with a hard push of her fingers. Her motions were angered motions and he knew she wanted him to see the anger. She sat back, the light of the clubhouse showing the firmness of her jaw, the pressure of her mouth. "If I'd known you wanted to dance, I'd have danced with you instead of going out with Phil. You said you didn't want to dance."

"You said it, I didn't."

"I felt silly, standing around high and dry. Couldn't Joe have taken her home? Where is he?"

"Lushing somewhere, I suppose."

She remembered that he had a bad arm, and opened the door on her side. "I'll drive."

"No," he said, "I'll drive."

She was half out of the car. She turned in this awkward position and looked at him. "Don't be silly. Are you too proud or something—"

"Quit shoving," he said. "I'll drive."

SHE got back in the car, astonished at his resistance, and started to slam the door but checked its swing just before it struck. She was furious with him and he, in turn, quite suddenly had grown weary of all this; it was one of those somersaults of feeling which seemed to have no origin at all, but he remembered the sight of her face under the lights of the clubhouse, stubborn and square and not pretty. He wondered if she wanted to make a quarrel out of it, and had his answer when they came into town and started up Pennoyer. She spoke conversationally, as if she had quite forgotten something which hadn't been important. "I think I've got my chip shots in better form. It was the most annoying thing."

"Yes—must have been."

Her glance came to him, as though she were not sure of his remark. He brought the car in front of her house and he left the engine running and sat back, offering nothing.

She said, "Maybe I shouldn't have dragged you out there. Come into the house."

He shook his head. "I'd be bad company."

She bent forward to rub out her cigarette on the car's ash tray, and she sat silent a little while in this forward attitude, very thoughtful; she was puzzled by him and seemed to have lost both her anger and her sureness, and at that moment he had a bad feeling—a feeling of extreme regret for all the things they'd never had and never would have. He knew—and this also was one of those things which came out of nowhere—that this was the last time they'd be together. She was another person he had not really known about until now.

She must have sensed something in him, for now she bent over and kissed him on the cheek—one of those voluntary gestures she so rarely made—then stepped from the car. She stood a moment, looking in with her growing uncertainty and said, "Don't go off the deep end on me, Tom."

"Verna."

"Yes?"

"I have."

SHE stared in at him and, dark as it was, he noticed the settling and roughening of her face. It was hard for her to accept anything. At golf or at anything else, she set her jaws and waded in and wanted what she wanted. She drew a sharp breath. "Damn that woman! I'll slap her silly, in public, on the street—"

"You're too late. The town's been doing that very thing for two years."

"What do you think you're going to get, Tom? She's been had, you know."

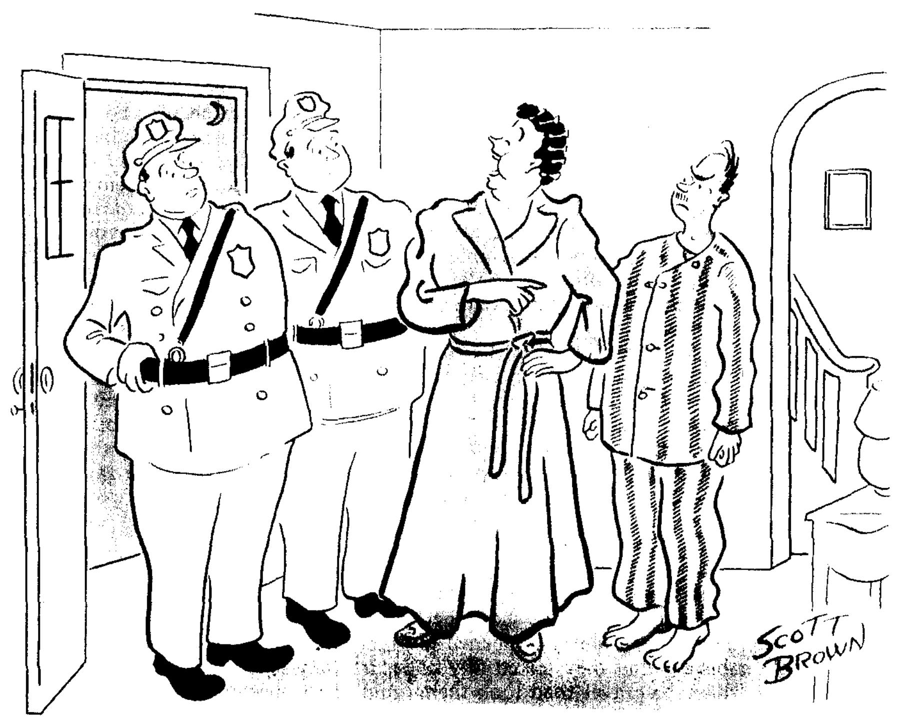
"Verna," he said, "your golf game will never be any good. You push too hard. You want to kill everything."

He drove away, hating her for what she had said. It showed her barren of the things he thought she possessed; there was no gentleness in her—no colored richness, no mystery for a man to explore. He settled back loosely in the seat and went through town at a crawling speed and took the mill road, driving into the fragrant darkness of the countryside. Dogs wakened in farmers' yards and hallooed at him, one dog setting off another as far away as he could hear them. Here and there a lonely light burned in some single window, but otherwise the world was asleep—this world which could be so beautiful, and so cruel.

He made a circle which brought him back to the town, and there he stopped to have a look at the dark housetops and dead streets below him. Marian had been in love with Hube O'Rourke once. Was she still in love with him, and what went on between the two? What held them together—Hube's insistence, or her insistence? She had a good deal of courage to stay here, knowing very well what people thought of her and what they said about her. She had stuck it out for two years. The shadow of those two years was in her eyes; it had steeled her and darkened her. Why did she stay?

He could not get her out of his mind. She

(Continued on page 44)



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Why Drown?

BY JIM MARSHALL

Sharon was very nervous when the lesson began, but she gained confidence as Esther Williams talked

WHEN the newspapers started to print the usual spring and summer stories about children and grown-ups drowning in lakes and oceans, I thought it would be interesting to find out how a swimming champion learned to swim and how she would teach others to take care of themselves. So I asked Miss Esther Williams, a swimming star both in contests and the movies, if she would demonstrate how to be safe in the water.

Esther, a pretty, vivacious girl with an infectious laugh, said sure, so one afternoon we all went to the home of Miss Ann Rutherford, another star, in Beverly Hills. Miss Rutherford had offered us her pool for the occasion. Mr. and Mrs. William McManus said their 7-year-old daughter, Sharon, who also is in the movies, would be glad to learn to swim.

"Red Cross campaigns saved lots of lives," said Esther. "They are fine."

Miss Williams brought along three swimming suits—a black one, a red one and a blue one with white polka dots—and asked me which she should wear. I chose the one with the polka dots. Sharon had on white trunks and over them a two-piece little number of flowered material. I wore my lounge suit, with a conservative tie.

I remarked that probably the best way to learn to swim was to be heaved bodily into the water while young, but Esther frowned and said severely that more swimmers are ruined that way. . . .

"About half the people who ask me about swimming," she said, "tell me that they were frightened as children by parents who either threw them in or forced them in before giving them confidence. When this sort of fear has been built up, it is very difficult to create confidence. The first thing any swimming teacher has to do is convince her pupils that they're safe in the water if they will learn how to handle themselves. Look, I'll show you with Sharon."

Sharon then stepped into the pool, and Esther turned her over on her back and supported her with two hands underneath. Sharon at first lay rigid, with a quizzical expression, clutching Esther grimly. Then she relaxed, while Esther laughed and talked to her, and finally she laughed, too. Esther explained that just teaching a child that the water will support its body might take a week of lessons. It was very important that this stage be accomplished slowly and thoroughly, she said.

"As Sharon gains confidence," Esther said, "I'll give her less and less support until one day she'll discover she's floating all by herself."

The second step in learning to swim by the Williams method was to hang onto the side of the pool and kick with the feet, in rhythm. Esther and Sharon lined up side by side and did this, counting one-two-three-four-five-six-one-two-three. . . .

The next step was to teach Sharon to float on her tummy, and blow bubbles, to accustom her to having her face under water. Then Esther told her how funny her feet looked at the bottom of the pool, and laughed.

Sharon opened her eyes under water and started to laugh, too, and had to come up for air. But she had learned that it is quite safe to look around under water.

"These lessons that we're telescoping into one afternoon ought to be spread out over several weeks," Esther said. "Many people learn to swim too quickly and go from one step to the next before they have become thoroughly competent in the early stages. Then they never become good swimmers, because it's very hard to unlearn wrong movements."

The fourth step was to teach Sharon how to cup her hands and how to swing her arms to provide motive power. She now had these things: confidence that water would support her body; knowledge that she could put her head under water and look around in safety; ability to move legs and arms in rhythm.

Or Would She Rather Be a Fish?

Esther now explained that while Sharon was swimming, her face would be in the water about five sixths of the time, during which she would have to breathe out. She held Sharon and taught her to count to six: one-two-three-turn face on four and breathe in-five-six. This count was timed with the count Sharon had learned for her arm and leg movements.

"To be a good swimmer," said Esther, "you must work out a perfect rhythm not only for arms and legs, but for your head and your breathing. When you have them all working in unison, you're a good swimmer. But if you learn too quickly and don't get this rhythm down pat—well, it'll take years to undo all your mistakes."

Sharon was now ready for the final lesson. She lay on her tummy, with Esther's hand under her, and started to swim, counting as she did so.

"Of course, she isn't really swimming," said Esther. "If I were teaching her, she wouldn't be swimming for a month yet. This is just a demonstration. What I have tried to show you are the six steps in learning."

These six steps are:

1. Gaining confidence that water will support the body.
2. Learning to use the legs as propellers.
3. Floating and opening the eyes under water.
4. Arm movements, and how to co-ordinate them with leg movements.
5. How to breathe while swimming.
6. Dog paddling and finally gearing arm, leg and head movements with actual swimming.

"You really ought to take a week or more to learn each step thoroughly before going on to the next," said Esther. ★★★

Back From Somewhere

Continued from page 43

came into him and possessed him until nothing else was important. . . .

He lay back on the table while Doc France pulled the dressings from his chest and treated the worst cuts, and taped on fresh dressings. "I want to see you again Thursday," said France. "No—Friday. I'll be in Portland Thursday. You take that day off, Marian."

She stood by the table, holding tape for the doctor; she looked down at him and he thought he saw the smallest flicker of interest in her glance—the first dim appearance of it. Perhaps she knew about his break with Verna—for surely the whole town now knew about it—and perhaps she hated him for lending her name to the affair, since the town would hold her responsible. There was no way of telling what she thought.

He said, "Take the day off with me. We'll fish up Mill Creek. You bring the lunch. Bring anything except peanut butter sandwiches."

She stood still, her finger stretched out toward Doc France with the sections of tape; she showed no change of expression and no approval, but neither did she show disapproval, and in that he found some encouragement. The doctor's hands moved along his chest; the doctor's eyes struck him sharp, small blows.

"It's lazy weather," said Lowery. "You can fish or you can sleep in the sun."

"A lovely waste of time," she said. "But it wouldn't be wise."

"Let old people be wise," Lowery said. "Old people like Doc who have nothing else to think about. Or aren't you free to accept such invitations?"

She gave him a heavy glance. "Are you free?"

"Yes," he said. "You already knew that."

"I have heard gossip, but I don't believe gossip any more."

"You can believe this," he said.

She put the last sections of tape on the edge of the table. "All right," she said, and walked from the room.

France stepped back and watched Lowery rise. He pointed a stubby finger at Lowery. "You—don't you make any false moves."

"I'll make any move I have to make," said Lowery.

SHE came from her house with a basket and a vacuum jug; she had been waiting for him and seemed willing enough to go, and her face was clear and her lips shaped by some kind of peace. Driving down Gibbs, he was quite aware of all the eyes which would be looking through house windows at him and at her. She was aware of it, too, for she murmured: "You're burning your bridges. Do you know it?"

"Yes."

"As long as you know it—" she said.

They came to the top of Pennoyer Street which became here a gravel road leading away toward the back country. Hube O'Rourke's house stood in its cluster of trees, and Lowery caught the quick turn of her head. She had not meant to look at the house; it happened before she was able to put up her guard, and by this action he knew how strong were the bonds which held her to Hube.

Her life had gone wrong for her that day when Hube had married the other girl; she was a woman arrested and frozen in a moment two years old—nothing since that time was interesting to her or powerful enough to change her. She lived on stray scraps and surreptitious glances, on a sense of Hube's nearness, on memories which would not let her alone—and perhaps on an occasional secret meeting. He wondered again what compulsions were flowing through her, what longings she had and what regrets shook her.

She said, "I wonder whatever happened to Homer Oldenburg?" and they talked idly of older times while the gravel road took them across little valleys and over brushy ridges and beside the alder thickets of Mill Creek. At ten o'clock they drove the car down the faint trace of an old logging road. Lowery rigged the fishing gear, and they followed the left fork of Mill Creek, trying all its pools and having little luck.

At noon they came back to the car and spread the lunch on the creek's gravel, and ate and lay full length in the sun-mottled shade. The smell of the hills was all around them—damp, wild, indescribably blended with its thousand unnamed odors; and summer's sun warmed the day and summer's wind breathed through the alders and the cedars and the dark green second-growth fir.

He lay on his back, not thinking much, not wanting to think, and regretting that all days could not be like this day. She was near him, curled on a blanket he had thrown down for her, hands under her head; he thought she was sleeping but when he turned, he saw that she had been watching him. There was nothing on her face—that is, nothing for him. She looked at him without seeing him, and there was on her cheeks the spongy working out of some feeling which greatly filled her. Maybe she was thinking of this scene as it might be if Hube were here in his place. . . .

HE OPENED his eyes and found the sun well west of where he had last noticed it, and he sat up to discover that he had been asleep. She was stretched out on the blanket, both arms thrown back of her head; she had gone through some painful ordeal of thought, and when he pushed himself forward toward her and propped himself on an elbow beside her, he saw that she had been quietly crying. It was over with now, yet the effect of it remained, like the sodden, freshened cast of the earth after rain.

"Not much fishing," he said.

"You didn't come for that."

He swayed on his elbow until her face and her mouth were below him. She was watching with an aware, unstirred expression, not troubled by his clear intention and making no effort to stop him. He lowered his mouth gently and came upon the heavy, warm thickness of her lips; and he lay silent in this position, knowing that though she took what he had to offer and perhaps was even pleased by the gesture, she gave him nothing back. When he knew this, he pulled away and rested on his elbow.

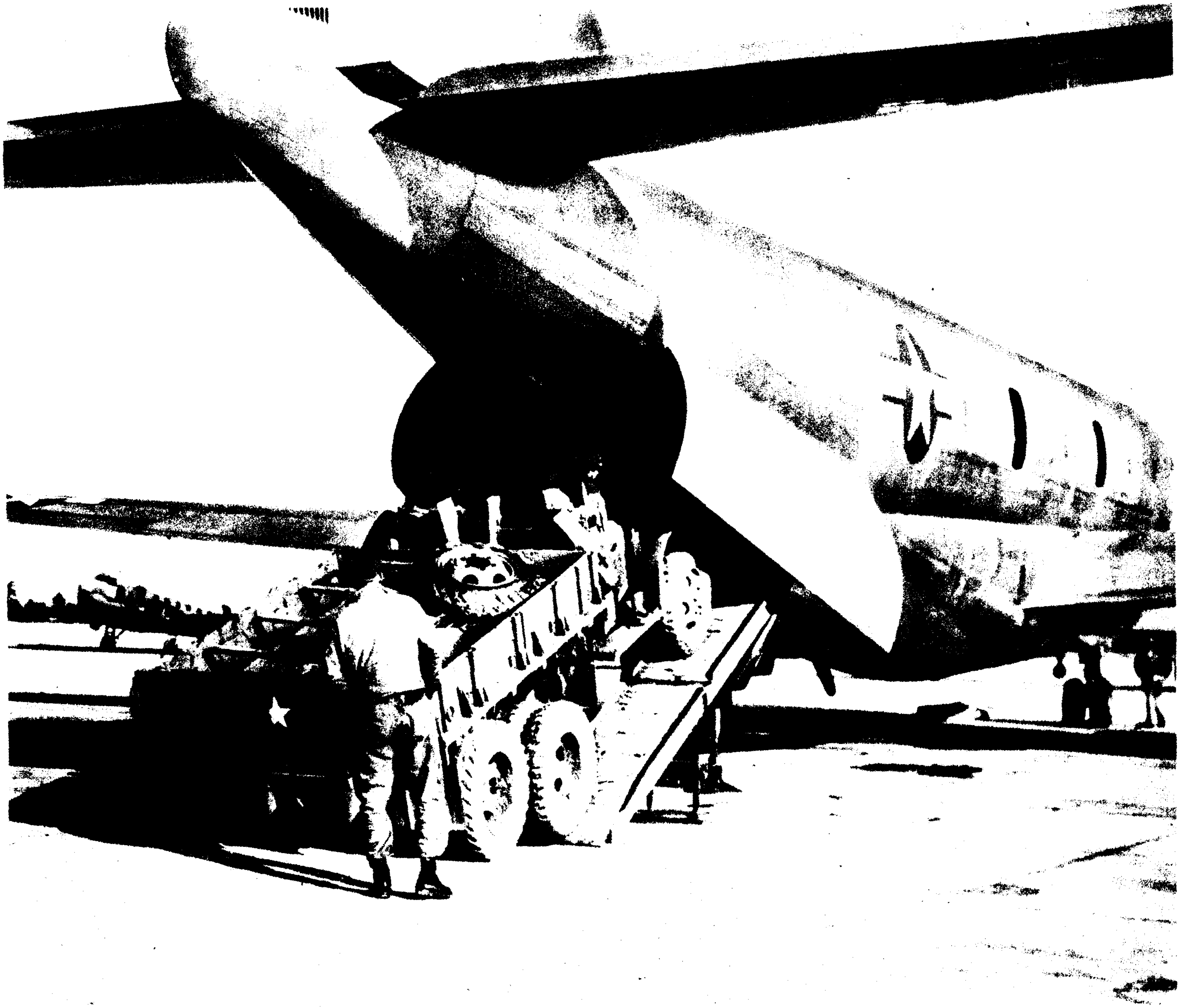
Her lids were closed and she lay in loose motionlessness; then she opened her eyes, staring past him toward the sky, and he got the idea that she waited for a reaction to come from his kiss; that, aloof and critical, she waited willingly for whatever power the kiss might have, for whatever effect it might bring. He saw the effect come, her lips slightly tightening. She turned her glance to him, and he knew he had broken into her isolation, but he also knew he had badly hurt her; something very close to a sense of shame showed around her lips.

"No," he said quickly, "I didn't come here because I thought you were easy—because I thought I might have you for an afternoon." He dropped off his elbow and lay flat on his back, embarrassed.

"That's not very clear," she said, then added, "Lift your head," and when he raised up, she slid her arm under his head, making a pillow of it for him. She had a different sound in her voice; it seemed kinder and warmer. "I knew you'd quarrel with Verna. I shouldn't have gone with you. At the time I didn't care. I'm sorry now, but you can make it up. I don't think she'd care to let you go."

He said: "It was like a lot of habits. You drift into something, and it's easier to keep than to break. You never ask what you're getting, or what you're giving—or what you're missing. No doubt Verna and I would have been happy enough, in the way most of the couples in this town are happy. I suppose that's all the happiness we can expect, or require. But someday you feel something brush by you and it gives you a hell of a jolt. It happened to me. That's when I knew Verna and I didn't have it."

Her hand came out to his shoulder and lay there, her fingers making warm spots on his shirt; he was acutely conscious of that touch, and of her presence and of her eyes watching him. But he stared above him; and heard her murmuring, "What wasn't there? What brushed by you? What do you think you are missing?"



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"The same thing you think you're missing."

He hoped she would answer. He hadn't broken through her with his kiss; it might be that he could break through with words. But he got no answer. Her hand stayed on him and he felt the soft, small shaking of it and realized she had let go. He turned his head and saw her face wet and distorted, her eyes sprung wide; she cried silently as she had done everything else in silence these last two years. She wanted nobody to hear her or to know what was in her, or to laugh and pass cruel satisfied judgment on her.

"Except for Doctor France," she said, "you're the only one who has thought nicely of me."

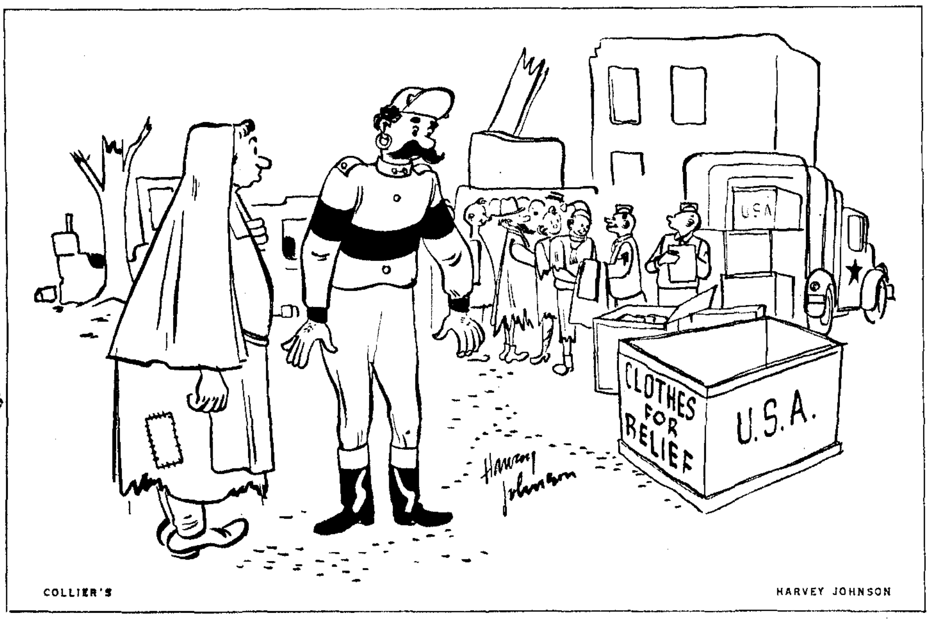
"Why don't you leave the damned town behind you?"

"Because I am not ashamed. Why did you bring me here?"

"Why did you come if you thought I was on the make? I might have been tough to handle."

"To get away," she said. "To get away for a little while. It was worth the risk."

"As for getting away," he said, "you didn't. You brought it with you. You've nursed it into quite a chunk of trouble. Maybe you've built it into something it never was." But he quit there. It was too much like the kind of advice given by people who had nothing else to give; it was the same old empty song of virtue issued by those who long since had committed their sins and had forgotten them and were too exhausted to remember what temptation was like. He had failed.



A feeling touched him and ran through him, and he sat up and looked behind him, along the old logging road. He saw nothing, yet he still felt the warning of something unpleasant and unexpected near at hand. He turned his head toward Marian and observed that she had not felt it; and then he looked into the alders and discovered Hube O'Rourke standing fifty feet back in the shadow of the trees. He said: "Might as well come out here, Hube."

MARIAN sat up with a short, shocked intake of breath. She rose to her feet and her hands began to touch her hair. It was that gesture Hube noticed when he came forward, that telltale reaction of a woman caught unawares. He stood before them with the mixture of many things on his face—an extreme embarrassment at being here, an anger that he tried to conceal, and a plain flare of jealousy. He got out his cigarettes, and his fingers shook when he lighted a match; he stared at Marian over the cup of his hands, his glance reproaching her with unsaid charges.

"Hube," she said, "what are you doing here?"

"I saw you and Tom driving up Pennoyer."

Lowery intended to answer this. He had a pretty pointed remark on the end of his tongue, but he held it, for now he saw that this was not his scene. As far as these two were concerned, he wasn't really here.

"I know, Hube," she said. "But why did you follow?"

Hube O'Rourke's embarrassment remained with him and made him awkward. He took the cigarette from his mouth and rolled it back and forth between his fingers. It was very clear that he felt his rights were being trespassed on, that Marian had stepped out on him, that all this was something which injured him. Yet he could not say it. All he said was: "I had to come."

"What did you think you'd find, Hube?" asked Marian.

He lifted his head and stared at her, his face compressing and its color thickening. "Nothing," he said.

Lowery said: "Hube came after you, so I suppose you want to go home with him."

"He can't take me home," she said.

Lowery turned on Hube. "Can't you?"

HUBE O'ROURKE threw down his cigarette. "I can take her home." Then he added: "Part way. It wouldn't be so good to have her be seen with me in town. I can let her off at the edge of town."

"Well," said Lowery, "maybe I'd better do it. I can drive down Pennoyer Street with her. I can take her all the way home."

Hube gave Lowery a quick resenting glance. "Makes me look silly, doesn't it? You don't need to bring it up. You know how it is—what I can do and can't do."

"No," said Lowery, "I guess I don't. It may also be possible that Marian doesn't, either." He turned to her, "Did you ever ask him straight out why it has to be like this?"

She shook her head. Hube O'Rourke said at once: "You can see why."

"I can't see a thing," said Lowery. "You've got no children. If this is the woman you want, why don't you get rid of the one you've got? You're not happy with Lila and she's not happy with what's going on. What stops you from junking it?"

"Divorce?" said Hube. "No, it's too late. The town would talk about Marian and me forever. Everybody would say . . ."

He didn't finish. He made a gesture and placed his sad and dramatic glance upon Marian—the sort of glance that would bring up pity in any woman; and maybe this was what had bound Marian to him, this trading on old memories, this melancholy plucking of her heartstrings.

Lowery bent down for the blanket and the lunch basket and went to the car, hearing Hube O'Rourke say something in a very soft voice to her. She didn't answer. She came to the car and got in and sat with her hands on her lap; she bowed her head, not looking at Hube as Lowery backed the car over the logging road.

He turned into the main graveled road and settled the car to a steady pace. He got out his cigarettes and handed them to her. "Would you mind lighting one for me?"

She said: "Did you know he'd follow? Was that why you brought me here?"

"No," he said. "He shouldn't have come. I don't know why he did."

"Yes you do," she said. "He came because he believes what the town believes about me. That's the last thing, isn't it—the last thing that could happen? He believes. *He* believes it!" She had forgotten the cigarettes. She held them in her lap and crowded back in her corner of the seat and said nothing more. When he brought the car to the front of her house she got out and walked away. . . .

Lowery was in Portland the first half of the week; and up at Camp Nine during the latter half. He should have gone into Doc France's, but he was afraid to go, and remained afraid until his accumulating wonder about Marian drove him up the stairs of the Buckman Block. He stood at the door a moment and he thought to himself: If I've cut her up, it's my fault. But I had to try. Then, still with his fear, he opened the door.

She was with Doc in the back room; both of them were talking, and quit talking when the trip bell jingled. She came out and saw him, and stopped in the doorway, and though he looked at her closely, he couldn't see anything on her face that told him what he wanted to know. Maybe she hated him.

"Come in here," said Doc. "You're way overdue."

Lowery walked into the back room, stripped to the waist, and laid himself on the table. Doc was never a gentle man and he was particularly rough with his hands this morning; Lowery tensed himself and sweated through a bad time, and at last grew angry. "You damned bricklayer," he said; "that's live skin you're pulling off."

"Punishment ought to make you careful."

"You don't know anything about it. Punishment makes people try again."

Marian stood beside the table. She put a hand on his shoulder, and he saw small breaks of expression go across her face when Doc ripped the dressings away; she was concerned by his hurts, Lowery thought. Her face seemed peaceful, and when he looked at her lips, he remembered their thick softness spreading beneath his mouth.

"Tom," she said, "what brushed by you?"

"A woman. The sight of a woman. You."

"Was that why you took me up there?"

"I didn't do a good job of it did I?"

"It was cruel, but it was a good job." She looked steadily down. Uncertainty changed her face and an impulse wavered around her eyes and her mouth. She made a small gesture and bent down to him and kissed him full and firm, and held the kiss. She was in Doc's way but he stood back without a sound until she was through, and when she straightened, he went on with his work and made no comment.

"What was that?" asked Lowery.

"Maybe we ought to be a little bit slow to call it anything."

"Would you go fishing with me?"

"Yes," she said. "Yes, of course."

"Then we'll find out what it is," he said.

"You've got an awful lot of faith. You're taking a lot on."

Doc France said, "That's all," and stepped away from the table.

Lowery got up and put on his shirt. She buttoned it for him; she looked at him a moment, and the uncertain expression came to her again, and she lowered her glance to the buttons. "I hope your faith lasts," she murmured. "It has to cover so much."

THEY both became aware of Doc France, who stood in a corner of the room, watching them with an engrossed attention.

"You're both in for a beating," said Doc France. "You're rubbing salt into the town, and the town won't like it. But if you're tough enough to make it stick, the town will forget. It's forgotten a lot of things."

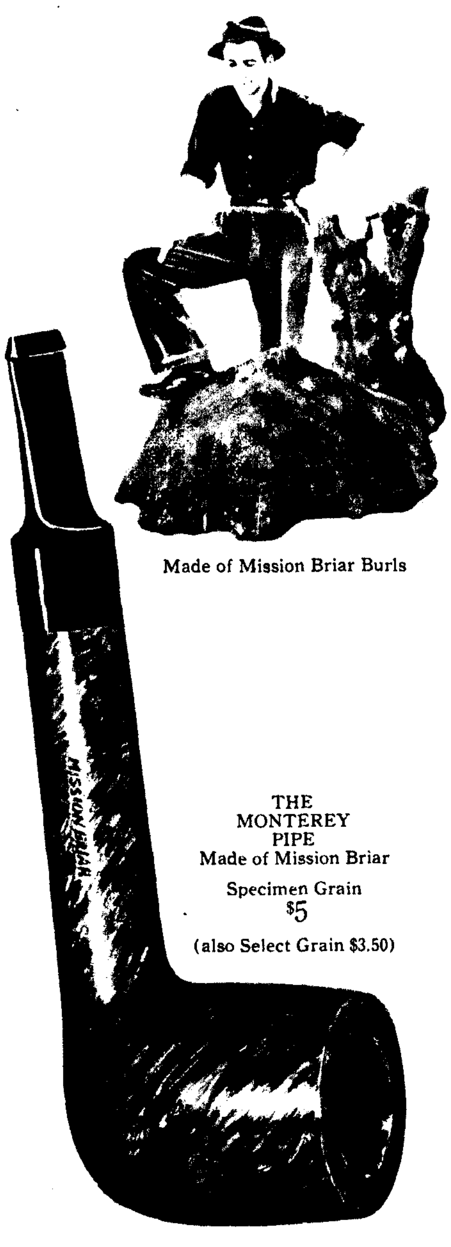
Lowery walked into the front room to tuck in the tails of his shirt; it embarrassed him to do this before people, but Marian followed him and waited for him to finish the job. She came up to him, her voice softening to say something she didn't want France to hear. "Sunday? Well, Sunday perhaps I can tell you what I am. You want to know, don't you?"

"I know what you are," he said.

"Will you tell me Sunday?" she asked wistfully. "I want to hear it—I want so much to hear it."

"As close as I can come to it, I'll tell you," he said. "As close as I can come to it—and in my own way." Then he looked at her and wished that she might hear something below his words. "I hope my way is enough."

THE END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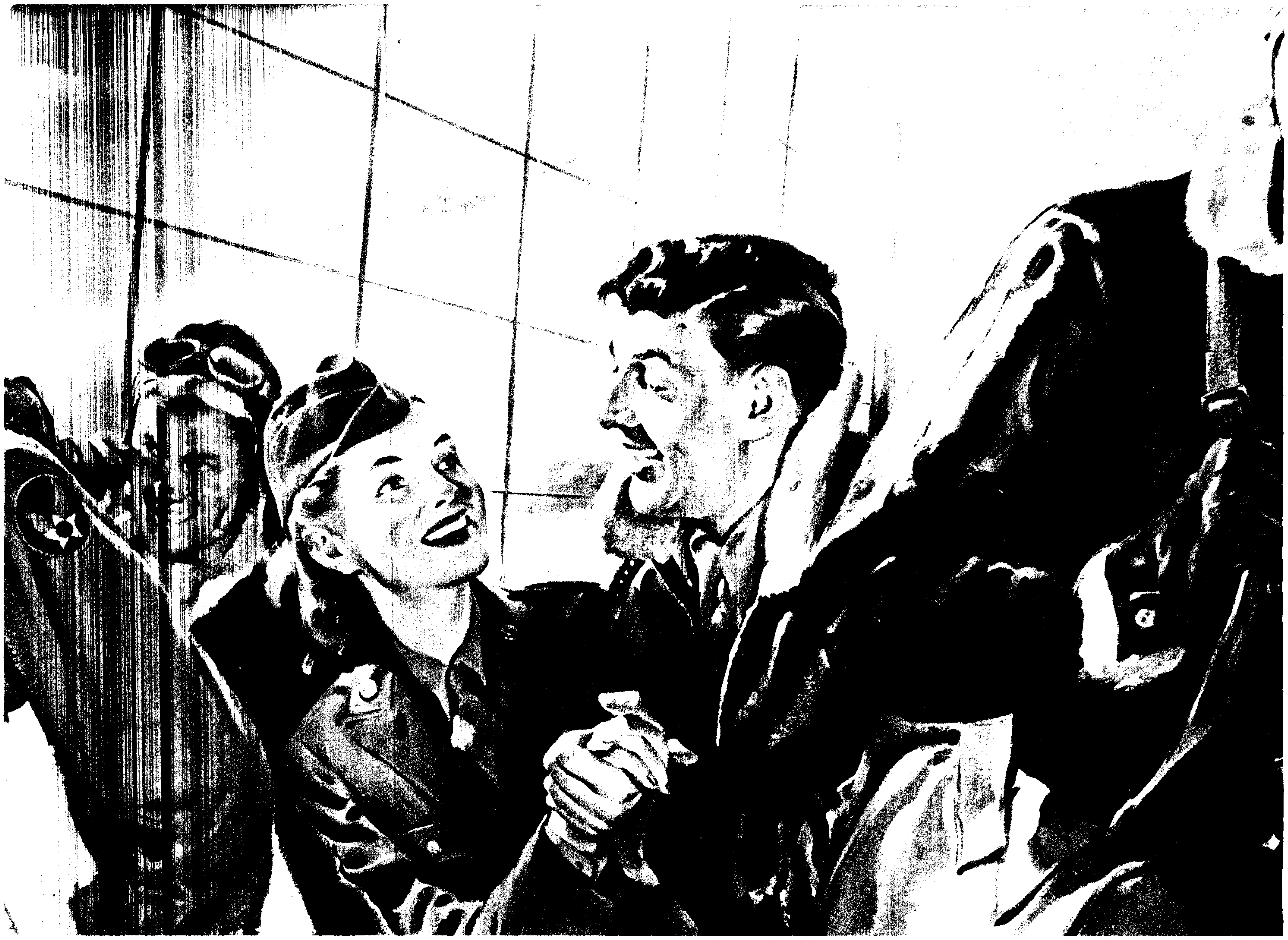


Philip had come rushing into the office still in his flying clothes. "Jane, it was a terrible trip—terrible!"

New Beginning

BY MARY HOOD CHAPMAN

She knew she must begin living again. But her life was so tangled, it was hard to know if this new love would lead her forward into the future or only back into the past

THE moon had come up, the girl realized, as she came back into the dark living room. She had half seen it earlier, rich orange and warm, just edging up above the snow-covered mountains. Now it was high and cold and whitely bright.

She walked to the window and stood looking out at the fort, sprawling ugly and deserted in the moonlight. The silver light caught on the streaked brown and green camouflage of the buildings and distorted their shapes. Down on the flight line, a single engine was run up and then shut off, a jarring crescendo of sound, cut off abruptly. In the next room, Philip began to whistle.

She leaned her forehead against the window, feeling the glass smooth and cold against her heated face. Her mind was moving in a spent, detached clarity, reviewing, summarizing, working toward decision that could no longer be postponed.

Philip came in, still whistling softly. He came and stood with her at the window, his arm around her lightly.

"Looks like the weather will be for us in the morning."

"What time are you taking off?" Her voice came casual as his, automatically, from the surface of her mind.

"Seven. Should be in Seattle by four. Do you suppose they have tea dancing in the Globe Hotel?"

"Probably."

"The last time I went tea dancing was in San Francisco. We were shipping out, then. . . ."

His voice trailed off, lost in remembering, and they stood quietly, with their separate thoughts. The man was remembering cities and lights—the fabulous States, two years away in the past and now less than a day in the future. The girl's memory was still searching through the last week for the answer she must make.

A week ago, she had stood like this and watched the squadron come in. Familiarity in no way dulled the special thrill of it—the B-25s roaring over, low and loud, in tight V-formations, and the left wing man falling off clean and fast, up-ended on his wing, all his ship silhouetted for a long minute before it leveled again to the landing. She had stood in the hangar window, with the roar of the engines beating in her blood, and the sergeant looking over her shoulder, making a running commentary that stayed in her mind by its very inanity: "I'll bet it feels good to land on a runway like this. . . . I'll bet they're glad to be out of that mess. . . . I'll bet those boys have seen plenty of action."

Yes, her mind had answered silently, they have seen plenty of action. They've landed in the water on the Adak runway, and they've sloshed through the hip-deep mud on Amchitka. They've seen Jim, the man I loved more than I loved my life, falling into the ack-ack on North Head with his plane ablaze from nose to tail. They've seen Philip, Jim's friend and mine, fly back impossibly from Attu with a three-foot stub left of his right wing. They've seen plenty of action, and I've seen it with them, vicariously as a woman must, but vividly, and now they are going home.

In that moment she had realized that they really were. The rain had been falling out of a gray sky over the gray flying field; the wet concrete mirrored the sleek bodies of the planes, and the crews in their bulky flying suits cast shapeless watery shadows as they walked across the runway, and the war in the Aleutians was over. It was over, and after two years, that was unreal and strange and not quite to be believed.

You waited month after month at some dingy rear-echelon base like this for your man to come back for a day or occasionally a week, while his airplane was repaired or when he had flown twenty missions. Then you didn't have a man any longer and just went on waiting, because the only life you could remember was wrapped up in the long, indecisive fight to the west. And when even that was over—why, then you had to start again somewhere.

Watching the planes come in had been a wrench in the pit of her stomach and a dry ache in the back of her throat, a new crystallization of grief because Jim was dead, and a new tremor of something like fear.

Then, in a moment or two, Philip had come rushing into the office, still in his flying clothes, dirty and bedraggled and grinning. He took hold of her hands and said, "Jane, it was a terrible trip—terrible!"

She had said the rest of it: "You poor boy, how you must have suffered!" and they had

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

What do I want?

"**I'm MOTHER:** I want a new little Arvin Radio for my kitchen—another for our bedroom—and a fine, big one for the living room, with an automatic record changer, FM and everything."

"**I'm JIM:** After foxholes and slit trenches—and no company but my rifle—I want a good bed with a radio beside it (Arvin, please)—so I can snooze and be entertained as long as I like."

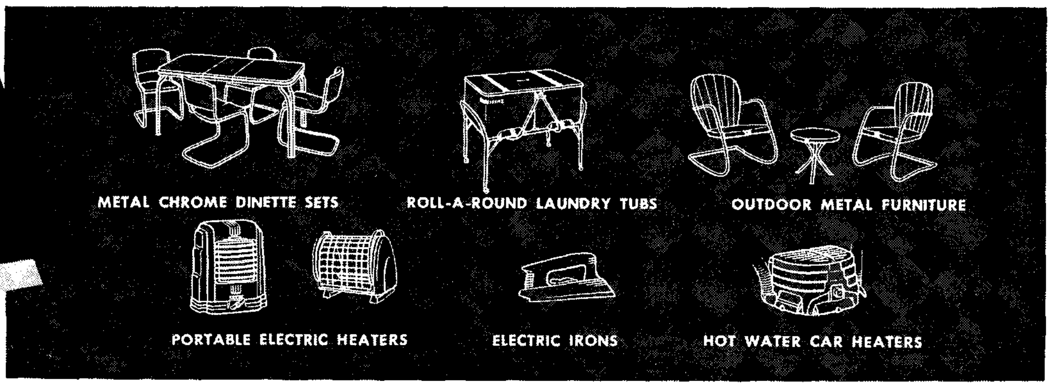
P. S. "MOTHER, again: I want some other things—an automatic electric iron, those roll-a-round laundry tubs, an electric heater for the bathroom, some new metal lawn chairs—and one of those gay metal-chrome dinette sets (every one of them ARVIN). I'm not asking too much, am I?"

"**I'm SIS** (So the family calls me): I want an Arvin Radio of my own, too—for my room. And maybe we could have a little radio-phono combination for the playroom. (If I'm not over-playing my hand, I'm going to sweet-talk Dad into a portable—for the lawn and our picnics. They're wonderful.)"

"**I'm DAD, the bill-payer:** Looks like this is all on me—and I can't fuss about a single item. This is where the bonds I bought to help win the war will help *keep the peace* around our home. (I'm going to have one of those fine little Arvin table radios of my own, too.)"

ALL THIS—and more, too—will be coming from the eleven plants of Noblitt-Sparks Industries—when war work is done. There'll be Arvin Top Flight Radios—tiny ones, big ones, middle-size ones, table models, radio-phono combinations with AM and FM, floor models, portables and farm battery sets. With them, you can radio-furnish your home completely—and economically—upstairs, downstairs, all through the house and outdoors, too. And there'll be many other fine Arvin Products—well worth buying more War Bonds for now.

ARVIN
Top Flight
RADIOS
AND OTHER *Family* PRODUCTS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stood there laughing, holding to each other. He was the last one of her people, her and Jim's closest friend, and it had been like coming home after long absence, to understanding and comfortable familiarity.

That night, when he moved aside the glasses and took her hands again, across the little night-club table, there had been no need for decision. His eyes had been very blue and serious, and he had said, simply, "Let's have this week, Jane."

So they had had their week—seven days closer to happiness than any had been for more than a year, for her. And there had been no need for decision until thirty minutes ago, with Philip's voice sudden in the peaceful warm silence, and Philip's words startling across her almost sleeping consciousness.

She turned slightly in his arm now, looking at him obliquely—the familiar square face, the strangely delicate mouth, the deep-set eyes with the fine lines netted about them by sun and laughter; the face of a man at once strong and sensitive, worthy of all a woman's love, not half a love bridged over the unhealed gap of a remembered greater one.

She spoke out of her inner questionings: "It's not like it was with Jim, you know."

"I know. It shouldn't be." He answered without looking at her; no visible emotion moved in the moonlight on his face.

She went on slowly: "He's been dead over a year. . . . You'd think I'd be getting over it. Maybe I'm never going to get over it."

He looked at her now. There was a deep tenderness in his eyes and in his voice: "No, you probably never will. There will probably never be anything quite like that again, ever in your life." He paused a moment. Then he went on, with his voice still tender and deeply serious: "But there are other things, Jane . . . different, but good. You and I are not like you and Jim, but we've been good."

He was right. These seven days, full of laughter and reminiscing and comradeship, were not an impossible pattern for a lifetime. There is love, and then there are other things—different, but good. There is contentment, and closeness in grief and gaiety, and the calm joy of feeling with someone, of not being alone any longer after long loneliness. There is the slow relearning of emotion, after an endless weariness of futility and grief, a slow, slow thing with need of much understanding.

Philip was looking away from her, out the moon-filled window, and his words fell softly, the tone minimizing their importance. "It's been better than I'd remembered living could be. I'll tell you again, Jane. I was proud to take command of his squadron, and I'd be proud to marry a woman that remembered loving him."

She said, with defensive lightness, "You've been in the islands a long time, Philip," but there was a glisten of tears on her cheeks.

SHE slipped out of his arm and groped over to the G.I. cot half disguised as a couch. The moon made a single straight band of light across the bare room. It touched a gleam from the ornate lamp made of Jap shells taken from Kiska and then fell on the three photographs grouped in the most important wall space. The girl gazed at the three impassive beauties, and the silence deepened.

Then Philip spoke, casually as though they had been chatting of the weather: "Cigarette, Jane?"

He moved across the room in response to her murmured: "Yes." The lighter clicked several times and finally flared. The little flame lighted the hollows and carven planes of her face, and their eyes met across it.

He said, "I have been in the islands a long time—that's why I know what I want. The definitive experience of introspection in a Quonset hut." His serious eyes took no part in the mild amusement of his smile.

The girl shifted her body a little, to sit more easily on the hard cot. "I don't know, Philip. I enjoy being with you. We think alike and laugh at the same things and are comfortable together. But perhaps this is foolish. Perhaps this is only because we're lonesome—and human."

He sat down and took her hand, spreading it on his palm and looking at her hand instead of her face. "And I *do* know," he said. "What we have isn't an unbearable ecstasy, or a madness in the flesh, or any of those poetic-sounding things. But we have a great deal. This week has shown us that.

"I like you, Jane, and I admire you and I want you, and the things we have already are the things that make a marriage. We've lived a long time together already—not this week, but all these two years when we were bound so closely in the same things."

Her mind fastened on his words, for they were the answer. There was no question whether the new beginning and the old ending could be so inextricably mingled. In some times, for some people, they had to be.

His voice was going on softly: "Whatever you are deciding, Jane, I'm glad we had this week. If you come with me, it will be to another world. We may see each other all the rest of our lives, but it will never be quite the same. But this week has been good—I think it was meant to be—and right. It has been a sort of swan song—a farewell to a time in our lives and some wonderful people."

The girl leaned her head against his shoulder. In a moment she would tell him: There *were* other things—different, but good for the rest of her life. But before she faced ahead, she would look back for just one last silent moment. The photographs smiled down imperturbably from the moonlit wall, and the posts at the corners of the fox-holes made deep shadows in the moonlight.

THE END

Heroes Rising from the Sea

Continued from page 15

some few hundred yards from Attu. All day long, periscope pictures were taken of Scarlet Beach. We were shown the pictures. They pointed out three or four outposts crudely built of rocks, up against the mountain. We knew each had a sentry on watch with a telephone connected to the Jap camps.

I was one of five chosen by our captain to knock off these Jap sentries and cut their telephone lines. At about midnight, we all went down to the messroom in shifts and had ham and eggs, all we could eat. We went back to our bunks and began getting ready.

The sub captain made a speech. He said, "The sub will stand by and cover the attack with its two 6-inch guns in the event the Japs open fire while you are paddling in to shore. God bless you!"

Sailors Wanted to Share Danger

We blacked our faces, put on all our gear and were ready to go when some sailors went to their captain and asked if they could go with us. We had become buddies, the sailors and the soldiers, and they hated the odds against us. They wanted to help. They were more nervous than we were.

We got the signal to go topside, pull out the rubber boats and carry them to the aft of the sub where the sailors would inflate them. We had a tough time getting through the hatches because we carried heavier loads than usual. I carried a helmet, a tommy gun, a full pack of tommy-gun ammunition, four hand grenades, an ax, a trench knife, a bolo, a canteen of water, a heavy cartridge belt, a compass and many other things. We all carried from ninety to a hundred pounds.

The only food we had was one box of K rations. We sat in the boats and the "All set" signal was given by our captain. The stern began to sink when an order came through on the radio for us to go ashore—May 11th, not the 10th. One moment more, and it would have been too late.

We were madder than hell. I never heard so much swearing in all my life. We put the boats away and went back down the hatches and swore for the rest of the night.

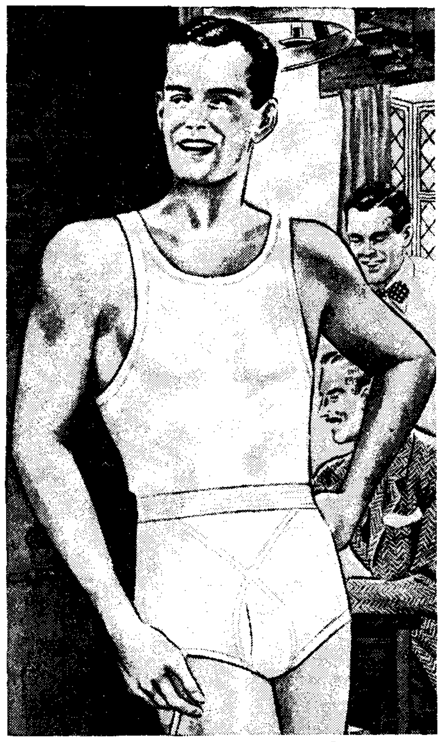
The next day was the same as the one before. More pictures were taken through the periscope, and one more class was held on how to find our destination when we landed. We were to go up a valley and over mountains, about a seven-mile trip. It didn't seem very far on the map, but it was a different story actually making such a trip carrying a 100-pound pack. That night we went out the hatches again, lined up our boats, got into them and waited for the signal. Our captain got in, and the signal was given. This time we were sure we were off.

All this was done in absolute silence. The tension was tremendous. The stern of the sub was dropped, and we found ourselves on the water at last. All I could think of was that certain Jap I was going to kill as soon as we landed. It was pitch dark. The sea was still, the air warm. The island looked like a big gray ghost, enshrouded in fog. All that could be heard was just the swish, swish of the water and the breathing of the men. Every man was tense—on edge. We were steering straight for that gray ghost and we knew not what fate it held for us.

Lieutenant Engley, my platoon leader, came with me. He was one of the best soldiers I have ever seen. He set my course for me. It was tough keeping the boat headed straight because of the load we carried. It seemed like a year, that little ride in to shore. Time stood still. Finally we were there. My boat was the third to land. I was the thirty-sixth American to set foot on Attu.

We slipped quietly out and pulled the boats up onto the beach, then lay down. My squad was raring to go. The Navy had just broadcast that the Japs had killed our Shangri-La fliers who were prisoners in Japan.

The beach was filled with egg-shaped rocks, slate gray, about the size of cantaloupes. I was shown where to go for my Jap sentry. He was about a hundred yards to my right front. I took off my helmet and put on a woolen cap. I also wore a Navy sweater given to me by one of the sailors on the sub. I took off every bit of my equipment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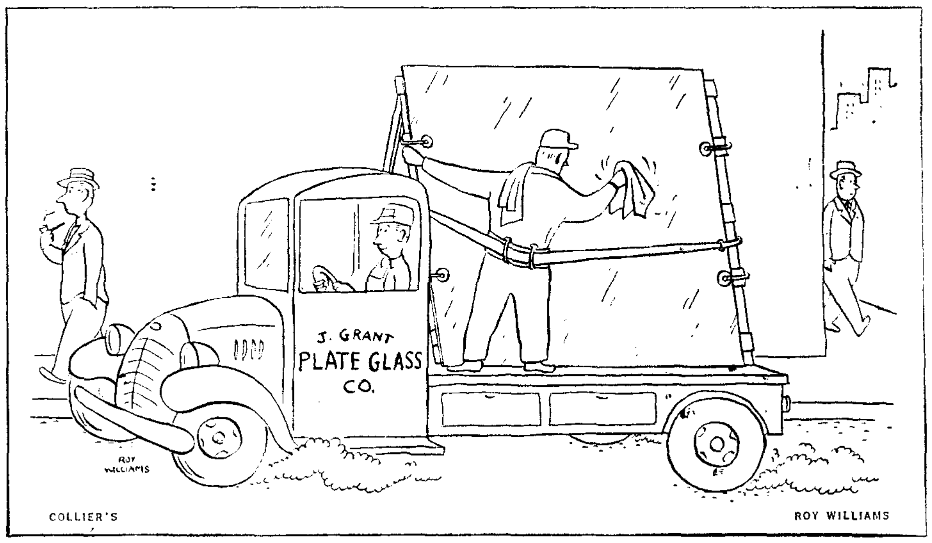

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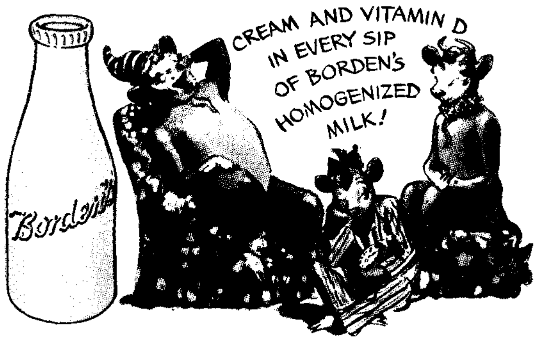
"I admit it," sighed Elsie, "I have men on my mind!"

"WHAT!" exploded Elmer, the bull. *"Men on your mind!* And me slaving my hoofs to the bone for you! Woman, have you gone man-crazy?"

"I was never saner in my life," answered Elsie, the Borden Cow. "The men on my mind are the millions of boys who'll be returning from war. And I'm terribly concerned about them. We folks at home must *never* let them down."

"Who's letting them down!" stormed Elmer. "Didn't you ever hear of the G.I. Bill of Rights? Isn't the government putting up the money for special training? Isn't it doing a bang-up job of fixing up the wounded? If that's all you're mooning about, we can all get back to bed, and leave those boys to the government."

"But we can't do that!" protested Elsie. "Those boys will need things no government can give them. They'll need the feeling that they *belong* again, that they're really *home!* They'll need understanding, and patience, and love."


CREAM AND VITAMIN D IN EVERY SIP OF BORDEN'S HOMOGENIZED MILK!
Borden's

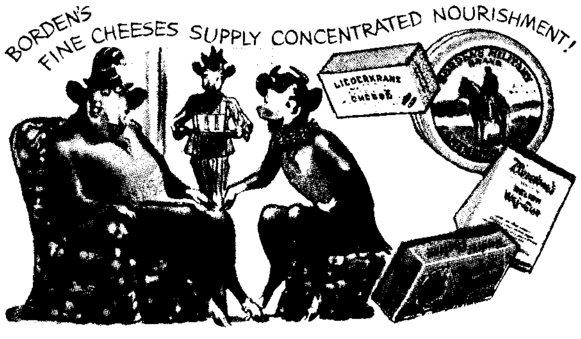
"Love!" mimicked Elmer. "And I suppose you'll dole it out with the cereal and *Borden's Homogenized Milk* every morning?"

"Morning, noon, or night," countered Elsie, "Borden's Homogenized Milk has cream and Vitamin D in every sip."

"Now, look here!" bellowed Elmer. "I know we make our living from milk, but our red-blooded fighters will want three square meals a day!"

GRAND FOR CREAMED DISHES—BORDEN'S EVAPORATED MILK!
Borden's
IRRADIATED
EVAPORATED MILK

"Especially if they're good American meals," agreed Elsie, "with real American food. Like fresh orange juice, and creamy mashed potatoes all fluffy rich with *Borden's Evaporated Milk.* And 3-inch steaks. And, naturally, *Borden's Fine Cheeses!* They're mighty smooth nourishment."


BORDEN'S FINE CHEESES SUPPLY CONCENTRATED NOURISHMENT!
LIEDERKRANZ CHEESE
Borden's

"And you're a pretty smooth one," countered Elmer. *"sliding in your plug on Borden's! Get back on the trolley!* Who's supposed to dispense this love to the boys when they come home?"

"Mothers, wives, sweethearts—and friends, too," answered Elsie. "Mothers can do a lot by recognizing that sons who went away boys have come back *men,* and should be treated like men. Wives can help by being patient and understanding when their husbands rebel at routine. It's not going to be easy for an ex-fighter to learn all over again how to be a civilian, particularly if he comes back handicapped. Then he needs more than government help and vitamins."

HEMO'S THE WAY TO DRINK YOUR VITAMINS AND LIKE 'EM!
Borden's
Hemo

"Don't tell me," needled Elmer, "that you're passing up a chance to tell about *Hemo,* the gl-orious chocolate food drink that's just *teeming* with vitamins and minerals?"

"See!" cried Elsie, "you *can* be helpful! But let's save some of that helpfulness for the boys. Maybe we can help them get settled in their homes and jobs. Maybe—"

"OK!" cried Elmer, "I'll throw a party."

"That's not exactly what I mean," smiled Elsie, "but if you *do* throw your party, don't forget to serve ice cream. It was a wonderful help in keeping up the morale of the boys when they were in the service! And just to be *sure* they like it, serve delicious *Borden's Ice Cream and Milk Sherbets.* They're cheery treats at any time."

BORDEN'S ICE CREAM IS WONDERFUL FOOD!

"The treat I'd like best in all the world," sighed Elmer wearily, "is to hit the hay. And now that you've said your piece about the boys, please say your other one, and let's get to bed. You know—"

"Everybody knows," chuckled Elsie, *"if it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!"*

– if it's Borden's it's got to be good!

TUNE IN Borden's Radio Show — Fri. Eve. on CBS Starting July 6—Starring Jerry Wayne, Jeff Alexander's Music, Guest Stars! See your Newspaper for Time and Station.

© The Borden Company

except my trench knife and ax. The others chosen for the job were doing the same.

We all took off together. I crawled on my stomach the whole way until I got to the destined spot. I waited a few seconds. I could hear my heart pounding. My lips quivered. I crawled up the crude rock stairs to the lookout post. I saw my Jap standing with his back toward me, leaning against a wall as if asleep. What a setup! I could kill this guy easily.

Up the stairs I crawled as quietly as a mouse. If he had seen me, I'd have been a goner for sure, for he had the advantage of bayonet and gun and was standing above me. When about four feet away, I reached for my ax. I could no longer think. My mind went blank. I jumped up and struck him in the kidneys with all the power in my body. He fell.

I was a killer now. When I got my man down, I didn't want to stop. I struck him again and again, right in the neck. He bled like a stuck pig, groaned a little and was still. He was done for. I felt around for the phone or wires, but could locate neither. I went back to the outfit and told them.

I was one of the first American soldiers to come to grips with the Japs on Attu. The others all got back also. One of them had a little fight on his hands, but won. They each got their man, but none of them found any wires.

At dawn we formed squad columns and marched up a valley which had a range of mountains on each side and a river flowing down through the center. Our platoon led. I was the leader of the third squad.

An Ordeal to Test the Strongest

The trail blazers started out at a very slow gait. They would scout out an area and pass the okay signal back. After about thirty minutes or so of this, the packs began to feel heavy. The march kept getting faster and faster until we were practically running. Men began falling flat on their faces. We had to go over very rough ground and to wade through icy water up to our chests. After a few miles of this the sun came out, and we stopped for a breathing spell and waited for the men who had fallen back. We told them that if they couldn't make it, it would be just "too bad." They would be left to die. That kept them coming along.

We started out again, this time at a slower pace, about one mile an hour. It was a beautiful day. The sun shone on the glistening snow-covered mountains. It was the last beautiful day we were to see on Attu. We threw away our gas masks, as we were told gas couldn't be used effectively in the Aleutians. I threw away my helmet. Half the platoon did the same. Some of them went so far as to bury bandoleers of ammunition in the snow. Extra equipment was strewn by the wayside for miles, a weird sight. It was hard to understand why we weren't spotted until the next day. We were right out in the open all the time.

Lieutenant Engley and Sergeant Wallman headed the next march, straight up a mountain. We had to go through a draw and over a mountain to meet the enemy at his back door. We started climbing, two hundred men in single file. It was the slowest pace yet. It took every ounce of strength in our bodies to move a few feet. That sub ride began to tell on the poor devils. The strange climate had something to do with it, too. Up and up, we went, on hands and knees. We crawled three feet, rested five minutes, crawled another three or four feet, and rested another five minutes, and so on and on. We just didn't have the strength to move any faster. It took us all day to climb 3,000 feet.

The sun disappeared. Fog and wind began to move in. Our clothes became soaking wet. At 3,000 feet, we came to a rock cliff. Someone up front climbed the 100-foot cliff and tossed down a rope. This, we knew, was going to be tough. How the hell were we going to climb that precipice when every man was half dead? By some strange power we did it, every single man. Machine guns, cans and cans of machine-gun belts and all heavy equipment were hoisted up.

I passed a lot of men on the way up, giving them pep talks all the time. I was in the best shape of anyone in the company. I was used to hard going. Having been a professional boxer, I had trained for it all my life.

Lieutenant Engley established a rest spot on top of the cliff. I was fourth man to reach the area. We opened our K-ration box and ate our last meal. It was a good two hours before the entire company arrived.

We started out again. The snow was about two feet deep, with an icy crust. We had to go around a sizable mountain and over the top of one that was 500 feet high to where we were to camp for the night. The winds were howling, and our footing was bad. If one of us had slipped, he would have slid down 3,000 feet and landed on a pile of rocks which had a drop of about 75 feet into a rock-filled river.

We reached our camp area and had just settled for a rest when two B-24s came over at about 300 feet and dived down on us. One of them came too close for comfort. The first time they dived, one of the bomb-bay doors opened and something came flying out. It looked like a bomb at first and gave us one hell of a scare. It turned out to be a can of food, which we never got. It floated down the side of a steep slope. The two planes kept dropping boxes of ammunition. They looked good coming down in parachutes of all colors. We thought it was food. When we got hold of one, we cursed all over the place. All we had was ammunition, and here we was as hungry as hell and no food.

Our platoon was ordered to scale another 200-foot cliff, where we were to guard the camp area from any surprise attack. I placed my squad at the very top of the mountain and built in gun emplacements on the ridge. I had an area of about one hundred yards, where I was to place a Browning automatic rifle and eleven riflemen. From this position, I could cover the whole camp on one side. We were around 4,000 feet high. We could no longer see the base of the mountain. All we could see were clouds, snow and fog.

After putting my squad in position, Private Ed Williams and I dug a hole in the snow. Private Ready joined us, and the three of us hugged one another all night trying to keep warm. Our clothes were soaked. The wind drove the rain and snow so hard that we were nearly blown off the mountain. We shivered and shook. No blankets. No food. No shelter. A williwaw blowing at the rate of ninety miles an hour! Trying to sleep on the snow on the highest peak on Attu!

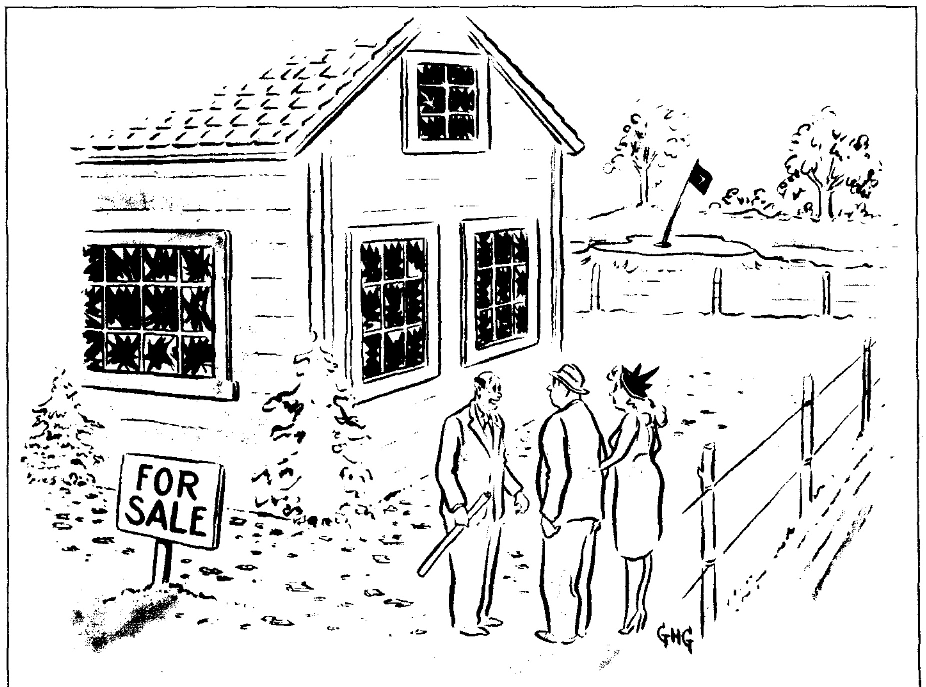
I dug into the snow with my arms up to my elbows and hung on. I didn't sleep. I was thinking about a lot of things: the Jap I had killed, my mom and pop who thought that I was still in southern California, my kid sisters Flo and Ruth, and my brother Ben down in the Panama Canal Zone.

At about three o'clock in the morning, I was ordered to get my squad together, slide down the mountain and rejoin our company. In single file, we marched to a mountaintop that had a natural slide or draw leading down into the valley. It was about a half-mile long. One by one, we slid down. It was a lot of fun. We held our guns across our chests and folded our arms. At the bottom, we assembled and were ordered to bury our packs, to carry only guns and ammunition.

We got in squad columns on either side of a river that ran down the valley emptying into the ocean at Holtz Bay village, where the Japs had one of their main camps at the foot of the valley. There were mountains back of us and a range on either side. If the Japs decided to make an escape through there, we would be caught in a perfect trap with no way out except Holtz Bay village, where there were a lot of those supposedly 1,700 Japs, who later turned out to be more.

Our platoon was put in support position, so it was one of the last outfits to go down the valley into Jap territory. We were on the left-hand side of the valley and had been marching for about half a mile when we heard peculiar little whizzing sounds over and around us—like birds flying at a very fast speed. We had noticed a lot of snowbirds and had heard them flying. The sound was very similar.

"That must be snowbirds," someone remarked.



"And another thing—there's an excellent golf course adjoining the property!"

COLLIER'S GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

We all agreed and kept right on marching down the valley with our rifles at high port. When we got to within a half-mile of the Jap camp, we heard the clatter of machine guns. Our "snowbirds" were .25-caliber bullets. Snipers were all around us.

We hit the ground in a hurry, the whole two hundred of us. We hid behind rocks, ridges, anything we could find for cover. Bullets were flying all over the place. I hid behind a small rock and spread my squad out in a skirmish line. I gave the order to dig in, because we were in support and would probably be there for some time. I talked to Privates Howard and Selph, who were on my right about thirty feet away, and kept joking about anything and everything I could think of. I was trying to act brave, but I was scared stiff.

We were under machine-gun fire for a good hour, when all of a sudden a P-38 came down the valley like a streak of lightning. It dropped a bomb on the Jap camp and strafed it with machine-gun fire. Then it came back and began strafing us, thinking that we were Japs. None of us was hit. A little later I saw it shot down.

A Wildcat came over the Jap camp and bombed and strafed it several times. A little later three B-24s came over and dropped their loads. Boy, what a racket that made! At the same time, battleships out in the harbor cut loose with 14-inch guns on Holtz Bay camp. All hell was turned loose all of a sudden—planes, ships, Jap guns, and our own guns.

The first time the ack-ack came, we were all pretty well scared. It was our first time under fire. I would hear the flutter of the shells and bury my head in my folded arms. The Japs used ack-ack on ground personnel.

Back in the States, I had tried to believe there was no God. On that battlefield, I prayed, not for myself, but for my parents, my sisters and brothers. I said, "God, I'm in your hands now!" After I said that, I didn't care what happened to me. I became savage. I wanted to kill. I had never felt like that before in my life.

While the ack-ack fire was on, I looked back to the place where we had slid down the mountain and saw the Seventh Cavalry Reconnaissance sliding down, one by one. Shells were bursting all around them. They proved to be a tough bunch of men.

They had landed on the same spot as our company from a destroyer at eight o'clock that same morning. They were a small company of 150 men. They brought a lot of radio equipment to direct heavy artillery fire from the Holtz Bay area. They had their stations built in a big snow hole in the area in which we had assembled before we went down into the valley. Ack-ack was flying all around it. We thought several times that they were goners.

We were ordered to hold our lines and to form them on the right side of the valley, high up on the mountain range. We crossed the river under machine-gun fire. It came a bit close at times, and we had to dive for cover. While we were in the river up to our waists, the Japs fired more shells at us and kept us in the fast-rushing icy water for a solid hour. One of our corporals was cut in half by a shell. We saw his upper half floating down past us. It hurt us to see him; we had been pals back in the States.

When the shelling let up, we ran out of the river and climbed up the mountain slope under more machine-gun and sniper fire. When we reached the top, we dug foxholes and established our platoon command post.

The Fourth Platoon's Danger

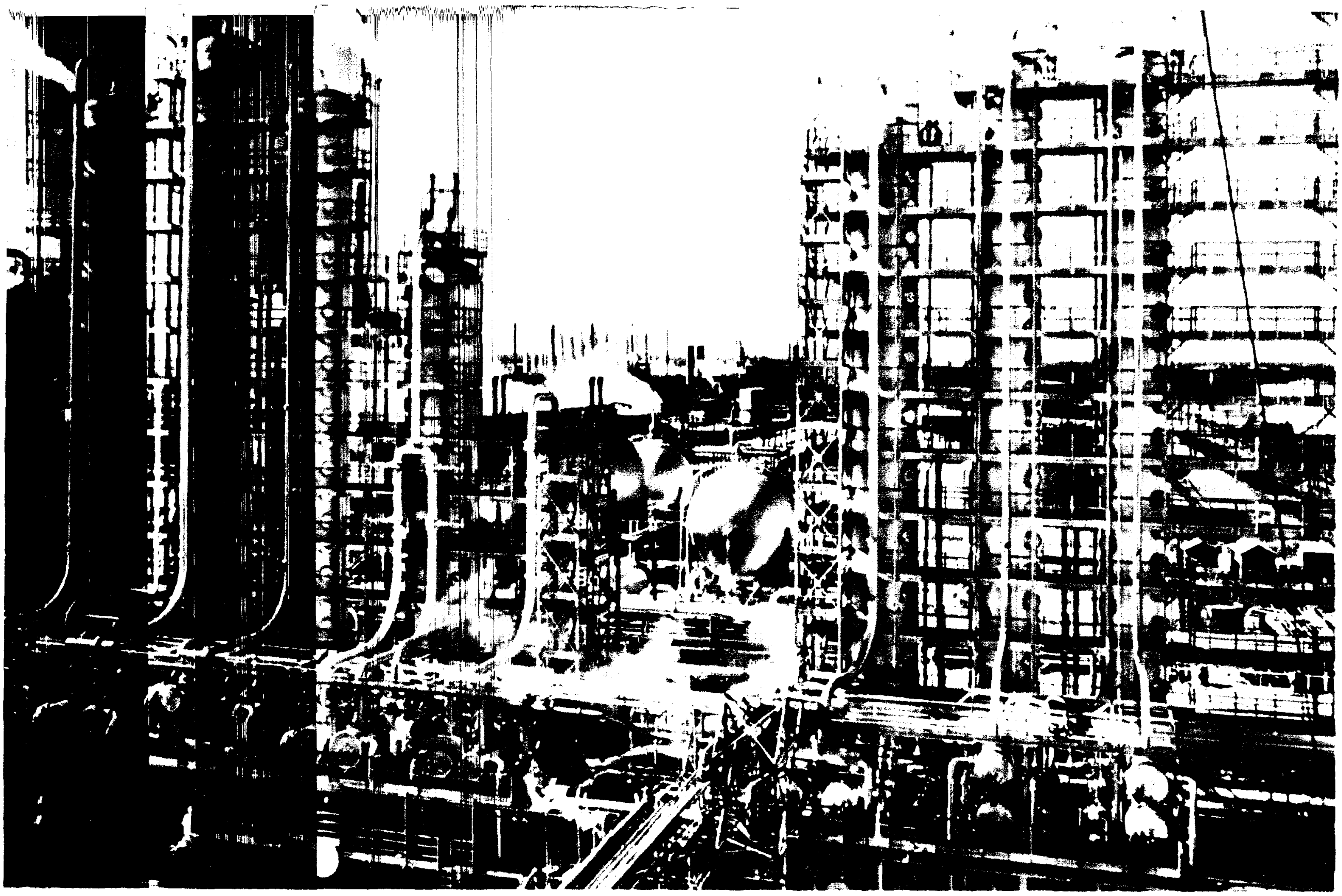
Our feet were soaking wet and numb. It took us all afternoon to climb that slope and dig in. Our platoon, the first, was in support. The second and third platoons were in line about two hundred yards ahead of us. The fourth, headed by Lieutenant Adams, was away down in front, pouring everything that it had into the enemy. Soon we were ordered to help the fourth. They were being chased along a high mountain ridge by a larger number of Jap troops. We went to the very top of Attu in a storm of snow, rain and wind with the ever-accompanying fog. We almost froze to death trying to locate Lieutenant Adams. We searched far into the night.

Finally we located Adams and his rundown platoon. They were in pretty bad shape, but they were fighting for their lives. They had formed a line and were pouring everything they had into the Japs. They were mighty glad to see us and it picked their spirits up. Lieutenant Adams said the Japs had a company out there and had kept up a heavy fire. Our platoon got down on the line in a hurry and fired everything we had. There were four BARs (Browning automatic rifles) in both platoons, and that helped a lot.

Then the Japs suddenly sprang up and made one of their suicide charges, yelling like madmen. At a quick glance I guessed their number to be well over a hundred. We opened up with everything we had and soon cut them down to our size. The next thing I knew, they were right on us, and we were locked in a terrific struggle, all hand-to-hand. No human can imagine what happened on that ridge. All the Japs were killed—and most of us got back.

For the next three days we didn't get a bit of rest. We fought those three days without a bite of food, without sleep and without shelter. We got so damned hungry and exhausted that we were unspeakably weak, when we could think about that. We would walk a few feet and then fall down, half dead. Our feet and legs had been frozen from the first day. We walked as if we were on stilts. We even ceased to care that our two-man foxholes were pools of water.

(To be concluded next week)



Purifying towers of the Humble Oil & Refining Company, affiliate of Jersey Standard, at Baytown, Texas. Butadiene plants like these pose a political problem in the postwar period

NO TIRES TODAY, BROTHER!

BY KYLE CRICHTON

AN ARMY truck was batting its way through the night somewhere east of the Normandy beachhead shortly after the break-through at Saint-Lô. It had been tied up for two hours while the engineers were repairing a bridge, and now the driver was making up time. He was a lantern-jawed private who drove with the sort of vindictiveness that marked a trained truckman unused to delays. Sitting by his side was a sergeant whose head banged against his chest from fatigue. Suddenly the driver cursed wildly, swerved the wheel in a frantic effort to avoid a shell hole in the road, and there was a resounding pop from a blowout and the truck bumped groggily to a stop.

The driver got down, looked at the flat tire furiously and then went around the truck in a sort of daze as if he were going to find relief on the other side. When he got back to the front, he found the sergeant there looking reflectively at the ruined tire.

"There goes four more the old man won't get," said the sergeant musingly.

"Now, what the hell you want to go talking like that for?" yelled the private furiously. "We got one busted, and you're hollerin' about four. It's bad enough—one."

The sergeant could see he had made a mistake. He hastily started to explain.

"I don't mean Old Man Patton," he said. "I mean *my* old man. Yesterday I got a letter from him says he ain't gointa keep that old jalopy of ours goin' much longer less'n he gets a coupla new tires. I was just thinkin' this one's as big as four of the old man's."

The sergeant had put his finger on a great international truth. All estimates of the Army went out of the window after the break-through in France. That was made so fast that everybody thought it was all over for the Krauts—and then suddenly we stopped. We had outrun our supplies. A counterattack then would have found our tanks out of gas and helpless. Out of that scare came the Red Ball Express, a wild stream of trucks from the beachhead to the Siegfried Line. Our men drove night and day till they dropped; they drove over broken bridges and along shelled roads. At one period they were ruining 5,000 tires a day, and that was only one of a half dozen similar lines. It was then that the rubber crisis became acute.

By a miracle we have managed to squeak past the rubber crisis so far, but it's still one of America's worst problem children

It is still acute and will keep on that way till we finish off the Japs. The end of the war in Europe will make no difference whatever to the sergeant's old man or any other civilian. Rubber was the original great problem of the war and will continue to be one to the end. All the civilian can do is recap and recap some more.

But if rubber has been the greatest headache of the war, it also has been the greatest miracle. It was one bottleneck that had to be solved or we were licked. The biggest peacetime year we ever had saw a total of 780,000 tons of rubber being used. In 1946 we will boost that to 1,100,000 or we'll be in trouble.

Now let's get back to the start in 1939. When Hitler marched into Poland, we had exactly 150,000 tons of crude rubber in this country. If we had had to depend on growing our own rubber we wouldn't have had enough for an elastic band. Our supply came mostly from the Dutch East Indies and Malaya. We were still at peace with the Japanese, but tempers had been rising, and our supply would most certainly be stopped if the Japs jumped us in that territory. There was a quiet but intense holler in certain Washington circles for the acquisition of a rubber stock pile. However, that is now ancient history, and it is enough to know that at the time of Pearl Harbor the stock pile had grown to 533,344 tons.

But in the meantime, other significant things were happening. In 1940, the B. F. Goodrich Company put out a tire called the Ameripol, which was made 50-50 of natural rubber and synthetic rubber. They only had a pilot plant for experimental purposes, and the output was short of ten tons a day, but the tires were sold and used, and the buyers found them all right. The important thing was that it showed America hadn't been backward in developing new processes. Goodrich had started as early as 1910 to experiment with synthetic rubber, and chemists at the other great firms like Firestone, Goodyear, United States and General were also on the job.

The Germans had been at it for thirty years and had even used synthetic rubber in the last war. We picked up what knowledge they left lying around loose, but in most part, the American synthetic process is native born. Despite their head start, it was found on examining the first captured German tires in this war that we were ahead of them in efficiency and quality. In any event, the war clouds in the Pacific were so plain that we knew as early as 1940 that we had to start a synthetic program or be ready to spend the rest of the war on our rims.

What followed was another period of tugging and hauling in Washington that threatened to be disastrous.

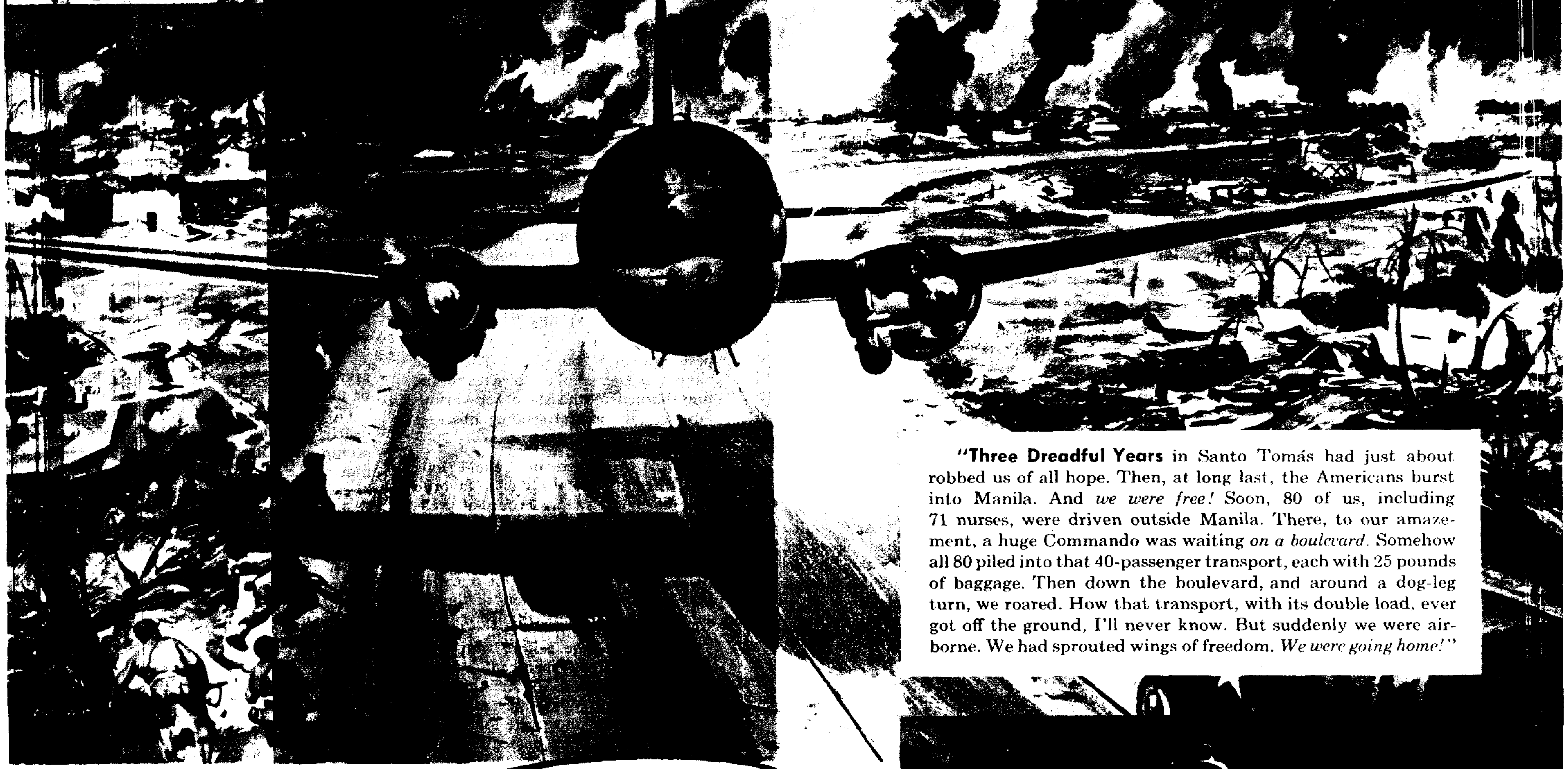
This was all cured when Bernard Baruch brought out his famous rubber report and when William M. Jeffers of the Union Pacific Railroad was shanghaied to do the job of getting the synthetic plants built. It was Jeffers' job to get the plants working and he did it by the simple process of knocking down everybody who stood in his way. The first contracts were let in May, 1941, and the first plant began to produce in April, 1942.

However, even while the battle over policy was proceeding in Washington, Goodyear, Goodrich and United States Rubber had already begun to build their own synthetic plants because they knew that if for some

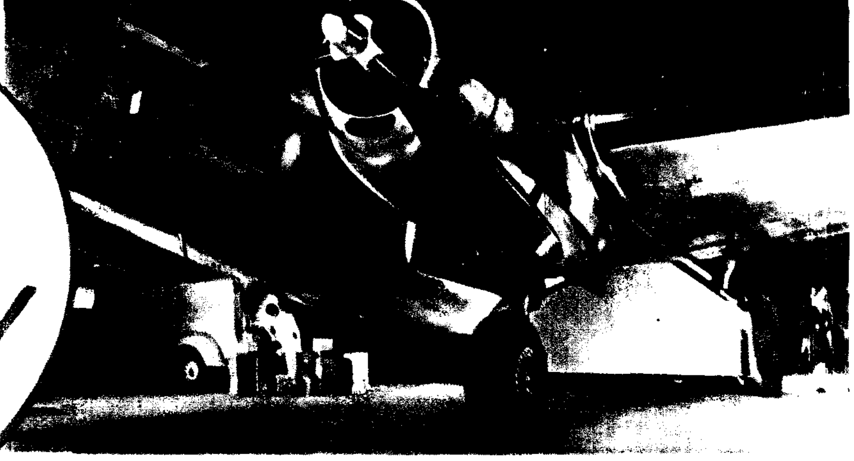
(Continued on page 65)

"How Bataan's Angels of Mercy finally *SPROUTED WINGS*"

Based on a true story taken from the war record of the Curtiss Commando



"**Three Dreadful Years** in Santo Tomás had just about robbed us of all hope. Then, at long last, the Americans burst into Manila. And *we were free!* Soon, 80 of us, including 71 nurses, were driven outside Manila. There, to our amazement, a huge Commando was waiting *on a boulevard.* Somehow all 80 piled into that 40-passenger transport, each with 25 pounds of baggage. Then down the boulevard, and around a dog-leg turn, we roared. How that transport, with its double load, ever got off the ground, I'll never know. But suddenly we were airborne. We had sprouted wings of freedom. *We were going home!*"



THAT'S WHY I'M FOR THE AIRLINES THAT *Fly Commando!*

The 10 Best-dressed Women will be as anxious as you will be to *Fly Commando.* There's room in its two spacious holds for lots more luggage . . . all those dresses, hats and shoes you had to leave at home before. And men . . . you won't have to leave golf clubs or fishing tackle behind. A Commando carries 3¼ tons of luggage and cargo!

Timesaver. The Commando is so much more accessible for maintenance that an entire engine unit can be changed in 20 to 30 minutes. And its faster flight stop maintenance means that you'll arrive sooner in a Commando, fastest of today's airliners.

A Girl's Best Friend . . . the Commando's luxurious powder room! A well-lighted make-up mirror over a dainty boudoir table keeps you looking lovely. And imagine—a full-length door mirror! This is one of two, separate lounges at the rear of the cabin. Up front is the streamlined sky kitchen.

THE CURTISS
Commando

Today's Great Lifeliner
Tomorrow's Great Airliner

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FIRST IN FLIGHT

Ready to STRIKE but ...
SKAT will drive them away!
SKAT
REPELS INSECTS FROM SKIN
PROTECTS AGAINST MOSQUITOES
BITING FLIES, CHIGGERS, GNATS
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The days of chasing pesky mosquitoes, gnats, biting flies and chiggers are over. Use SKAT—the easy, new way to drive away insects *before* they bite.

A few drops of SKAT rubbed on when you are picnicking, hiking, swimming or golfing will protect you up to 3 hours.

SKAT is not toxic, not sticky, and is practically odorless. Get your summer supply today.

SKOL CO., INC.
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Golden Wedding

Continued from page 21

from," Jamey put in proudly, "and you selected me."

"I selected you," his mother said.

They were silent. They listened to the Sunday-morning sounds of the house below them.

"Jamey, you will be good today?"

"I'll try."

"Very hard?"

He whispered, "Very, very hard." Then he bounced up all at once and sat down hard on her stomach. That made his mother laugh, and her laughter rocked him up and down.

"Darling," his mother protested, "get off. You're heavy. We've got to dress," his mother said, scooping him down to the hard floor. "You know how Gogo hates us to be late for breakfast."

"I'm going to have party cake for breakfast! Some of the party cake for breakfast," Jamey said, biting his mother's finger gently to assure her that he loved her.

THE bright warm sun shone upon Jamey as he tied his shoelaces and put on the short pants with the Magi-red suspenders and the matching brown corduroy jacket. He buttoned up his shirt last of all because that was hardest for him to do. His mother had vanished.

He went whooping down the stairs three at a time, saying, "Good morning, good morning, good morning."

All around the table everyone smiled at Jamey. Only his grandmother did not smile. Jamey scooted quietly into his chair, tucked the clean napkin under his chin and bowed his head, respectfully waiting for his grandfather to say grace.

His grandfather said grace in a low, rumbling voice, and his grandmother said primly, as she said every morning, "Thank you, John Paul." Jamey opened one eye and frowned at his scrambled eggs.

"I don't want eggs," Jamey announced. "I want cake."

"Little boys," Gogo said instantly, "should eat what is good for them." She was buttering toast. Her fingers were tiny and delicate, but amazingly strong. Even her fingers gave the impression of strength.

Jamey feared her. She never looked directly at him with her hyacinth-blue eyes. She looked past him or above him, and that frightened him. With Jamey fear was anger.

"I am not a little boy," Jamey shot back. "I'm quite grown up."

"Now, Jamey," his Great-Aunt Margaret chimed in. "Nobody is going to eat cake until this afternoon. I promise that you shall have—"

"Such manners," Gogo said. "Shouting at breakfast."

"I was not," Jamey said, "shouting. Was I, Mommie? Was I shouting?"

His mother looked from one to the other. She could not side with him, she knew that from experience, and she could not side against him.

"Was I shouting, Uncle Peter?" Jamey persisted.

Uncle Peter cupped his old blue-veined hand behind his good ear. Uncle Peter was deaf and very poor into the bargain, and Jamey had heard people say more than once that Uncle Peter would have had nothing to eat if Gogo didn't keep him and look after him. "What's that, Jamey-boy?"

"I said," and Jamey was really shouting now, red in the face and popeyed with excitement, "I said was I—"

Grandfather coughed politely behind his hand and said mildly, as if he had not heard any of the foregoing conversation at all, "Do you know, Gogo? I think I should like some cake for breakfast. I mean," Grandfather added hastily, "after I have finished this egg."

There was silence.

Everybody stared at Grandfather. He returned their regard blandly, seriously, and Aunt Margaret smiled upon him delightedly. "I declare," Aunt Margaret said fondly, "seventy-seven and still a child at heart."

Grandfather nodded. "And perhaps Jamey could have some, too?"

He wasn't paying much attention to Aunt Margaret. He was looking anxiously and sternly at Gogo. Aunt Margaret merely lived here. She did not carry weight in the household, though she was sweet and made very nice bookmarks out of satin ribbon. Her husband had been governor of the state and ridden in a great black car and owned a bank, and the bank had failed. When the bank failed a good many people had lost their money, including Aunt Margaret, and the governor had died suddenly. Aunt Margaret always said she hadn't minded losing her money half as much as the governor dying.

Grandfather thought otherwise. Grandfather had told Jamey confidentially that it was rather dreadful for an old lady to lose her money, and, husband or no husband, have to come and live off of Gogo. Not that Gogo was unkind. Gogo, Grandfather insisted, was kindness itself.

HOW COME?

Many of the words you use today bear only a slight resemblance to their origin. Here are a few you probably don't know about:

Bonfire stems from "a fire of bones." In the Middle Ages it was a practice to burn victims of war or pestilence in a "bonefire." This same name was later applied to pyres of victims burned at the stake for various offenses. Its present spelling obscures its gruesome history.

Spud originated in Ireland long ago when the potato was a favorite dish of the Irish. A group of well-meaning citizens who feared the Irish were endangering their health by eating too many potatoes formed the Society for Prevention of Unhealthy Diet. From the first letters of the organization's title came the word spud.

Kangaroo. The sailors who were with Captain Cook when he discovered Australia found in the new land a strange animal. When they asked the natives its name, they were told "Kangaroo." Many years passed before it was learned that when the natives answered "Kangaroo" they meant "What did you say?"

Assassin. In the 11th century in Persia there was a secret order of terrorists whose members commonly ate the drug hashish, under the influence of which they terrorized and murdered for nearly two centuries. In their Arabic language they were called hashshasin; hence our word.

Book— "inner bark of a tree"—comes from the Anglo-Saxon word for "beech," on the bark of which the ancient Saxons and Germans used to scratch their writings.

Silhouette. Etienne de Silhouette was French finance minister in 1759. He levied such burdensome taxes on the aristocrats, they accused him of leaving them but a shadow of their wealth. For revenge, they gave his name to the black profile portraits then in vogue.

Pedigree. The word began with the Old French *pié de grue,* meaning "crane's foot." It is derived from the resemblance of the three lines showing descent in genealogical charts to the footprints of a crane.

Candidate. In Roman times, a man campaigning for office wore a white toga, so was called *candidatus,* from the word *candidus* meaning "glittering," "white." Today, office seekers are still candidates, but the dress is optional.

Salary. In the early days of the Roman Empire, salt was regarded as being almost as valuable as gold. Roman soldiers received all or part of their pay in salt. This stipend was called *salarium,* whence comes our word "salary," denoting pay for services rendered.

Alan A. Brown

Jamey began eating his scrambled egg with a will, because he was pretty sure Grandfather was going to get the cakes. Jamey didn't want to be one minute behind.

"Why, of course, John Paul. Naturally," Gogo agreed. "We shall all have cakes for dessert."

"My goodness, no!" Aunt Margaret fluttered. "Cake for breakfast! I couldn't possibly."

"Nor I," said Uncle Peter.

Nevertheless, Anna, the maid, brought in a plate of cakes between answering the front door and the back door. Grandfather winked shyly across the table at Jamey, and Jamey winked back. Jamey ate two cakes, and part of Grandfather's second one.

Then they were ordered out of the room. Things remained to be done to get ready for the party. Grandfather sat in the front hall at the telephone, and it was, Grandfather said, as if the whole town was trying to congratulate him for having lived with a woman fifty years.

"What's so odd about that?" Grandfather grumbled. "I ask you, Gogo. Any man would be lucky to live with you fifty years."

Gogo blushed. She was a little thing, not nearly as tall as Grandfather, round and plump and full of energy. She hurried past him in the hall, carrying a vase of flowers. "I cannot imagine," Gogo said, "why you tell such lies, John Paul."

"Lies!" Grandfather protested, but the telephone rang again and he was unable to continue.

Jamey stared at him, and when he finally put down the telephone Jamey asked: "Do you really like her, Grandfather?"

"What do you think?" Grandfather said.

Having been stationed at the front door, Jamey just then admitted two men carrying enormous boxes of yellow roses. Jamey and Grandfather were kept busy.

They had no peace together, they were never alone there in the hall, until at last Jamey's mother came to whisper that Grandfather was getting awfully tired and would Jamey mind going off to church with him. Jamey didn't mind where he went, just so long as he stayed near his grandfather.

His mother didn't give him courage. Grandfather did. His mother loved him but his grandfather understood the growing, nagging loneliness that was in him. Grandfather was man to man, somehow. In the bustle of preparation for the party, with the family solid and together, Jamey felt like a small ball suspended in time and space, belonging nowhere, going nowhere. It made him feel a little sick in the pit of his stomach. He grew pale and his forehead was hot, sticky hot, and he clung to his grandfather's hand as they left the house for the church.

THEY walked the sun-dappled sidewalk, side by side, the rigidly tall old man and the sturdy little redheaded boy, under the trees laden with October gold. At the corner, Jamey and Grandfather turned to wave to Jamey's mother standing in the doorway.

"You would hardly believe it," Grandfather said, as they set out, hurrying because the church bell had begun ringing, "you would hardly believe it, but when I was a young man delivering mail out here in a buggy this was all rolling farm land. The houses were miles apart."

Jamey kicked at a pebble. "Were you scared?" Jamey asked. "Weren't you scared out here all by yourself, Grandfather?"

"Maybe sometimes, when it stormed," Grandfather admitted. "Somebody had to deliver the mail, though, and of course I had my horse."

"I wish I had a horse," Jamey said.

"That's how I met Gogo, you know," Grandfather said seriously. "Delivering mail. Her mother and father came here from New Orleans when Gogo was three. The others were born here. Her father owned all the land hereabouts and usually Gogo came down to the edge of the drive to wait for the mail. I often saw her with her braids flying out behind and her ruffled petticoats running down the hill to meet me." Grandfather

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"Let the Telephone Test Your Eyes"

Do you sometimes wish your arms were longer so that you could read the fine print of a telephone book or a time-table? Does your nose get in the way of your hand when you dial? Do you have trouble reading your penciled memoranda and shopping lists?

The telephone often serves a useful purpose for which it was not designed. It tests eyesight. Telephones and their accessories are made for people with normal eyesight or for eyesight made normal by proper care and correction. If you can't read the fine print of the telephone directory, don't blame the print. Blame your eyes. If you can't see the dial letters and numbers, don't blame the telephone. Blame your eyes.

It is amazing how well we manage to fumble along under ordinary conditions with poor eyesight. We grow so accustomed to seeing poorly that we think we see well. Then when we try to read or distinguish something a little bit difficult and fail, we blame everything but our eyes.

Take these difficulties as warnings. Have your eyes examined promptly. Get the best that eye science has to offer—through the professional services and skills of the Ophthalmologist or Optometrist, the technical training of the Ophthalmic Dispenser (Optician). At the first sign of difficulty, get professional help for "the only pair of eyes you will ever have". The comfort, efficiency, and downright pleasure of good eyesight are priceless.

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BETTER VISION BVI *FOR BETTER LIVING*

halted for a red traffic light. They had come to the suburban business section.

Across the street Jamey eyed the drugstore wistfully.

"Her father was a doctor, and he always had lots of mail—medical journals, bills, things like that," Grandfather said. "And Gogo! Gogo had scads of letters from her beaux. Everybody wanted to marry her," Grandfather remembered, chuckling. "She was the prettiest girl in seven counties."

The light showed green at last. "As pretty as Mommie?"

"Truthfully," Grandfather said, "man to man, prettier. Your mother, Jamey, is too serious to be really beautiful. Do you understand what I mean? Gogo was bubbling over with high spirits. She was like—like a fire. Men wanted to hold out their hands toward her." Grandfather sighed. "And thunderation," Grandfather exclaimed—Grandfather who was not a swearing man—"how I wanted her."

Jamey said: "Didn't she like you?"

THEY were in front of the drugstore. Astonishingly Grandfather halted. Jamey peered up at him in surprise. Then Jamey followed his eyes.

The new white paper-strip sign on the gleaming drugstore window said: Special Today! Banana Split! 20¢. Jamey understood the words banana and today and the matter of twenty cents.

"All my life," Grandfather said, "I've wanted to play hooky from church. Mind you, Jamey. I like church. But, by gosh, sometimes the seats are awfully hard."

Jamey parroted gladly, "Awfully hard. Yes, sir."

The moment hung. The church bell stopped ringing.

"Would you like a banana split?"

"Right now?" Jamey cried.

Grandfather chuckled. He got out his money and counted it in the palm of his hand. Jamey could only stand and watch breathlessly.

It was not that Grandfather was a miser, or that he was greedy. The truth was that Grandfather had never had a great deal of money; he had, in fact, had hardly any all his life. Mailmen weren't paid high salaries and Grandfather had had to scrape and watch the pennies. He was retired now, of course, on a pension but he still had to scrape and watch the pennies.

"Lacks two cents," Grandfather grunted.

Soberly Jamey squatted upon his heels. "Wait, wait! I think I have it, Grandfather." He dug into his pockets and spread his earthly possessions upon the sidewalk, Grandfather towering above him.

There were three rocks and a splinter of wood amazingly like the hull of a sailing boat. There was a tiny, smooth lump of coal and a dead fly and two pieces of green string and four copper pennies. These last Jamey handed up to his Grandfather, and the two of them marched triumphantly into the drugstore.

It was fun. Sitting up at the counter on high stools, they grinned at themselves in the mirror behind the counter.

"Two banana splits," Grandfather ordered.

And Jamey added importantly, "With cherries." His feet dangled and he kicked wickedly against the cold black marble. His eyes got used to the cool dimness after the sunshine and he regarded his grandfather anxiously.

"Didn't she like you?" Jamey repeated, as if the trend of conversation about Gogo had not been interrupted. Jamey understood that this story was important, especially to him.

"I don't," Grandfather said, "think she knew I existed. The governor would much rather have married her than Aunt Margaret, and there were others. And I had no money. I had no family with a grand house and I surely couldn't take her riding in the mail buggy."

Jamey licked his lips. He was watching the man put the cherries on the banana splits.

"Then one June day," Grandfather said, remembering, his voice round and bright like the cherries, "I kissed her. The whole world smelled of lilac and the hayfields were ready to be cut. She got a letter that day. She was twenty and something in the letter—" Grandfather paused to stare into space. "Something alarmed her. She was stunned. Even her lips were white, and I leaned over the buggy wheel and kissed her."

Jamey had been to movies. "Did she slap you?" Jamey asked knowingly.

Grandfather, confronted with his sweet concoction, did not answer. He began eating ice cream hungrily.

Jamey said again, his mouth quite full, "Did she slap you, Grandfather?"

Grandfather's face went taut. It was as if he disliked remembering that part. He looked at Jamey gravely. "She cried. She sobbed and sobbed," Grandfather said.

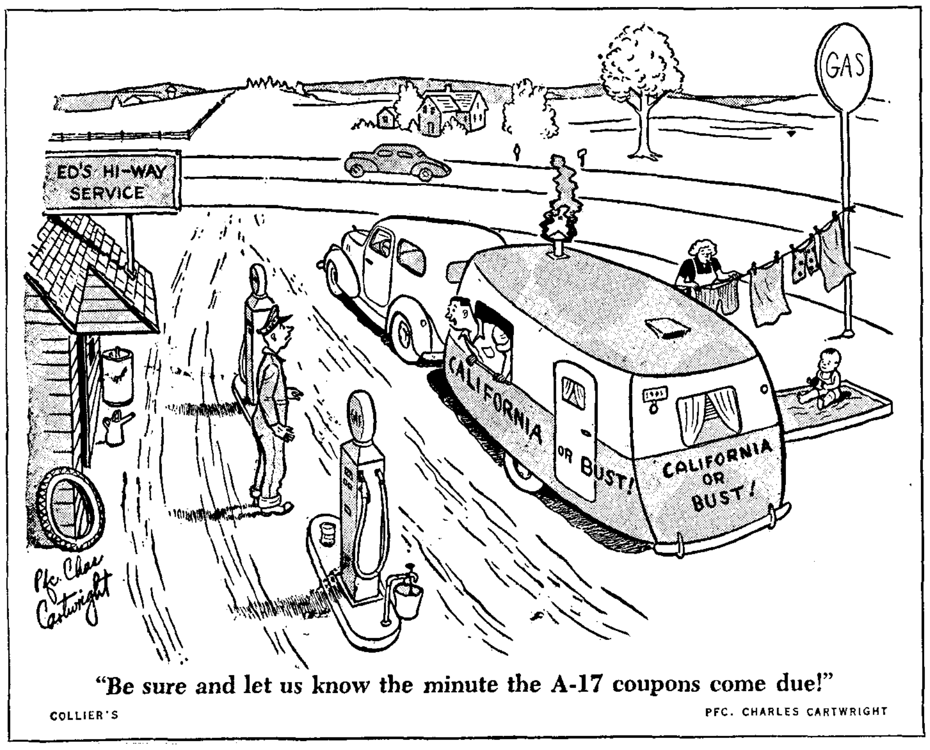
"Why?"

But Grandfather would not say. Grandfather shook his head, and began telling Jamey about his horse. His horse had been called Maud, and she had been a remarkable horse indeed.

All the way home and through lunch, which they ate alone, and afterward when they went up to Grandfather's room, Grandfather kept telling him new things about Maud. Grandfather fell asleep, talking.

Jamey lay very still beside him, feeling comforted and happy. His grandfather understood him. His grandfather had not abandoned him to misery, to a lost feeling of insecurity and harshness, because on that day he had been alone in a house not his. Grandfather had talked to him, man to man.

TWO o'clock came. Now the house was really in an uproar, ladies rushing here and there and the first guests expected any moment.



"Be sure and let us know the minute the A-17 coupons come due!"

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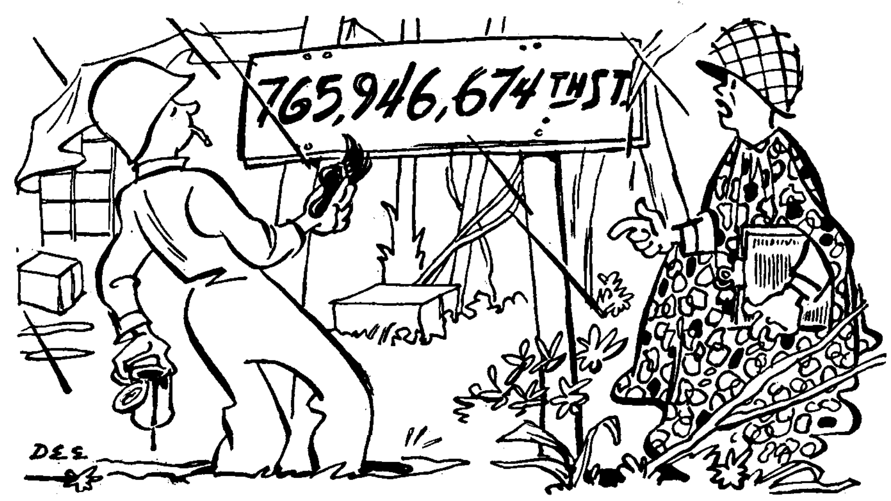
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"Don't you think that's extending the Los Angeles city limits a bit far?"

COLLIER'S DEE FAIRCHILD

Alone and unaided, Jamey changed to his sailor suit and brushed his hated red hair. Shining clean, excitement bubbling in him, Jamey stood in the upper hall and peered through the curving stair rails.

His grandfather, Aunt Margaret, Uncle Peter, Gogo and his mother stood in an excited group by the lace-covered dining-room table, admiring a gift that had arrived in a huge box filled with excelsior. Anna, the maid, was on her knees, putting the straw excelsior stuff on a spread-out newspaper. His mother was lighting the dozen tall candles.

Jamey stared at his mother.

His mother's dress was tangerine colored. A cluster of white orchids was pinned at her waist and her hair was a flat braid atop her head like a dark gleaming halo. Jamey shouted "Boo!" A demon of speed and love possessed him.

He went rocketing down the stairs. They had played this game before. He heard his mother laugh, and he wanted to hug her, hug, hug, hug. At the last instant, his mother sidestepped. Jamey expected to swerve and halt in a bundle of giggles.

BUT he couldn't stop. His astonishing energy hurled him crashing into the table. He went absolutely half under it, the lace tablecloth dragging after him. He was stunned, and fell backward on the excelsior with the dozen blazing candles and the empty crystal punch bowl tumbling around him.

The punch bowl shattered into a thousand splinters. One of the candles caught fire in the excelsior and Jamey felt the hot little leaping licks of flame at his head. His hair caught fire.

Anna screamed. Gogo and the others hopped backward, with surprising agility considering their ages. Jamey's mother said swiftly, trying not to show panic. "Just stand perfectly still. Jamey, your hair!"

Jamey got up and ran around the table, his mother trying vainly to catch up. "I hope it all burns off," Jamey said, "then maybe Grandmother will like me."

His grandfather, being a wise man if no longer a swift one, merely tripped him. Jamey sprawled. His grandfather dumped a vase upon him, yellow roses, water and all.

Jamey heard his grandmother's authoritative voice, "Come along to your room, Jamey, with me. Anna and the rest will clean this up."

Obediently, with a sinking heart, Jamey trailed after her. Arrived in his room, Gogo sank down on his rocker. Her old-fashioned wedding dress billowed out around her like a fluffy summer cloud garlanded in faded blue satin ribbons. "Get out of those wet clothes," Gogo commanded.

He thought he was going to be spanked. He didn't mind the spanking, but he did mind undressing before a lady. Noticing his hesitation, Gogo cried, "My goodness! I've seen little boys before. Hurry up!"

Nevertheless, he went behind the screen, changing into the suit with the Magi-red suspenders. Gogo nodded approval at sight of him. "Climb up here," Gogo said, patting her lap.

He could not imagine why. He was trembling.

But he climbed up anyway and then he saw that there were tears on his grandmother's cheeks. "Why, Gogo," he said. It was the first time he had called her Gogo. "I'm sorry I ruined your party."

"You haven't ruined anything." His grandmother found the nail scissors on his dresser beside her, and carefully snipped off the burnt edges of his hair. "Such lovely hair," his grandmother said. "How could you ever think I didn't like it? And that I didn't like you?"

Jamey said promptly, "You acted—funny."

"Did I?" Gogo sighed. "I suppose I did. Your grandfather told me just a little while ago that he thought I was neglecting you. You see," Gogo explained softly, "I was perhaps trying to avoid you. Your carrot-top hair reminded me of someone I used to know."

Jamey blinked.

"He was very nice, Jamey. He was in love with me . . ."

Jamey considered. "The way Grandfather loves you?"

Gogo smiled faintly. "He was governor of the state and he expected that anything he wanted he could have. I think I led him on. I mean, I liked going to balls with him and being driven around in a grand carriage," Gogo said ruefully, "and then when he asked me to marry him, I couldn't. I didn't love him. He flew into a rage and that night he eloped with Margaret."

"Great-Aunt Margaret?"

"Great-Aunt Margaret," Gogo repeated. "The first I knew of it was the next day when I got a letter from him saying how heartless and cruel and what a vain nobody I was."

Jamey objected stoutly: "You are not!"

"That's exactly what your grandfather said," Gogo whispered, fingering his hair; "That was the day your grandfather kissed me the first time."

Jamey nodded. Jamey knew all about the kissing.

"But I'm not sure, Jamey," his grandmother said, "that I'm not vain and cruel. There are always people leaning on me, demanding things of me in this house."

"Like Mommie leans on me."

THEY regarded each other. Suddenly, and from that moment forward, they were not alien. They were kin in understanding, the very young boy and the old woman, because they both knew two kinds of love. Jamey knew his mother's love which was filled with desire and made of Jamey a support. Jamey knew also his grandfather's love which was whole and needed nothing in return.

"Forgive me, Jamey? Do you forgive me, Jamey?"

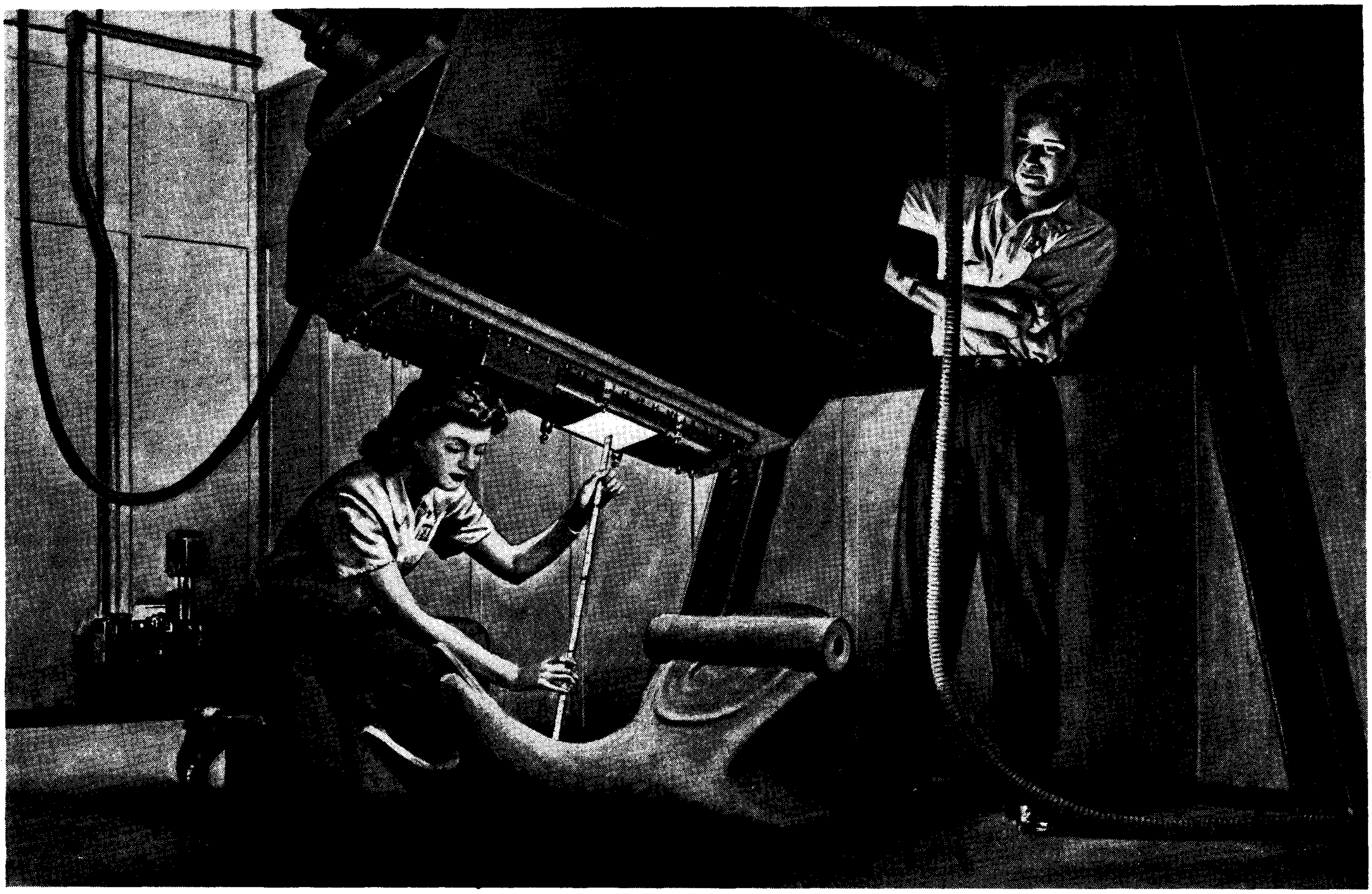
Jamey swallowed. He could not speak.

He wiggled on her lap. He swallowed loudly again.

"My goodness," Jamey said, "your lap sure is soft, Gogo."

His grandmother was laughing and crying all at once. But Jamey was too old for tears, and he merely laughed giddily, with his grandmother's face buried in the nape of his neck. He thought happily of the golden-wedding party ahead. He loved parties.

THE END



The Lead Cage...

that Tames Wild X-rays

Today, X-rays have been bred to such stature that they can quickly disclose hidden flaws in solid steel castings.

So powerful and so widely used have X-rays become under the whip of war that, like mighty lions, they must be more carefully confined to their "cages" than ever before—lest they maim or kill their keepers.

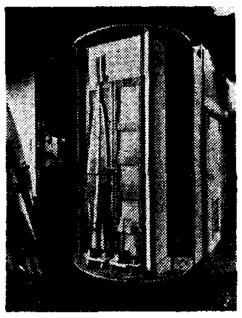
Most of these "cages" are rooms lined with *lead.* A relatively thin layer of this versatile metal will stop an X-ray that can see through armor plate like plate glass.

If you were the operator of an X-ray machine you would look upon that protective lining of lead as the thin wall that separates life from death—that enables X-rays to see the unseen *with safety.*

Thus lead has speeded the production of vital war materiel. Today, for example, lead-lined "turntables," such as the one shown, are putting X-ray inspection of hollow steel propeller blades on a production line basis.

Lead's role in controlling X-ray and radium radiation in hospitals and laboratories is equally important . . . and its easy workability as a metal places no limits on its use in lining any required type of wall, cabinet or protective shield.

National Lead Company, which long ago pioneered in producing lead of many types, has placed at the finger-tips of science and industry its storehouse of data and experience. National Lead Company, 111 Broadway, New York 6, N. Y.



This lead lined "revolving door" makes it possible to X-ray-photograph hollow steel propeller blades three times faster than before. Blades and film are placed in the four compartments and rotated past the X-ray projector, which is safely isolated in the adjoining lead-lined "cage." Operators work unhampered by fear of "wild" X-ray radiation.

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Europe's Hangover

Continued from page 19

moving this pile of the human refuse of war has now been systematized. Before the gunfire died away and the Third Reich had vanished with its army into history, it was like a madhouse with the guards absent and the doors and windows open. When the factories in which they labored were destroyed or captured, or the farms on which they worked had been overrun, all the slave people, despite Allied military pleas to the contrary, packed up and lit out aimlessly.

Even the dullest of the voluntary workers could then see the handwriting on the wall, and it was to their advantage to put as many miles as possible between themselves and their German employers, who might bear witness to their willingness.

The whole became a formless swirling mass of vagrants. A few provided useful intelligence to the onrushing Allied soldiers. But mostly they got under the feet of the fighting men and gravely impeded military operations. Many armed themselves with Wehrmacht guns and knives. Some attempted to fight in a disciplined manner alongside Yanks and Tommies. This was discouraged for obvious reasons. So most of them went their own avenging way. Those were the days of personal grudges to settle, not only with the Germans but with one another. The lid was off. There were beatings, murder, pillage and rape.

Poles fought Russians. Italians fought Greeks. Everybody fought the French. The Nazi virus turned men into animals. To the real slave workers, the sight of any German, whether soldier or civilian, or of any person of their own race whom they knew to be a collaborator, was anathema.

The extent of summary justice inflicted will never be known. In the rubble heaps of German towns before Allied troops had time to pause and establish security guards, little groups of hard-eyed displaced men would gather to watch the housewives in their food queues. There was dread in the eyes of each woman as she put her meager loaf in her apron and ran off toward what was left of her family and home. She knew a couple of silent men were dogging her. When they caught up, she had the choice of surrendering her ration or being knifed. As often as not, she was knifed anyway.

This ended when the garrison troops caught up, or the spearheads could turn from battle. The Russian displaced persons in particular were amenable to Yanks and seemed to like and respect them. There are a hundred stories of how one G.I., without unslinging his rifle, could manage the biggest and unruliest gang of Russians. This, by the way, is a pleasant circumstance that has carried on into present arrangements where you will find half a dozen combat Yanks running a camp of six to eight thousand Russians in contentment and orderliness.

First of the Postwar Problems

Meanwhile, the officers of the displaced persons branch of SHAEF's G-5 untangled this menacing chaos with what seems to me to have been incredible skill and dispatch. Under this branch, liaison officers of eleven of the United Nations—Russian, French, Belgian, Dutch, Polish, Luxemburgian, Czech, Yugoslav, Greek, Danish and Norwegian—whose people are mainly concerned, work from the various army groups in the SHAEF zone. No provision has yet been made for similar officers in the Russian area. The Russians merely ship all displaced persons—except their own and those of nations which they control—over to our side for disposal. The SHAEF officers tagged dozens of the best barracks in Germany, and into these the displaced persons were shepherded, with each nationality segregated.

The wanderers are gathered in by sentries at road blocks and bridges, and by patrols on the less frequented highways. Thousands, of course, swarm to the camps of their own accord. News of the better camps travels the grapevine, and those are frequently embarrassed by more guests than they can handle, so they have to be trucked elsewhere.

In camp, each displaced person is deloused, given medical treatment if necessary and thoroughly screened. In the lack of papers—and few displaced persons have them—the liaison officer is guided by his own knowledge and instinct, plus the assistance of selected helpers from among the camp inmates themselves. The latter are especially valuable in spotting war criminals or collaborators. Each displaced person is given an identification card which he must carry until he reaches the point nearest his claimed home, and there he is finally screened. On the cards of suspected persons, a secret mark is put, which the holder cannot possibly discern, for the benefit of his final interrogators.

Now the displacees must settle down to await shipment. Every possible means of transportation is utilized—captured Luftwaffe airplanes, as well as our own river boats and barges, railroads, Allied military trucks and those seized from the Wehrmacht and civilians. In two days of May, the U.S. 9th Army alone delivered 25,000 Russians.

There was a conference at Leipzig between SHAEF and Russian officers, and a procedure was worked out which, to the impatient Americans, seems over-elaborate. However, it sticks, and it works like this: Combined Reception-Delivery Camps have been organized on both sides of the meeting line. We bring Russians and others who want to go to Russian territory to the camps on our side. The Russians bring westbound displacees similarly to their side. Exchange is then effected through a common funding point on the actual line. This embarkation line has another interest because it highlights the essential difference between SHAEF Europe and Russian Europe.

On the one side, there is the great noise of Westernized publicity; on the other—mystery. Russian displacees, as they surge cheering across to the Red Army, are greeted with a day-long bedlam of speeches, bands, flags, placards, slogans and a myriad of loudspeakers that blare recordings of Russian folk music. And then you watch them trudge past this jolly barricade and disappear into the enigma and the great silence of the East, and you wonder how they will fare and if the back of the zone is as hospitable as its bosom.

We visited our American camp for displaced Russians located in the fine barracks of a former grenadier regiment just outside a south German city. It contains upward of 7,000 Russians yet is managed by a captain, a lieutenant and three enlisted men of a Yank combat infantry outfit. Food is requisitioned from the Germans through the local burgomaster. "They brought 'em here," explain the Americans, "so they've got to feed 'em."

The intercamp government is entirely Russian. They cook their own food and have set up a tailor and other workshops. They even have a draft board which puts all healthy men of military age into battalions that drill, sing and exercise lustily all day. Everywhere you see groups, seated on the ground, being indoctrinated in turn in military affairs and politics by commissars of their own choosing.

In a very short time, the Russians have given the camp an atmosphere which is amazingly like that of villages you have seen in Russia. All of the strangely mixed characteristics of Russian peasants are here: gregariousness and seclusion, surliness and good nature, friendliness and suspicion, willingness and obstinacy. White-bearded and rheumy-eyed old moujiks drowse in the sun, as they did in front of their huts on the plains of the Don. Around them play children. You wonder what the Germans were thinking of to bring, for labor purposes, the feeble and the immature. The displacees themselves explain: They were taken in order to lure their relatives to follow.

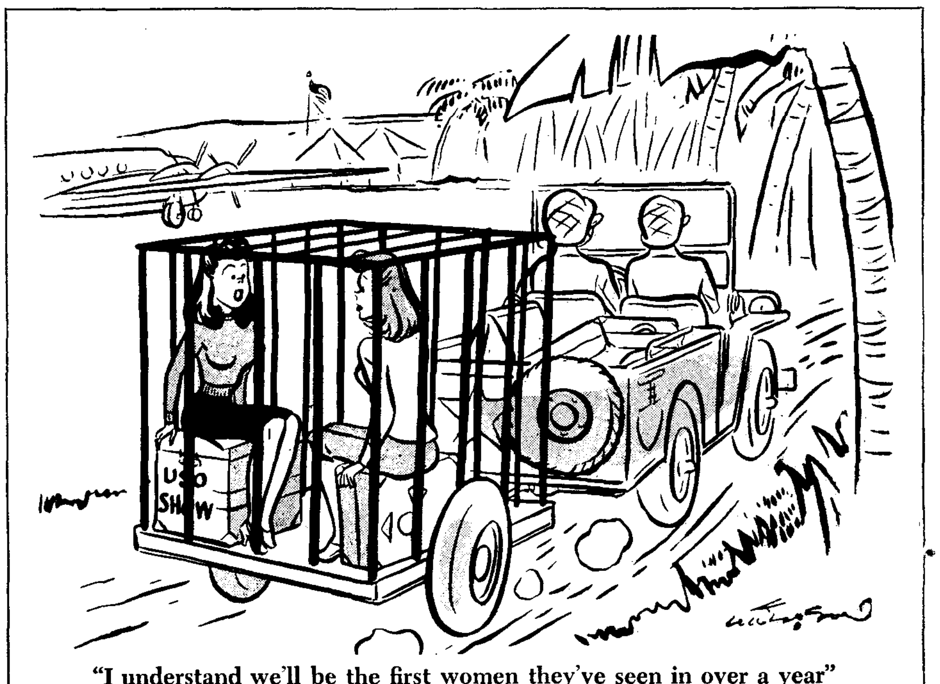
All the vital statistics of vigorous communal life are here: deaths, births, marriages. Women gossip and squabble in their open-air laundry. When the day's work and drilling are done, fresh-cheeked and melon-bosomed lassies promenade with their boy friends or dance on the big outdoor floor they have built. When night falls, the muted billing and cooing in the dark corners suggest that more Russians will go home than came here.

Death Attends a Party

In the camp plaza, they listen to broadcasts from Russia. They did not celebrate V-E with their Yank friends. "Moscow hasn't told us," they said. But when Moscow did tell them, it was quite a party. Five men were found dead the next morning. They had broken into the infirmary and made drinks from various bottles there.

Priorities for shipment from assembly centers to the Russian line or to Western nations rests with the liaison officer of the nationality involved, who is told when transportation will be available and for how many. Very important persons—or VIPs in Army slang—are usually lifted out and flown home. Ordinary folks must take their turn, with the sick getting preference. Quite naturally, any camp on a day when a convoy is being made up is a mingling of joy and gloom, of happiness and anguished complaints of favoritism.

West and east the convoys flash across the loom of the Reich like great needles unwrapping the threads of a badly jumbled pattern of humanity. Here is a three-mile-long procession of big American troop and cargo trucks. They are speeding toward the Rhine with hundreds of French citizens who stand with un-Gallic stolidity or sit precariously atop heaps of personal luggage. A bright new tricolor or a piece of French bunting tied to the flank of each truck are the only marks of rejoicing. The "V" sign is gone with the war. When they reach Paris or one of the other twenty major reception



"I understand we'll be the first women they've seen in over a year"

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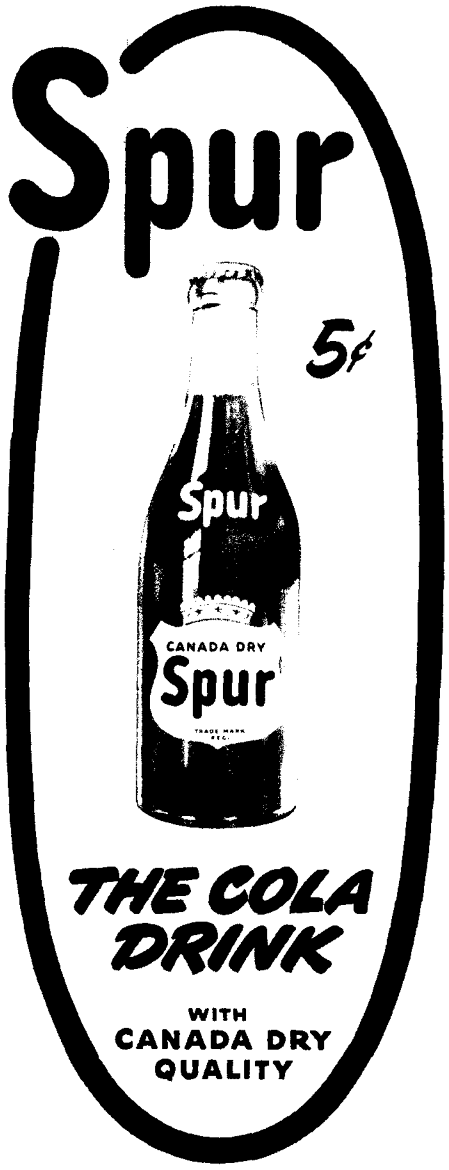
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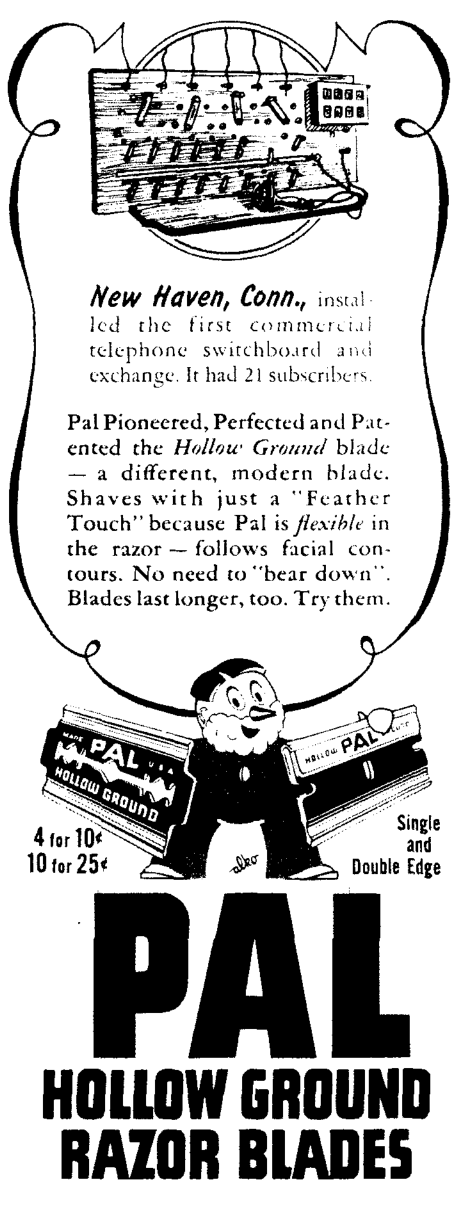
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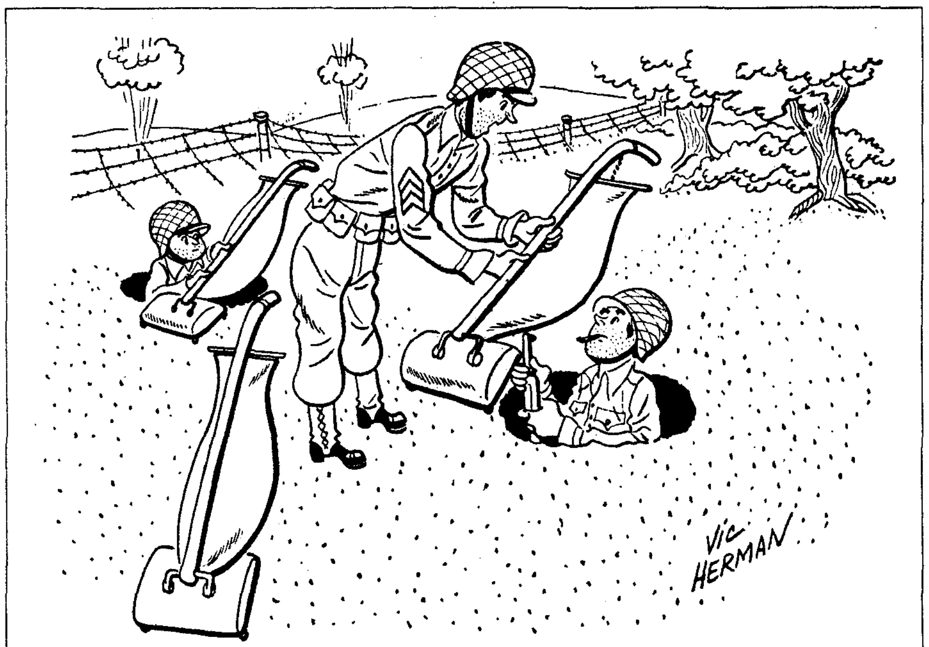

"Do the best you can with them—somebody jumped the gun on reconversion"

COLLIER'S VIC HERMAN

centers in France, each will receive, after final medical inspection and security questioning, one thousand francs in cash together with information about homes and kin. But one thousand francs won't buy a square meal in France these days.

There are many parades of shouted protest by returnees on the Paris streets, and raids upon stores where they help themselves to shoes, clothing and food and tell the shopkeepers, "Send the bill to the ministry."

Here, on the other hand, is a train rattling eastward with Russians. It is a hodgepodge of what to American eyes must always seem the Toonerville railway equipment of Europe—second- and third-class passenger day coaches, closed boxcars and open gondolas. But the spirit is in sharp contrast with that of the French. The Russians are childlike in their elation. The whole train, even the locomotive, is festive with red banners and slogans. There are pictures of Stalin and Lenin and the marshals. There are big red stars on every unit, and decorations of evergreen branches. And the Russian men, women and children, jammed beyond the dreams of a New York subway guard, are unbelievably patient with delay and discomfort. They whoop and sing and wave their arms. You can't help but ponder that these are indeed the people of the new Europe. They are the only people who can give a gala holiday air to misfortune. Beside them, all the other races over here seem old and weary and sad.

It may surprise you to know that scores of thousands of the displaced of Europe do not want to go home. Nor are they forced to by SHAEF officers against their wishes, except for known war criminals of all nationalities and for Russians. Under the Yalta agreement, all Russians who are found and whose citizenship is clearly proved, in spite of what they might claim to the contrary, are compelled to return whether they like it or not. The Russians do not recognize the term "displaced persons." To them, all Russians who fell under German control whether as forced or voluntary workers or prisoners of war—even those Russians who served as soldiers in the German army—are known as "liberated Soviet citizens" and back they go.

It is known that Russia takes a poor view of soldiers who allowed themselves to be captured. It is further known that many villages in the Ukraine whose inhabitants were carried off wholesale to Germany had disobeyed Soviet orders to evacuate before the German advance. A lot of such people are going to have to talk fast. Yet Russia may be as unpredictable in her treatment of wayward citizens as she has been in so many other matters.

Because the United States and England have never recognized Russia's absorption of Latvia, Estonia and Lithuania, displaced persons from those countries are not forced to go home. Neither are Poles. If picked up on the Russian side, none of these people has any choice.

Many in our area elect to go home anyway. Thousands have decided to stay, and some hide in farm jobs, and some have already married into German families. Of the ten thousand Danes believed to have been displaced, less than two thousand have been found as of now. Death has, of course, taken its toll. But so has love. It has swelled the total of the hidden and it has added pain to SHAEF's headache. Will the native lands and the home folks accept a displacee's German wife?

The French seem to have been the most love-bewitched. And, for a couple of hundred Frenchmen who married Russians, there is a grave complication, because the Soviet Union does not recognize marriages of its citizens of either sex except under Soviet auspices. The Frenchmen want to take their Russian brides to France, but the Soviet Union says: No, the women must return to Russia—and without their French husbands. "Higher authority" is wrestling with this one.

Of those who are listed at assembly centers and who do not care to return to former homes, it is interesting to note that the majority express a desire to go to the United States. Wherever they will eventually land, for the present they are given a special rating and left undisturbed.

The Incident at the Bridge

I said this is a story that can have no ending, but it has its little paragraphs that finish its pages, that turn over its chapters, that blend. So for me there will always be this small and unimportant period at the bridge in Mannheim.

At the temporary ponton bridge which links it with Ludwigshafen, there was the usual crowd. German soldiers assisted Yank MPs in checking the weary and laden. Many were released Wehrmacht soldiers and German refugees, and these were allowed to go. On the opposite shore, drab people had gathered to watch and wait. They would slink back to their cellars at nightfall when the bridge was closed, but they would return and watch and wait the next day and the next and all days, until a known face appeared.

On this side, many were screened out because their papers were not in order or because they could not establish their identities and must go to a displacee center. Down the bank a few yards, some people were standing beside a man's body. There was a cloth over his face.

A guard said, "He said he was French, but that was a joke and he had no papers, so the Yanks said he must go to a camp. But he jumped in—clothes and bundles and all—and tried to swim. Before we could get a boat and fish him out, he was drowned."

So you went over and uncovered the face. It was our friend of the Sunday morning on the rain-swept autobahn in the land where spring this year was like autumn.

THE END

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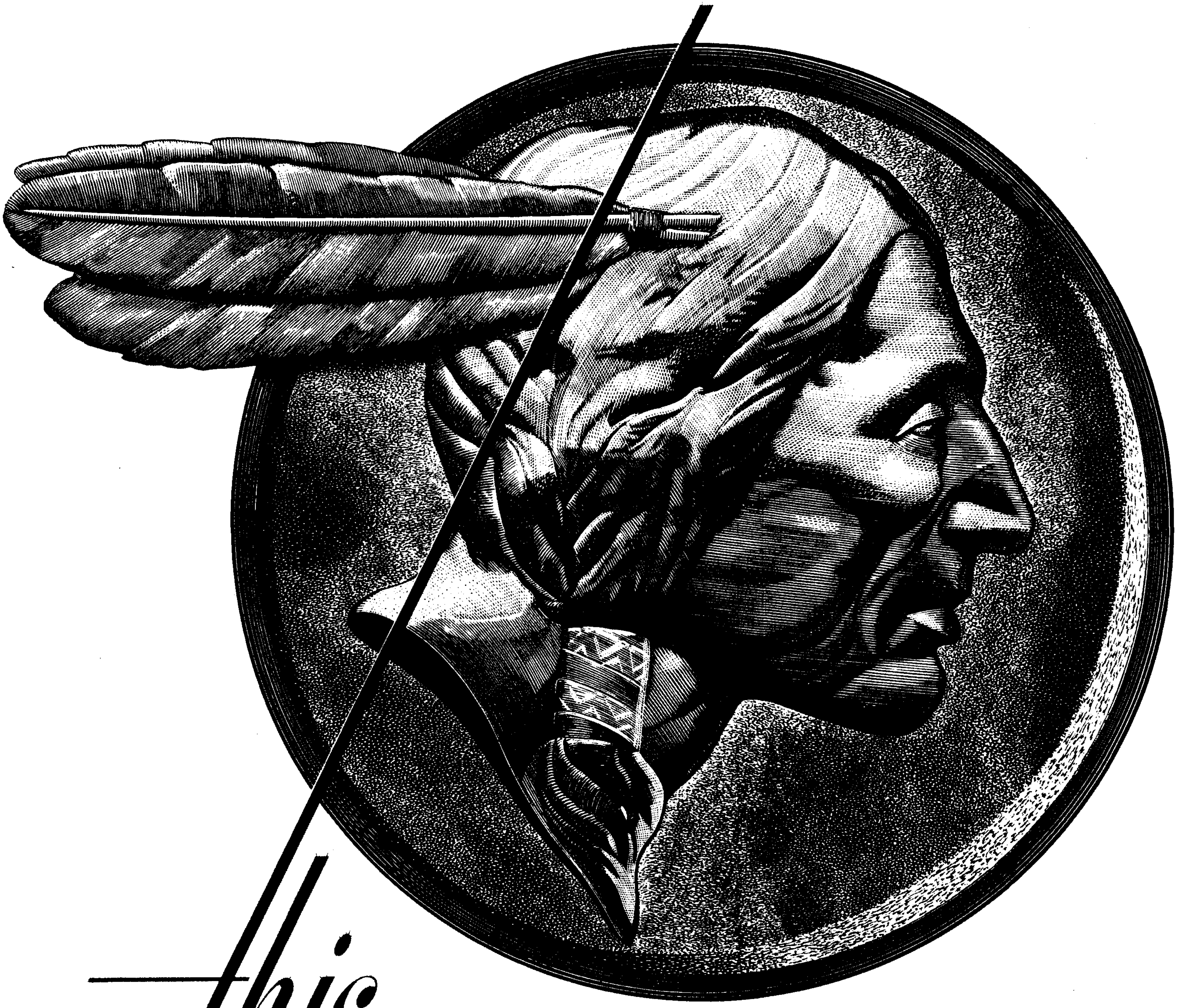

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It will stand for good cars again ....

It's Up to You

BY WALT GROVE

He was her husband and she loved him so much. That was what counted—more than her terrible fear or the strange ways the war had taught him

SHE woke up first and turned to look at her husband sleeping with his bare shoulders and arms uncovered. He was a flat-faced stocky boy with heavy blond hair, and in the sunlight coming through the window she could see the thick white welt of scar on his left side.

Quietly getting out of bed, she walked barefooted to the bathroom and took off her gown, turning on the water in the tub, and began to brush her hair. She bathed quickly, went from the bathroom, zipping up the white housecoat, into the tiny kitchenette. When the coffee percolated she carried it to him. He was awake, staring at the tree.

"Oh, you're awake," she said. "Want anything besides coffee?"

"No," he said.

"You're sure?" She handed him a cup, and he shook his head.

As he sipped the coffee she sat beside him and leaned on his shoulder eating a piece of toast. When he had half finished the cup he lighted a cigarette and leaned back, looking out of the window again. She was eager to ask him, but she made herself wait until he had finished his coffee.

"It's going to be such a nice day," she said.

"Yes."

"Bubba, darling," she said. "Darling, I want to talk to you. It's very important. I'm worried and I want to talk to you."

"What about?"

"Well, I think we ought to go home to Wichita," she said. "We've had three weeks here, three very lovely weeks, and I do think it's been nice, but I think we ought to go home now, darling. I know we haven't much money."

"How do you know?" he said.

"Well, how much do we have?"

"I won't tell you," he said.

"Oh, don't be that way, darling," she said. "It isn't just us. Your father wants to see you. He came to see me all the time and he'd always ask if you'd written and he—"

"That'll be enough of that, Ducky."

"I'm just telling you," she said. She folded her hands in her lap. "All our friends want to see you, too."

"All my friends are dead," he said.

"Why, that's not so. You've lots of friends. Johnny—"

"I hope Johnny gets cancer of the throat."

That confused her and she said hurriedly, "But if we stay here, where will you work?"

"Are you hungry?" he said.

She laughed. "Of course not, silly, of course, I'm not hungry."

"Then why should I work?"

"Everyone works," she said.

"Ho-ho," he said.

"Oh, Bubba, please let's go. I want to so badly," she pleaded. "We have so little money, and your father's there and all our friends—"

"Now, look, I said my friends were dead." He stood up, looking down, his face red and angry "They died in some vineyards and along a river bank trying to cross a bridge. They're all dead, every one of them and don't say 'our friends,' because you never knew them. Say 'my friends' and say 'your friends,' but don't say 'our friends,' because mine are dead, and I know where yours are and where they've been."

She was very afraid and said, "Then you don't want to?"

"Shut up!" he said.

"Don't you talk to me like that!" she said.

"Shut up, Ducky! You're a little girl and you don't know, so shut up and don't mention this again." He dropped his cigarette in his cup, walked to the closet and took his uniform from a hanger.

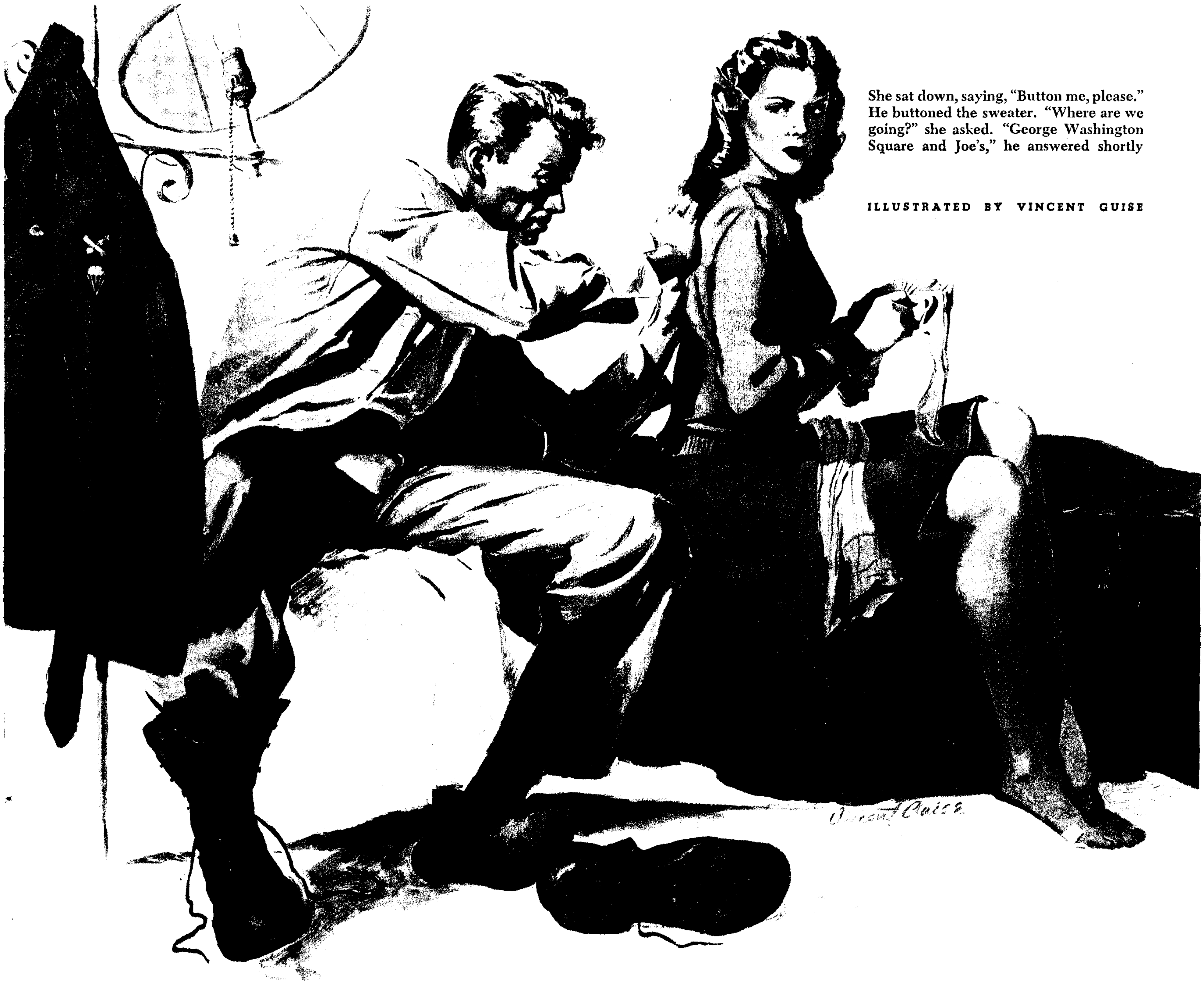
She sat watching him, very hurt and confused. "Going somewhere?" she asked.

"Yes."

She got up quickly, went to the closet and got the blue suit and a soft sweater and stockings from the dresser. After she had on the skirt, she walked barefooted, pulling on the sweater, to where he sat on the bed lacing up his highly polished paratroop boots. She sat down, saying, "Button me, please." He buttoned the sweater, and she patted his hand and pulled on her stockings as he finished lacing his boots.

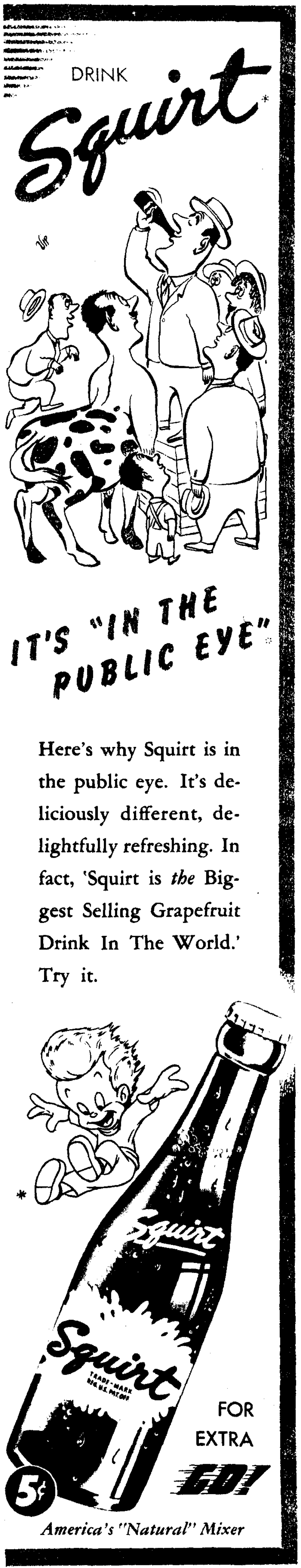
"Where are we going?" she said.

(Continued on page 69)



She sat down, saying, "Button me, please." He buttoned the sweater. "Where are we going?" she asked. "George Washington Square and Joe's," he answered shortly

ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENT GUISE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Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

A dozen Navy Helldiver dive bombers, loaded with thousand-pounders, to work over some stubborn cave guns down on the left flank. And, just to be on the safe side, four rugged Marine Corsairs loaded with bombs, rockets and plenty of ammo for their fifty calibers, to prowl the front on call, ready to go to the aid of anybody who needed help in a hurry.

"Okay, Short Rock," said Rogers. "Help coming up." He passed the target data over to Major Jack Moore, baby-faced veteran of Marine flying—from Guadalcanal to the Marshalls. "It's urgent, Jack," he said. "Push it."

Major Moore, Support Air Director, spoke to the Corsairs as they circled over the front. "Business for you, boys. Here's the word."

Even while he was speaking the gull-winged fighter-bombers were turning their noses toward the target area. They went joyfully. For two successive nights, their pilots had lain in their foxholes beside the air strip while Jap bombers roared over, laying daisy-cutters among the tents. For two nights in succession Major Bob Hammond, Jr., of Utica, Mississippi, their flight leader, had crawled out of his hole to find his tent and all his gear scattered in riddled fragments over an acre of ground. Now they were asking him to scatter some Japs over an acre of ground. What a pleasant task!

HUDDLED in this Okinawan tomb, Godley looked up to see them circling, and his eyes bugged. He had figured thirty minutes. Here they were on station, ready to go to work—in twelve. Through Moore, Godley began to talk them onto the target.

Then Rogers broke in: "Remember to give yourself time to pull back a little. We don't want a big one to go wild and pin your ears back. Those are five-hundred-pound eggs they'll be laying. You are three hundred yards too close."

"Listen, pal," said Godley. "If I pull out of this hole, the Nips will really pin my ears back. I'm staying here. Your boys hit where they look. I'm not worried about 'em."

"Okay. Okay," said Rogers. "But for God's sake, give 'em some sort of marker to show 'em where you are."

In the tomb with Godley, Corporal Dick Winfield, of Doris, California, a tall, sad-eyed telephone lineman, listened to this conversation. He stood up and draped a white panel down his back, knotting it around his neck like a cape. "Lemme get to that little ditch out there. I'll be the marker." He dived for the ditch and lay down, covering his head with his hands.

Moore passed the word of the human marker to Bob Hammond in the air. Hammond peered over the side of his Corsair and spoke to his pilots: "Little white speck down there. Marks the observer's post. Stay west of it, so you won't hurt any of our own folks. Got it?"

"Roger," said Lieutenant Marvin Van Salter.

"Sure," said Lieutenant Marion Crawford.

"Let's put the show on the road," said Lieutenant Stub Washburn, an impatient man.

Godley was talking fast now, through Jack Moore, to the planes, and Moore, calmly as a cop giving directions to a stranger in town, was passing the word along.

"See the little gully running east and west? The big white rock at the head of it? Gun position there. Now up a little, about forty yards. Little clump of trees. There's a DP (dual purpose gun) in there. Machine guns all along the ridge. Both sides and on the crest. Give the whole hogback a good going-over with the bombs first. Then use the rockets on anything still kicking."

"Yowsah," said Hammond. "Got it. But let me give 'em a little dry run first over that DP under the rock just to be sure I got it straight in my mind where it is. I'll waggle my wings when I'm over it."

He went down in the dummy run, his three planes following.

IN HIS hole, John Godley watched. Like a man having somebody else scratch his back, he gave directions: "Ea-sst a little. Now tell him west just a hair. Now they're on. Right there. Ahhh."

Crooomp! Hammond's first 500-pounder fell. John Godley gave minute corrections. *Crooomp!* Crawford came in. *Whooomp! Kerrrrooom!* Van Salter and Washburn followed him. Hammond was circling for his second run.

Croooom! Hammond's second bomb was in. John Godley, who had been cool and calm as he talked them on, was yelling now. In the control room, men around the table slid their earphones up to hear his voice as it shrilled in Moore's phone.

"Right on. Right on!" he was yelling. "Man, oh, man, oh, man, oh, man! Is that letting them have it!"

The blasts were rocking Godley. You could hear him gasp as the explosions shook him. Above the target the Corsairs were swinging in for their rocket run. *Whooosh, Wham!* Godley was yelling again as the first rockets struck. "That's right on. That's right in there. There are pieces of that gun flying all over."

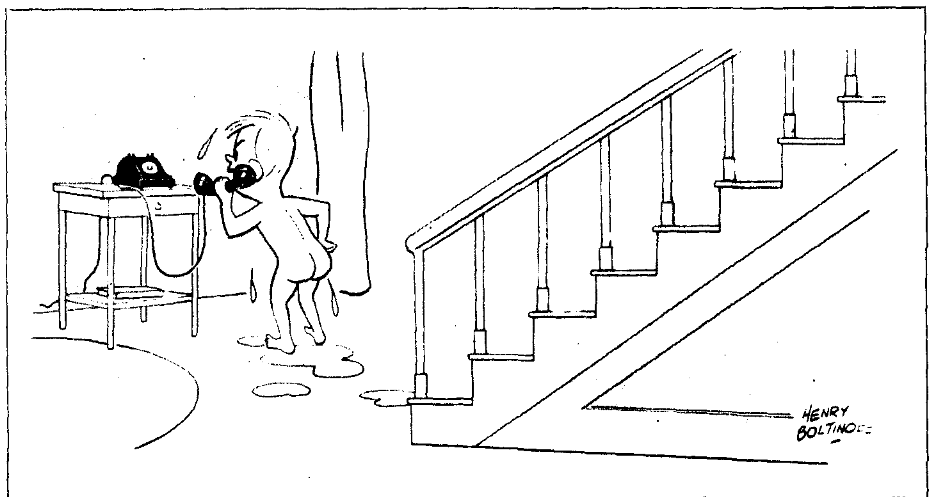
Whoosh! Ker—*wham! Whooosh!* Ker—*wham!* "Oh, that's fine. That's perfect. Perfect, perfect! Right on the button. Right in there. Hey, Air Control, tell those boys they did a magnificent job. Tell 'em it was perfect. Tell 'em we said thanks a million."

"Thank you, Short Rock," said Captain Rogers. "We strike to please."

Down south, where the wrinkled hills lead up to Gusakama Town, through the stinging smell of high explosives, amid the debris of broken guns and queerly tossed shapeless little men, Charlie Company moved swiftly, walking upright, up the shattered ridge. . . .

Lt. Harold H. Martin, USMC

(Lieutenant Martin, 34 years old, is a native of Commerce, Georgia, and a graduate of the University of Georgia. He was a sports writer on the Atlanta Georgian and joined the staff of the Atlanta Constitution in 1939 as a regular reporter. He developed rapidly, and when he entered the Marine Corps in 1943, he was doing a roving-reporter assignment with a daily column. Lieutenant Martin is married and has three children.)



"Never phone on Saturday night. I got a terrible burn coming down the banister!"

COLLIER'S HENRY BOLTINOFF

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Any Week

Continued from page 4

complaint of an Italian prisoner of war who says that when he and his fellow PWs are sent back to Italy, all the United States gives them is one razor blade, a cake of soap and a hand towel. As we say, this may be brutalizing, but somehow we are not enraged.

MR. WALTER MACK notifies us from Stanfordville, New York, that he knows of a brand-new judge who arrived at a snap decision after hearing only the attorney for the complainant. But the defendant's lawyer asked the judge to consider how important it would be to his career if he were to become known as a fair and upright judge, which would, of course, require that he hear both sides of the case. So the judge told him to talk for his side. The judge listened attentively, then: "Well, don't that beat all? Now the defendant wins!"

WE'VE just heard, too, of the order posted by the new office manager of a large and important law firm in New York: "Ladies and gentlemen of the staff will please refrain from laughter in these offices."

AND we're compelled to ask you to help Mr. Alec Burquist of Duluth, Minnesota: "Please send me by return mail the names and addresses of the half dozen best penguin men you know."

WE HAVE a sneaking feeling that this one's elderly. Mr. Grover Cleveland Wilmoth of El Paso, Texas, however, notifies us that the examining officer at a near-by Army base asked a new man what his wife's name was. The fellow said he didn't know. "What do you mean?" demanded the officer. "What did you call her?" And the new guy said: "Never had to. She was always there."

IT IS probably untrue that immediately after the war, as Mr. Joe Temelar of Washington, D. C., says, they are going to hold "a public auction of surplus lieutenant colonels and lieutenant commanders." We don't understand the feeling of many of our customers about such officers. For example, here's one bitterly complaining that he saw three lieutenant colonels get rooms in a hotel while "three soldiers were turned down."

WE'VE been accused, too, of being "old school tie." That is nonsense. Even the teacher in the school we went to didn't wear a tie. He'd have been murdered. . . . W. D.

No Tires Today, Brother!

Continued from page 54

reason the federal government never got around to it, they had to get a supply of rubber or go out of business. It was the know-how gained then which allowed such rapid progress to be made when the government plants (operated by the rubber companies) later began turning out synthetic.

The problem then changed to the use of the new synthetic rubber. The tire men found it so hard to "work" that it required as much as 25 per cent more time for the process. As natural rubber grew scarcer, and synthetic more available, the mixture was constantly changed, with resultant evidences of malaise among the scientists and workmen. Here is how the tonnage has varied:

Year	*Synthetic*	*Natural*	*Reclaimed*
1940	2,500	648.500	190.200
1941	6,300	775,000	251,200
1942	17,700	376,800	254,800
1943	170,900	317,600	291,100
1944	774,000	144,100	249,800

When the rubber was being milled (mixed), it "bloomed," which is to say that a white powder appeared on the surface and had to be washed off with benzine, a process that took time, since it was repeated endlessly. More important, when the rubber layers were finally produced and ready for the tire maker, the troubles really began. It was found that synthetic rubber lacked stickiness.

It meant that the tire builder, instead of merely putting on one layer after another, each clinging neatly to the last, had to stop and swab the various layers with a cement. That caused it, in many cases, to stick too much, with the result that the tire maker had a difficult job moving the layers into place. The delays cut down production and necessitated a general readjustment of piece rates, with battles over wage negotiations.

Also, it was discovered that synthetic rubber was all right for some tires and not for others. This is how the line-up stands now: (a) Most passenger tires (the usual 4-ply job) can be made of 100 per cent synthetic rubber. (b) Truck, bulldozer and airplane tires need a good percentage of natural rubber.

The reason for this latter fact is heat. Under heavy loads and high speeds, truck tires heat up. Natural rubber, being a good heat conductor draws the heat off; synthetic doesn't. The result is that with synthetic tires the fabric tends to disintegrate, and the tire is soon ruined.

This creates other problems. It was found that by using rayon and even nylon for fabrics, there is a better chance of the tire withstanding the heat. This caused an immense demand for rayon and the inevitable shortages. Also, it was discovered that synthetic rubber requires almost twice as much carbon black as natural rubber to increase tensile strength and provide resistance to abrasion and tear. The carbon black reinforces the molecules of the rubber stock in the same way that slag and pebbles reinforce concrete.

Carbon black is that old-fashioned thing known as soot, and made most rapidly from natural gas. In the early part of this year, carbon black became so scarce that the whole rubber program was threatened, just as manufacturers had been predicting for a year. It was then that John L. Collyer, president of Goodrich, was prevailed upon to take the top rubber job in Washington. Six carbon black plants had been started, and within a few months the product was showing up in Akron and other rubber centers.

The point is that the synthetic battle has been won. We produced almost 800,000 tons of synthetic last year and managed to drag in about 110,000 tons of natural rubber from such scattered places as India, South America, Ceylon and West Africa. That is barely enough to produce the mixtures needed for larger tires, and the natural rubber supply in 1945 had dropped below the "dangerous minimum," 100,000 tons, as set in the Baruch report. It will be about 65,000 tons at year end, to be exact, and scientists are using midnight oil in bettering the synthetic process. We're going to squeeze through but it won't be easy.

A Background of Labor Strife

One of the great difficulties of the rubber battle has been the labor situation. The industry is organized under the United Rubber Workers, a progressive union which is itself going through its birth pangs. What it has had to face is a background of animosity which heals very slowly. The result has been a series of wildcat strikes and sitdowns that the union has not been able to control. The companies maintain that the union workers are loafing on the job; the workers claim that every attempt of theirs to increase production has been met with a cut in their piece rates.

The trouble seems to stem from grievances acquired during the depression, when Akron was so hard hit that a tire maker was fortunate to get two days work a week at a wage of around $10 a week. The workers, even the

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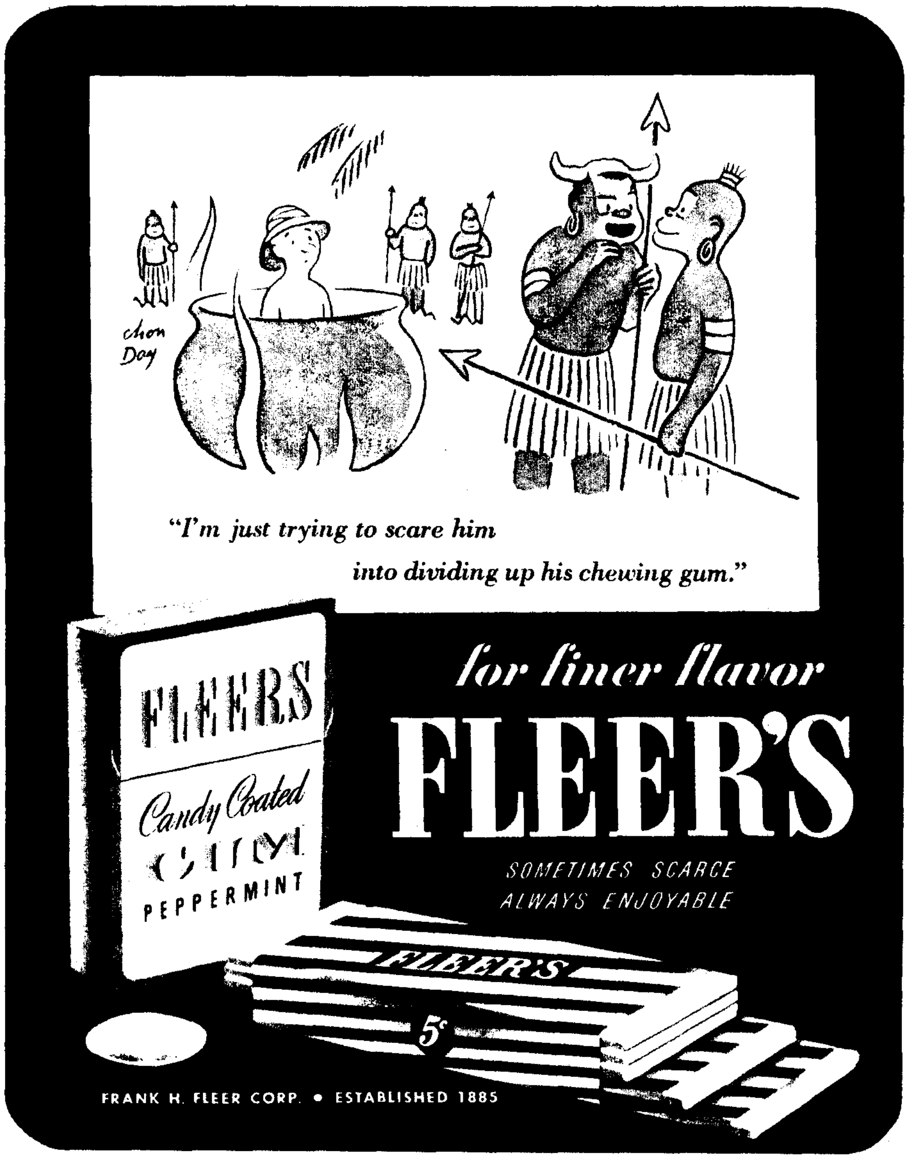
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It doesn't make sense, folks

A man's a fool to go around with his pants pocket burning with extra folding money when he ought to buy an extra Bond, because that loose lettuce is the stuff inflation is made of. When that extra dough goes hunting for civilian goods (that are as hard to find as Crosby in a tuxedo!), it tends to push up prices. Besides, it doesn't make sense when twelve million kids are fighting our battle for any of us to hike up the cost of living by buying anything we can live without.

Bob Hope

ONE PERSON CAN START IT!

You give inflation a boost

- —when you buy anything you can do without
- —when you buy above ceiling or without giving up stamps (Black Market!)
- —when you ask more money for your services or the goods you sell.

SAVE YOUR MONEY. Buy and hold all the War Bonds you can afford—to pay for the war and protect your own future. Keep up your insurance.

HELP US KEEP PRICES DOWN

A United States War message prepared by the War Advertising Council; approved by the Office of War Information; and contributed by this magazine in cooperation with the Magazine Publishers of America older and more loyal men, are still bitter over what they say was a deliberate plan, at that time, of management kicking the men around.

The postwar situation in rubber presents not only a fascinating problem by reason of the advances in synthetic production but involves matters of high international policy. A rubber scientist in Akron informed us flatly that we would return to the use of natural rubber after the war because it was "better than synthetic." Others disagree with this and maintain that the progress constantly being made in synthetics will soon make us entirely independent of any outside rubber source.

As matters stand now, synthetic can be produced for around 14 cents a pound; natural rubber can come in at 11 cents and make a good profit for the plantations of the Dutch East Indies and Malaya. Despite the difference, we could concentrate on synthetic at a price that would not be onerous to the rubber manufacturers. But would it be good policy to ruin the economy of the natural rubber producing countries for the sake of our own production? This gets into the realm of international policy, where the rubber people themselves have no opinion.

Experts in Akron who were close to the natural rubber situation in the Dutch East Indies and Malaya believe production there can be started up again in a year or, at the most, two years. As one of them said:

"Even if the Japs had wanted to, they couldn't do much to hurt the rubber trees. They couldn't burn them down because of the damp climate there, and it would be a gigantic task to cut them down. The worst they could do was destroy the small factories where the latex is originally treated, but those plants are simple to build, and we could do it almost immediately."

What about the synthetic plants if we go back to buying natural crude rubber? Will we junk them or ask the government to keep them in an unused state as insurance against another emergency? As a matter of fact, there are uses for synthetic rubber which cannot be filled by natural rubber—such as gasoline hoses and other equipment which is oil-resistant. In addition, synthetic plants for making rubber can be converted to making plastics with very little readjustment. Also, half of the synthetic plants are purification units which could be used for oil refining or other petroleum products. In any event, it seems certain that enough synthetic plants will be kept in operation to guarantee our independence of any possible price holdups or any future war emergency.

At this point, however, a bitter political battle is looming. The big copolymer (that is, synthetic rubber) plants are in such widely separated places as Baton Rouge, Los Angeles, Naugatuck, Connecticut; Institute, West Virginia; and Port Neches, Texas. In addition, there are dozens of huge butadiene and styrene plants in approximately the same spots. They employ, workmen, they provide money for those communities; the tendency will be for those towns to fight for their continuance no matter how harmful it may be for the natives of Malaya or anywhere else.

Beyond that, there is the farm bloc. Although at the time, some people felt that the insistence on using grain alcohol for making butadiene merely showed the greediness of the farm lobbyists, it turned out to be a life saver. When the armed forces began to clamor for high-octane gas, a tremendous conflict followed on priorities. The same equipment needed for transforming gasoline to butadiene was used for making high octane. If it hadn't been for grain alcohol then, we should have been in very bad shape. But synthetic made from grain alcohol costs 40 cents a pound, a prohibitive figure in peacetime trade.

That will eliminate grain alcohol but the farm interests have another string to their bow in the use of guayule, a weed originally found in Mexico and Central America which provides a form of natural rubber.

Congressman Poage of Texas has offered a bill in the House calling for a postwar guayule program providing for the planting of 80,000 acres a year. The rubber manufacturers consider it a second-grade product, but there is some likelihood that the farm interests will insist on a guayule program being subsidized as a matter of public policy. The present guayule program has been a partial success. The plant takes four years to come to full bearing, but in an emergency (which we may have this year), it can be harvested earlier. This will ruin the plants affected but waste is not a crime in a war crisis. If guayule proves successful now, that success may be used as a wedge to demand the future program.

A Rubber Plant from Russia

The best agricultural supply of rubber comes from the astonishing Russian dandelion *(kok-sagyz)* which has been grown in this country with amazing results. The Russians sent over two planes with *kok-sagyz* seed which produces natural rubber in very quick time. The chemists are enthusiastic about it.

"The very best," they say, with faces lighting up. "None better."

That, too, will be something for the future, because the planting of *kok-sagyz* requires large acreage and much attention in harvesting.

Rubber is big industry and a great part of our peacetime economy depends on what happens to it. Its employees are divided as follows:

Rubber tires and inner tubes	95,000
Other rubber products	101,000
Salaried employees	75,000
Total employees	271,000

In addition, there are hundreds of thousands engaged in selling and servicing tires in stores, garages and filling stations.

Like every other industry in America, the rubber people are thinking up new uses for their product. Some of the more important ones are: rubber torque springs for automobiles, busses and trucks to replace the conventional leaf-type steel spring; rubber suspensions for machinery to eliminate vibration and noise; rubber shock absorbers; rubber thread; sponge-rubber mattresses; sponge-rubber upholstery for household and office furniture, also for automobiles, busses, railway coaches and trolley cars; rubber films for packaging; pressure sealing zippers; inflatable boats; parts for home-freeze units; rubber-bladed fans; rubber matting; rubber tracks for farm and industrial vehicles; crash-proof gas tanks and fuel containers; and rubber parts for prefabricated houses.

This is important to the manufacturers but what the civilian wants to know is when he is going to get a new set of tires. Not soon, that's a cinch. Even with the war over in Europe, there will be a long period of occupation and a very strenuous rehabilitation program. It is estimated that it will take almost as many trucks to feed Europe as it did for us to supply our armies. Naturally our big military equipment will be transferred to the Pacific, but great quantities of new material will continue to flow from here.

The bite that war demands take out of our national rubber pile can be seen by a few figures: the regular 600-by-16 passenger-car tire uses 11.2 pounds of rubber. The B-29 bomber tire uses 98 pounds. The 20-ply Earth Mover (bulldozer) tire uses 531 pounds!

That is what our sergeant friend had in mind back there in Normandy when he was worrying about his pop's jalopy, but what he didn't realize (and the rubber people didn't, either) was that recapping would do a marvelous job. Practically all civilian cars and trucks have had one recap, and many have had two and three. In 1944, the production of camelback, the tire recapping material, was enough to furnish 30,000,000 recaps. That total will drop to 20,000,000 in 1945 for lack of enough sound tire carcasses to support the higher volume of recapping.

This is not to say that there has been a complete blackout on civilian passenger-car tires. The March allotment of this year was 1,600,000, which dropped in May to around 1,500,000 casings. In 1944 during these same months 2,000,000 tires were being provided for civilian passenger-car use.

False Hopes for Car Owners

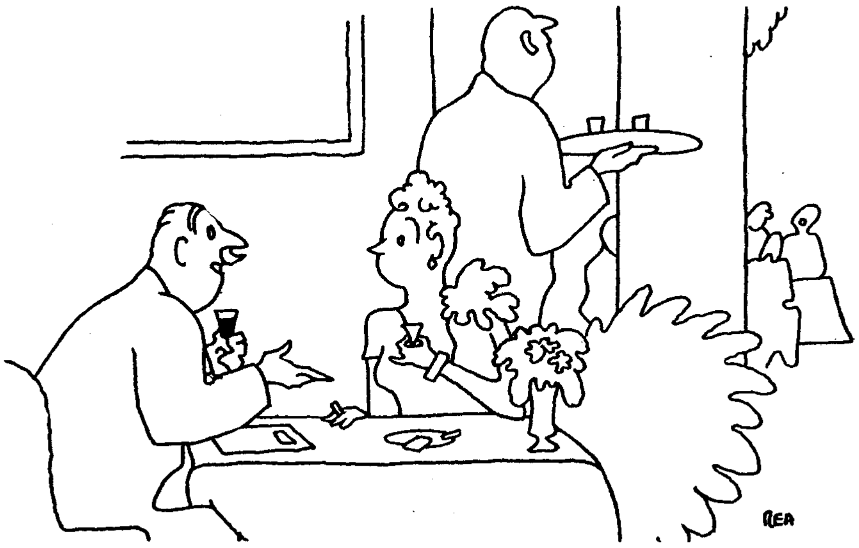
When the war ended in Europe there was a great fanfare in Washington, and it was announced that 1,500,000 passenger-car tires were to be made in June. Everybody jumped to the conclusion that something wonderful had happened and our tire worries were over, but it can be seen from the above figures that it is all a mirage. Even with the war finished in Europe we are getting fewer civilian tires than last year.

There are civilian tires and there always have been but they go exclusively to holders of B and C gasoline cards. At least for a while the poor A card holders will find the cupboard bare as usual. We shall have about 22,000,000 civilian passenger-car tires in 1945, which compares with sales of 51,000,000 in 1940, but we must remember that in 1942 the industry produced only 2,500,000 civilian passenger tires *all year.* We're still trying to catch up from that.

One of the greatest successes has been the campaign on reclaimed rubber. According to the manufacturers there is no limit to the repeated use of rubber, whether it was originally natural rubber or synthetic. Even recapping rubber can be salvaged and it may be that the eventual monument to the industry will consist of a horse and wagon and a tinkling bell—the junkman. In 1944 almost 250,000 tons of rubber became available from that source.

But even by using every pound, the battle is not over. It all depends on our friend Hirohito and his apes. If they are too dumb to give up, there is still a long road ahead. Your old car may be able to do better than thirty-five but it will be wise to throttle the brute. A little exuberance may be followed by the ominous pop which spells blowout. It is absolutely, positively, indubitably, the most awful sound in the world.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Suppose we look upon the whole affair, Miss Wilkes, as simply a cold business proposition. You want a mink coat—right? And I want a hundred business letters answered" GARDNER REA

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*F-N the famous Finger Nail Test

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3. Refined LANOLIN has long been prescribed because of its soothing qualities, and because it closely resembles the oil of the human skin. No wonder 4 out of 5 users in a nation-wide test prefer it to the preparations formerly used. A little Wildroot Cream-Oil goes a long, long way. Get it today from your barber or drug counter.

SPECIAL NOTE TO WOMEN...

Thousands of women use Wildroot Cream-Oil to remove loose dandruff, relieve dryness, and help beautify their hair. Try it before a shampoo ... also after a permanent wave to relieve dryness. Excellent for training children's hair.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS NOW!

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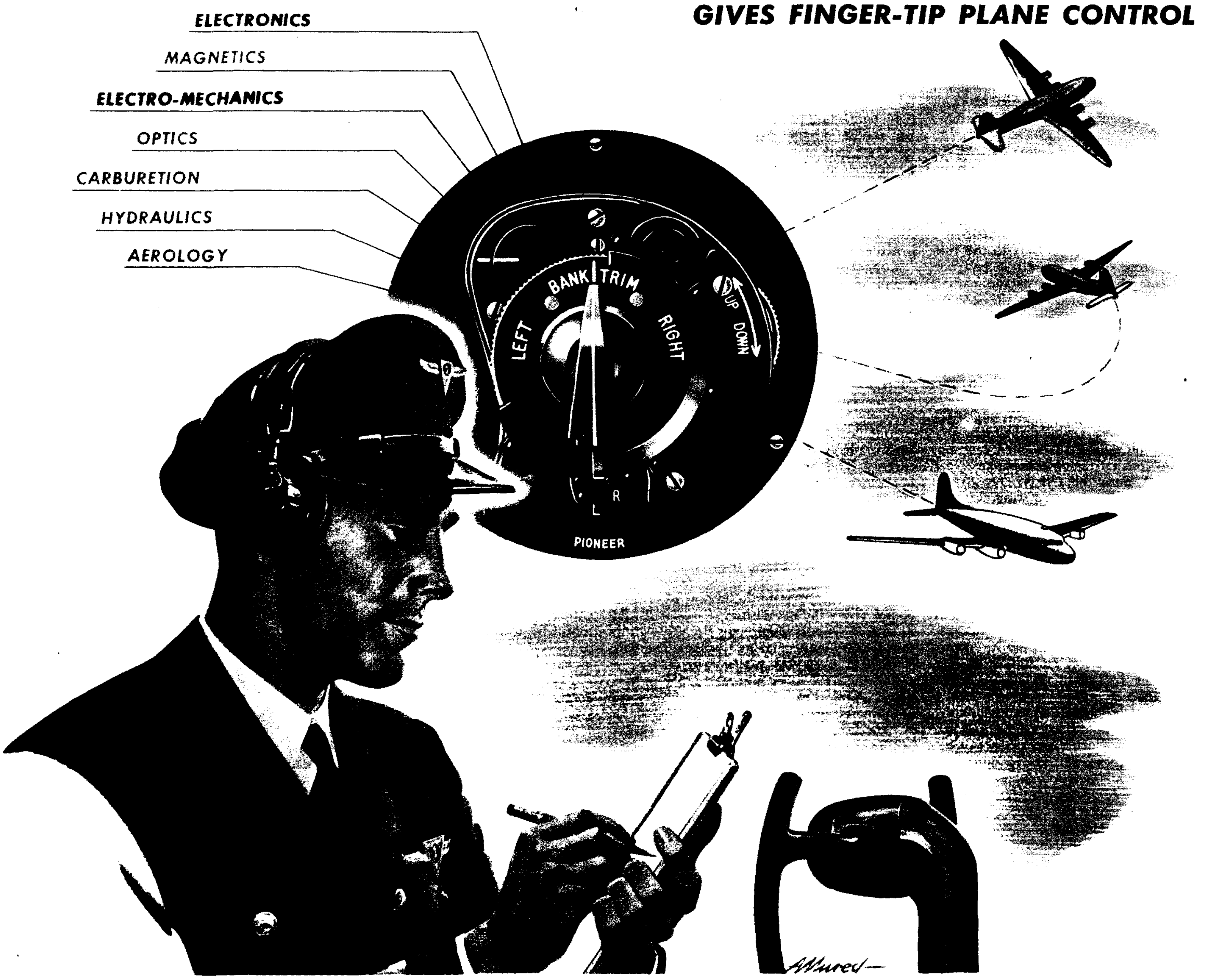
GIVES FINGER-TIP PLANE CONTROL



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Builders of the INVISIBLE CREW

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It's Up to You

Continued from page 63

"George Washington Square and Joe's," he said.

"You don't want to go someplace else? I mean for a change."

He stood up, put on his battle jacket. "You don't like Joe's, do you?"

"Why, I do," she lied.

"You don't have to come."

"But I want to."

"No, you stay here," he said. "Never do anything you don't really want to, Ducky. There isn't that much time. We only have a little time to do a few things. Don't waste your time." He put on his cap, went to the door. "See you later."

The door closed, and she began to cry and turned stiffly, putting her face on the pillow, and cried very hard and bit the pillow. When her throat began to hurt she stopped crying, lay staring at the ceiling and feeling very dry. She did not know what to do, she was afraid, and thought: Please don't let it be all wrong.

It had been hard on him, she knew that, but he had been so sweet. In school, at K.U., he had been so sweet; when he had first gone in the Army he had written the sweetest letters. And when they had got married before he had gone overseas, they had had ten days and it had been so beautiful. He had wanted her to stay in Wichita near his father, since her only relative, a brother, was in the Navy. But he had said, "Only if you really want to."

SHE and Jane had rented the little white house and had painted the kitchen and bathroom themselves. And she had wanted Bubba with her so much then. Johnny had been very helpful getting the paint, and he had brought the Army ferry pilots to the housewarming, too. After that night the pilots had made the little house their headquarters. Mr. Collins, Bubba's father had dropped in frequently to ask if she needed any money. He was a nice old man, and she had liked that. But when Jane moved, the pilots stopped coming. Johnny had given her the bracelet and a dog for her birthday.

She had written long letters to Bubba, telling him that she was happy and the places she had been. Johnny had always had so many places to go. He was the youngest engineer at the factory and he had been rejected eleven times. It bothered him and he drank too much.

One night late they had come home and he had mixed a drink in the kitchen. She had put on her slippers, put up her hair, and they had sat on the couch drinking slowly. Johnny had put his arm around her. She had leaned her head on his shoulder. They had always done that; it was just friendly. He had kissed her neck and she had laughed.

"Ducky," Johnny had said.

"What?" she had said.

"You don't love Bubba any more do you?"

She had sat up straight, and had said, "I do, too."

"No, you don't," Johnny had said, "or you wouldn't be here with me now like this."

She never got angry with people, but she had got so angry then that she had trembled and had said, "You go home!"

"Darling!" Johnny had said.

She had opened the door and had said, "Now get out! Don't you come near me again!"

After Johnny had left, she had got into bed and had lain in the darkness hating him. Then she had thought of Bubba and had smiled, snuggling into the pillow and going to sleep.

When she had got the news from the War Department about Bubba, Mr. Collins had come and they had sat in the living room. She had cried and had said she did not care how badly he was hurt; she wanted him no matter how he was.

Mr. Collins had said, "Don't worry! He'll come through. He's made of the whole cloth."

She had written every day after that, but Bubba had written so little, until he had written he was being discharged. She had got so excited about that. Once she had run into Johnny and had told him, and Johnny had said, "Yes. Everyone's confused these days."

When Bubba had wired her to come to New York she had left immediately, but when she had gone to the hotel from the station, he had not been registered. She had been too nervous to sit and she had gone to the bar and had found him sitting at one of the small tables along the wall. They had kissed each other very hard.

"Oh, I love you so," she had said.

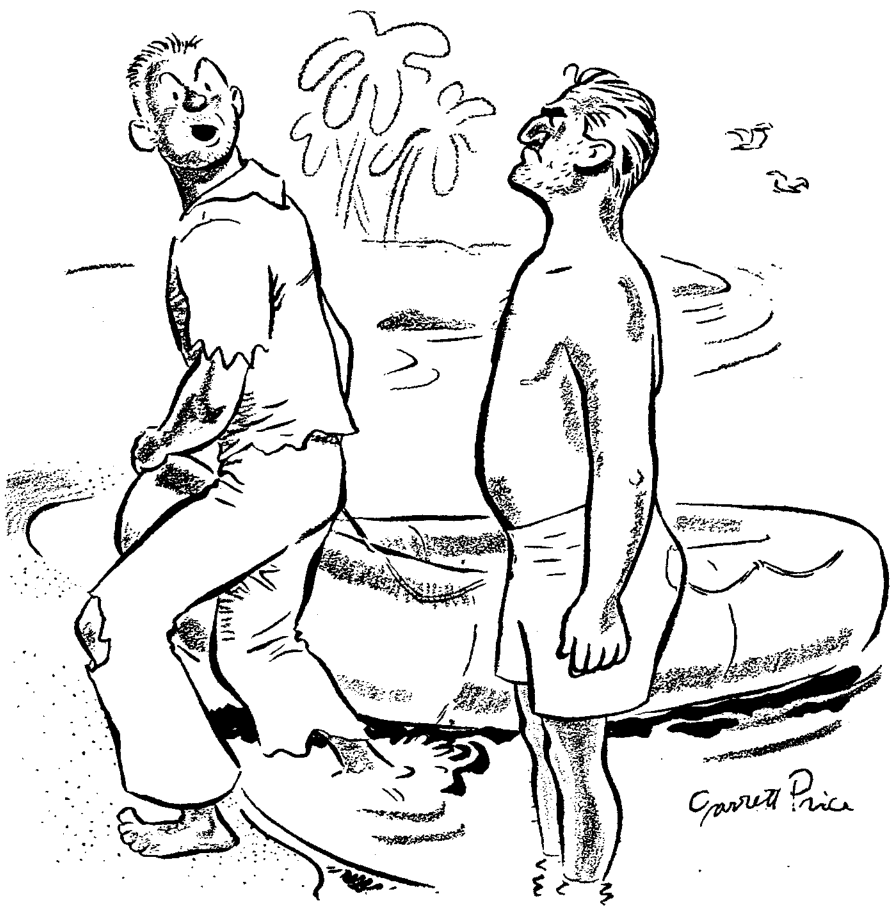
He had said, "Do you want a drink?"

"Oh, no," she had said. "Let's get out of here."

Upstairs they had closed the door quickly and had held each other very tight standing up, and she had said over and over, "Oh, darling, I love you."

And finally he had said, "I love you."

They had moved that afternoon into the little apartment he had rented on 13th Street. First he had pointed out the tree and had said it was the Village—Greenwich Village. The tree grew from the restaurant below on the first floor, so that the tree trunk was in the restaurant but the branches were above on the second-floor porch outside their window. She had not liked the tree—or the apartment or the Village. He had stared at her a lot and said little. And he had insisted on always eating lunch and dinner at Joe's. There was a little redheaded waitress there whom she detested.


COLLIER'S "But how do I know you're a commander?" GARRETT PRICE

DUCKY got up from the bed, walked to the window, then walked back to the bed. It just wouldn't do any good to worry, she knew. She turned on the radio and made the bed into the red couch it was in daytime. At one o'clock she fixed a salad, got ginger ale from the icebox and mixed a drink. When she sat on the couch to eat, she could see the tree outside the window. She was lonely and she stretched out her arms, staring at her hands, and she became aware of the heavy silver bracelet on her wrist that Johnny had given her. Irritably she pushed it under her sweater sleeve. She waited all afternoon until twilight when Bubba came home.

"Hello," he said. "Are you hungry?"

"Well, yes," she said shortly.

He sat down, lighted a cigarette. "Want to go to Nick's?"

"For dinner?"

"No, afterward. We'll go to Joe's for dinner."

"Just a minute."

She went into the bathroom and stood at the mirror putting on lipstick, and her hand trembled. Now she had to go to that place again and sit and eat the terrible food and say nothing because he did not talk. She did not know what to do with him. For a second she closed her eyes, then she pressed her lips together, smoothing the lipstick, and went to him. Outside it was dark and very nice as they walked along, holding hands.

Joe's was in a basement, built so that they had to walk through a small barroom to a gray-walled dining room with wooden tables and chairs and a cement floor. Twelve people were sitting laughing at one table, and one man was eating alone, a newspaper propped against his water glass. Bubba helped her sit down, he sat down, and a small dark-haired waiter took their order.

"You'll like Nick's," Bubba said.

"Will I, darling?" she said eagerly. "Have you been there?"

"Yes, before we left—"

"There he is, there's the soldier!" The small redheaded girl whom Ducky detested, the one who worked in the bar during the day, walked to their table. "Where'd you go, soldier?"

"Miss me?" Bubba grinned.

The girl put her thin brown hand on his head. "I guess you know you ran off when I went to the ladies' room."

"Well, I had to go," Bubba said.

"So did I," the girl said and laughed, and Bubba laughed.

Ducky knew that the girl was tight and said, "Introduce us, darling."

"You don't want to meet her. She's a bum," Bubba said.

"So're you. You're a bum, too. You buy me drinks all afternoon and then run out on me. You're a bum. On your way, bum," the girl said and walked back to the bar.

"Were you here all afternoon with that girl?" Ducky said.

"Sure," Bubba said.

"I waited for you all afternoon."

"How did I know? You could've gone out."

"Where?" she said. "Just where?"

"Oh, anywhere," he said.

"I want to go home," she said. "That's where I want to go."

"Go on! Go! That's all you talk about. Why don't you go?"

She held the napkin tightly. "I am."

"Okay," he said.

"Right now, right this minute."

"No, you're not," he said. "You're just sitting there."

"I'm waiting for you to take me out," she said.

"You can walk."

She had never hated anyone so. "You're not very much of a man."

"Oh, no," he said.

"You aren't, you aren't at all," she said.

"Of course not," he said.

"I won't listen to any more of this," she said.

"You're right there."

"I certainly am."

"Yes, you certainly are."

He stood up, put a bill on the table, and they walked out without touching each other. She walked very fast and he walked beside her, taking a cigarette package out of his pocket, crumpling it, and throwing it in the gutter. At the corner of their block by the drugstore, he touched her elbow.

"I want some cigarettes."

They went in to the brightly lighted drugstore. A big MP was talking to two sailors at the soda fountain. She stood beside Bubba.

"Cigarettes, anything," he said.

"That's all we have," the man said, putting a pack on the counter. Bubba handed him a five-dollar bill, and the man said, "Oh, I can't change that. Get it changed at the next register."

Bubba put the cigarettes back, picked up the bill, and walked to the next cash register. Ducky heard him say, "Change, please."

"I can't change that," the girl said.

"Look, the man sent me," Bubba said. "I'm trying to buy cigarettes."

"I can't give you change unless you buy something here," the girl said.

Bubba came back. Ducky could see how mad he was. "You've got to change it, she can't," he said to the man.

"Sorry, friend, I can't."

"The hell you can't!" Bubba picked up the cigarettes, opened them.

"Hey, you gimme my cigarettes!"

"Oh, go to hell." Bubba pushed the man back, took Ducky's arm, and started out.

"Just a minute, soldier."

THE MP came up to them, and the man was behind the MP. Bubba pushed Ducky to one side, and she saw the two sailors at the soda fountain turn and grin.

"He's stealing my cigarettes," the man said.

"Are you?" the MP asked.

"He won't change my money," Bubba said.

"Did you take the cigarettes?" the MP said.

"Sure he did," the man said.

"Now listen, you—" Bubba said.

"You come with me!" The MP grabbed a handful of Bubba's blouse.

Bubba hit the MP on the cheek with his fist, and the MP swung the club and hit Bubba on the head, and Bubba sat down on the floor. The little man reached down, took the cigarettes out of his hand. The MP straightened his blouse, turning to Ducky.

"You go on home," he said.

"But he's hurt," she said.

"Hurt? A big boy like that?" the MP said. "Why, he's not hurt. He likes it. It's good for him. Now you go on home."

She walked out of the drugstore, hurried up the street. In the apartment she lay on the couch in the darkness, feeling sick. If he loved me, he wouldn't do those things, she thought; he wouldn't fight or drink with that terrible girl. Finally she went into the bathroom, undressed and put on the white housecoat to go to the hall telephone and call the railway station. After she had packed, she washed some underwear and stockings, put cream on her face and got in bed.

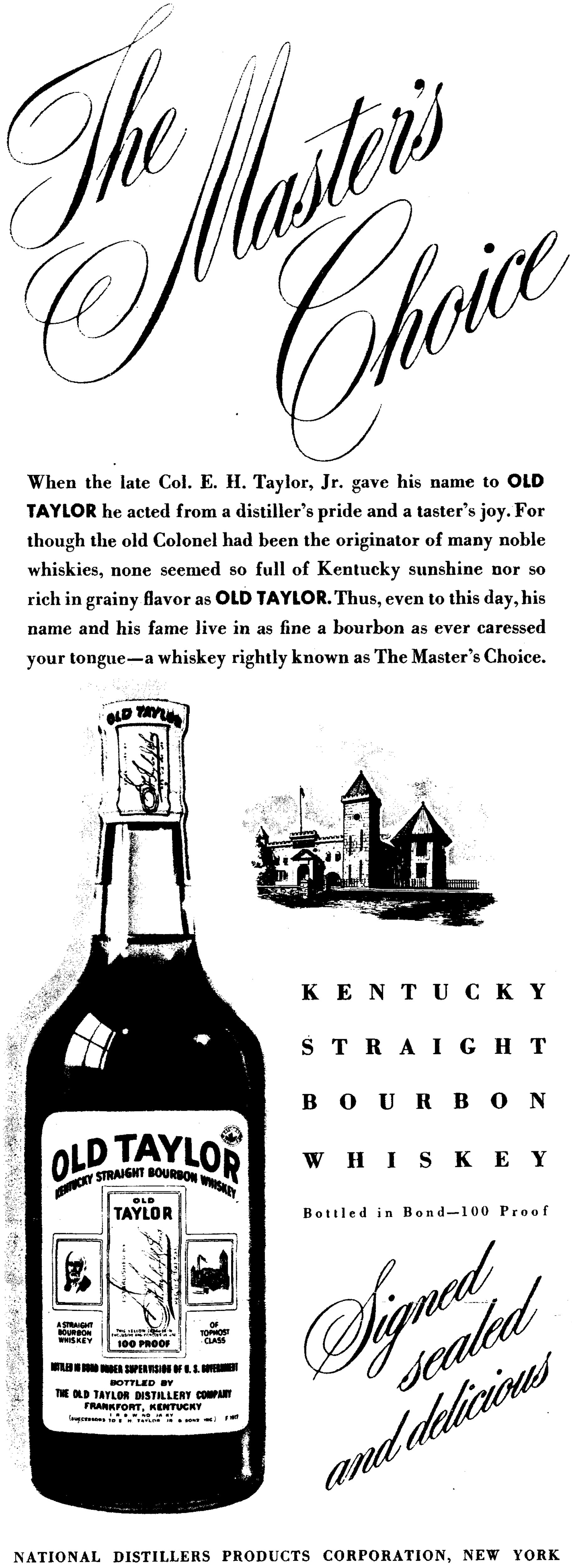
She wondered what she would say to Mr. Collins. She knew what Johnny would want, but she did not want to be married to him or Bubba or anyone. She wanted to be alone.

Early in the morning when the alarm rang she got up tiredly and turned it off. After she had a cup of coffee she fixed her hair and put on the black dress. She guessed she would leave the door unlocked. She went in the bathroom and put on the tiny black hat.

As she came out, someone knocked. She opened the door and Bubba walked in. There was a wide white bandage on his head. He had no cap, and his face looked tight and hurting.

"They let me out," he said.

"What's wrong with your head?" she said.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"That's where the MP hit me."

Her stomach began to hurt. "You'd better let me look at it."

"No, it's all right."

"You don't know," she said. "Let me look at it. Oh, here, come here."

She led him to the sunlight by the window, and he sat down and she walked back to the suitcase on the floor, squatted and got out a small pair of curved nail scissors. They hurt her fingers when she cut off the bandage. The hair on his head had been shaved around the cut, little clamps held it together, and it had been painted with some antiseptic.

"Well, it looks all right," she said.

"Does it?"

She started to cry, walking away from him, and then walked back to the window, crying. He looked up at her, his face tight and blind, as if he might cry, too. She could not stand to look at his face and pressed herself against the window, crying very hard.

"You're going to Wichita?" he asked.

"Yes."

"I'm sorry."

"I won't stay with you."

"Oh, I know," he said. "I should've known. Usually if you feel good about a thing it turns out bad. And if you feel bad about it maybe it'll be good, but usually it's bad, too."

"Oh, what're you talking about?" she said.

"It's funny, but I felt good about the war," he said. "When we left the States for England, I felt good, and all the time we were making practice jumps there, I felt good. A lot of the boys got hurt. Czerack broke his neck. But I felt good."

She looked at him and sobbed abruptly, wondering what in the world he was talking about. He was holding his hands, looking up at her.

"In June when they loaded us in C-47s and flew us to Rome, I felt good," he said. "We were closer to it then and we trained with a battalion of paratroops who'd been in the line as infantry. One night in August they loaded us down with every damn' thing they could pack on us and we got in 47s and took off. That was it and I was happy, I was actually happy."

She stopped crying and stared at him.

"I FELT good all along," he said. "After we were airborne, Lieutenant Royce told us we were headed for southern France, north of Le Muy, which was a big German garrison. We were going to take the main bridge across the river. We had to jump at four, so we tried to sleep. After a long time I saw the lieutenant look at his watch and I looked at mine, and it was after four. I should've known something was wrong, but then it didn't bother me. We flew for some time until the ready light came on, and we stood up and hooked on. The other light came on, Lieutenant Royce jumped, Jack jumped, and I jumped. It was black below and there should've been lights. When I hit, I was in a big open field, and someone came low toward me. It was Jack. I followed him to our platoon in a ditch."

"What was wrong?" she said.

"We'd jumped too late, we were too far north," he said. "We had to go south and we started running down the little road. Jack and Goldie and I had one machine gun, I was carrying the ammunition. It wasn't just our platoon but the whole outfit running down the road. The sky got light and we left the road, spread out, advancing through the vineyards."

"You mean you just walked along?" she said.

"Yes, of course," he said. "The sun began to come out, there was a lot of dew and it looked like a very good day. We were going across a pasture with a cow in it when a machine gun fired on us. We had walked right into them, they were behind a fence with a very good field of fire. I lay in the grass, and Jack tapped me and said 'Come on.' When he and Goldie and I started to move, the flank gun fired right at us, dirt kicking up all over the place. Then I heard a grenade, and the gun stopped. We wiggled up to the fence, and there were three Jerries sitting behind the other gun. Jack said 'Now!' and we raised up, and Jack got the gunner, and one turned, and I shot him in the face, and Goldie's man ran, and Goldie shot him once when he was running and once when he crawled. We went past the farmhouse then."

"Where?"

"To the bridge," he said. "Jack and Goldie and I got as close as we could and set up our machine gun to cover the guys going across the bridge. There should have been artillery, too, but it wasn't there. I knew then that something was wrong, but I didn't care. I thought: Hell! We'll do it without the artillery!

"Carter had run past us when their first shell came. Not ours, theirs, see? I didn't hear it, and suddenly the shell landed, and I was thrown and felt as if my skull had split. I looked where Carter had been, and there was nothing but a hole.

"Jack was lying down and I was standing when the second shell hit. I heard the rush of it afterward. Jack was screaming 'Get down! Get down!' and trying to dig a hole. I remembered I had a shovel and started to dig and the third shell hit.

"When I could see, I saw part of Goldie and Jack lying curled up. I really tried to dig but the shells landed one, two, three, four, and I got up and I ran. Another shell hit and I knew I had been hurt because I was bleeding somewhere, but I thought if I could get to the vineyards, I'd be all right. The next thing I knew it was night and they were carrying me." His face was very tight and he put his hands in his pockets and pulled them out. "No cigarettes?"

"There aren't any here," she said.

"WELL," he said. He closed his eyes. "You see, the thing was I was feeling so good about it, and then I ran. Anything you feel too good about is really bad, I guess. I wished I hadn't run."

"Well, what's wrong with that?" she asked.

"It's wrong. You just don't do it."

"But you might've been killed."

"Look, you don't know," he said. "I know. I was there."

"I'm glad you did," she said. She came away from the window and sat on his lap, putting her arms around him. "I'm glad."

"Don't argue," he said.

"All right," she said.

"When I was in the hospital I felt very good about coming home," he said. "New York had been our P.O.E., and I had had a very good day in the Village; walked into Joe's by accident. While I was in the hospital I used to think about that day and I planned on our being here and I felt so good about it. I know Joe's is a joint, really. But I guess it's like the bridge." He rubbed his face. "I hope it won't always be like the bridge. I don't know whether I can take it."

"Oh, darling!" she said. "Oh, my darling!" She held his head against her breast and it was such a good feeling and she kissed his ear. It made her so warm to hear him talk. Everything was all right, it was really wonderful, and she wanted so much to take care of him. "Please don't say that—it's not like that, really, it isn't."

"Isn't it?" he said.

"No, oh, no," she said. "I've wanted you, too, and I've thought about how it would be with you in Wichita when you came."

"That's important," he said.

"Oh, no," she said. "I just want you to be sweet and nice to me. I don't want you to be tough."

"Tough?" he said. "I'm the one who ran, remember."

"Please don't think about that," she said.

"I don't. Really, I don't," he said. "Why should I? Isn't it over? Now I just want to sit with you."

"With me?" she said.

"Please don't go."

"I'm not going, of course, I'm not."

"But don't stay unless you want to," he said. "It's so foolish to do that. Don't do things you don't want to. Do you really want to?"

"Of course, I want to very much," she said. "It's all I care about. I don't care about anything else."

"I love you," he said. "Oh, I love you."

She laughed, tilting her head. "I love you," she said. "I love you, silly."

THE END

Revolution Down South

Continued from page 17

independent of any future governor's dictation. It reformed Georgia's infamous prison system. It adopted an amendment to the constitution giving the right to vote to eighteen-year-olds, and the people in the following elections accepted it.

The legislature appointed a commission to write a modern constitution. Then it ordered an honest inventory of the state's resources and responsibilities. The result of this latter was that today Georgia as a people's commonwealth is divided into seven well-managed panels—Agriculture, Education, Government, Health, Industry, Public Works and Trade, Commerce and Business. Thus the state was given back to its people. Thus, too, Georgia has become thoroughly acquainted with itself, knows its weaknesses, its shortcomings, its potential strength, and awaits the postwar days with confidence. It knows what it has to do if it is to free itself of its enemy—poverty—and all poverty's ill-begotten brood.

Tobacco Road may not become an Eden. Every sharecropper hovel may not be transformed into an enchanted cottage. Long-neglected and eroded farms may not blossom like the rose. The important thing is that at last Georgia is admitting that her social and economic as well as political sinkholes have existed and still exist. And she proposes to do something vigorously remedial about them. The whole South must do the same or be content with exploitation, poverty and lazy government.

Talmadge—Georgia renounced him

The South has suffered with inferiority. She has been humbly grateful for the crumbs from the North's table. The average American annual income at the time of Pearl Harbor was $604. In the South it was $314. The average Negro income was considerably lower. No plan to cure the South of its ills will succeed which does not make that differential its first order of business. As long as a large segment of our population is so far down the economic scale, the South will not thrive.

The so-called race question is an economic one, not social. Pay the Negro good wages for his work, give him the opportunity to demonstrate his own capacity to learn, work and earn, give him his Constitutional rights and you have solved this distorted so-called race problem. Only the demagogue tries to make political capital of social equality, of racial intermarriage. Let's not confuse ourselves and the issue with such absurdities. And let's make very sure that those who for one reason and another try to confuse us with such claptrap do not stop us of the South in the job that lies immediately ahead.

The South can help herself! She can and will when she finally refuses to be exploited and to exploit. For years, the South, through her Governors Conference has petitioned the Interstate Commerce Commission to rewrite the freight-rate structure which prevents her from industrial competition with the North, which gives Northern capital almost complete domination over the South through absentee ownership.

Under this unfair, collusive and unconstitutional setup, a few Southerners have grown rich but the people as a whole have grown poorer and poorer. Largely due to freight-rate discrimination are the South's public-school deficiencies, the ill-health of her underprivileged, her lack of adequate housing and, in brief, her lopsided economy.

Annually the South made her plea for relief. The records in the ICC offices took on great bulk. But that's as far as it got. The ICC *did nothing*. Our officials shrugged their shoulders, exhibited the palms of their empty hands and in too many instances went back into their dozings, saying that there was nothing to be done about it.

Lazy government. Had nobody thought of going into the courts, charging that their people were being deprived of their Constitutional and legal rights by the railroads? Apparently not. Or, if they had thought of it, what or who interfered with their doing so? Was it politically expedient and profitable to subside after a few futile gestures?

I shan't attempt to answer these questions. I am much too busy preparing to argue Georgia's case (and thereby the South's) in the United States Supreme Court. That body has agreed to my request that it sit as a jury listening to the State of Georgia argue that injury is being done to her citizens by reason of these industry-benumbing freight-rate differentials, conspiracies and discriminations.

An Example of Discrimination

I shall take the chance that you may have grown tired of hearing about these discriminations. Very briefly I shall give you a few examples. In general, the Northern and Eastern manufacturer pays a freight rate 39 per cent less than the Southern manufacturer. This differential was decided upon by the railroads who found it more profitable to do business with the East and the North. There was more trackage outside the South. Northern capital had interlocked Northern industries and Northern railroads. The South, it was agreed, was to remain a raw-materials source, nothing more. If she were to develop industries, she would consume much of her own raw materials, thereby upsetting the Northern scheme of things. That this meant poverty and bad government in the South was—well, none of the railroads' affair.

Georgia (and thereby the South) is asking the Supreme Court whether or not an injury is being done her citizens when an Atlanta shoe manufacturer must pay the same freight rate to ship his product to Chicago—a distance of 728 miles—as it charges a Boston manufacturer who is 977 miles from Chicago? Why should it cost fifty per cent more to ship, say, a storage battery from Jacksonville to Washington than from Chicago to Washington, six miles farther? The Interstate Commerce Commission suddenly admits that the setup is unfair. Suddenly, after all these years, it rules that beginning August 30th, rates for the South shall drop ten per cent, and rates for the North increase ten per cent. Why? At last we are awake, fighting.

The South has no exaggerated *illusions* about her future. She does not ask for industrial development, for example, at the expense of any other section of the country. She agrees with those in our federal government who say that there can be no international peace unless the peoples of war-ruined countries are re-established commercially and industrially. She merely asks that in the meantime she is not denied the right to balance her economy, reduce her poverty, enjoy the prosperity that the world at large is entitled to.

We know that many of the South's war-born industries will close when the war ends. We know that we must avoid sudden postwar booms. We want no industries unsuited to the section. We understand the dangers of

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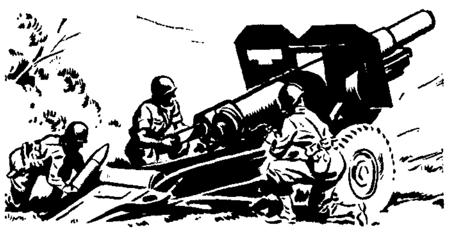

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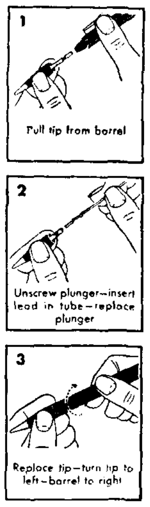
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Pull tip from barrel
2
Unscrew plunger—insert lead in tube—replace plunger
3
Replace tip—turn tip to left—barrel to right

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the inflation of values that follow such illogical movements.

But with the elimination of unfair and discriminatory freight rates, certain industries will inevitably come to the South—woolens, wood pulp, ceramics, plastics, metallurgy.

This is not the outcry of the professional booster. No informed Southerner looks to increased sectional industrialization to solve all the South's social and economic problems. But gradually, with individual incomes of the workers on a parity with the rest of the country, with the opportunity to work and earn present, state governments will decrease their tendency to be one-ring and sometimes one-man circuses. The days when a new governor's first activity was to build himself a fishpond with state funds, to substitute fish fries for public hearings on welfare programs, to build his political fortunes on hatreds, prejudices and ignorance—such days are fading out.

Georgia's new constitution will write into her fundamental law the prohibition against the already discarded poll tax. It will place but two qualifications upon the right of all Georgians to vote: that they shall be at least eighteen years old, and that they be literate enough to be able to understand what they're voting on and about.

Much of the bad government that we've had in the South can be traced to bigotry and intolerance, in office and out. In any society plagued by poverty, there are those living at a bare subsistence level whose antipathies can be fanned into flaming hatred of those of another race, whom they see as competitors.

The entire racial problem in the South is economic, at its roots. "The Race Problem," spelled with capitals, is something else again. It is an invention of unscrupulous demagogues, usually scalawags serving nonresident masters bent on exploiting Southern resources and Southern workers.

Make the South genuinely prosperous, so that there is economic opportunity for every citizen, white and black, and the two races will live on friendly terms. The low income of the South is responsible for the squalid housing, the inadequate diet, the disease and high mortality rate of the Negro citizen. The ten million Negro citizens of the South are not a special, separate problem, any more than they are a special and separate resource. They are part of the South, and their economic welfare is a part of the section's economic welfare. They are entitled to decent housing, decent clothing, good schools, economic opportunity and justice. With every increase in the prosperity of the section, the friction between the races diminishes. Wipe out poverty, and the friction will become negligible. And the demagogue will be robbed of his chief stock in trade.

Looking around the South you can see a number of rather sorry results of demagogic government. Here in Georgia's Governor's Mansion there is a small symbol. On the sideboard is a magnificent silver service, given by the State of Georgia many years ago to the battleship Georgia, now decommissioned. When the ship was broken up, that silver service was returned to the state. On taking office, I found that it had never been paid for, and the 1943 assembly, a generation late, voted the money to be paid to heirs of a silversmith who was driven almost into bankruptcy by the something-for-nothing methods of the demagogues.

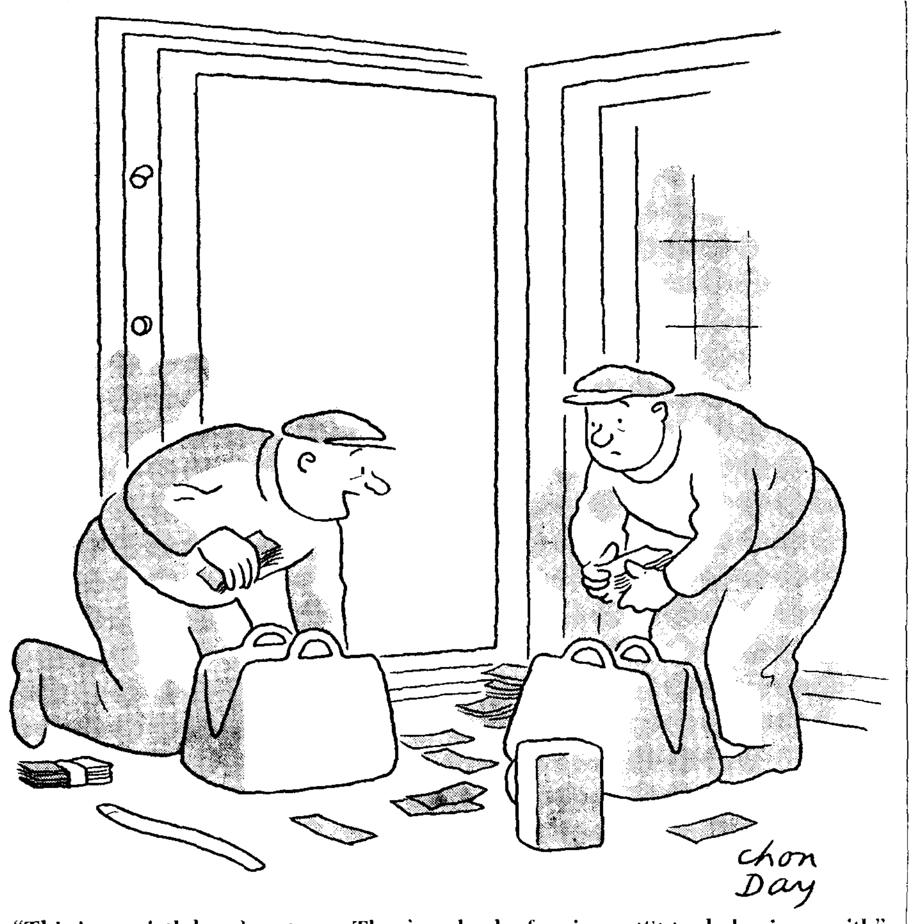
It's Not Good—It's Bad

It isn't good to see a state plundered openly by a political mob, the governor going to the penitentiary as a common thief, presently to be welcomed back on his release with a testimonial dinner. It isn't good to hear the screams against abolishing the poll tax, coming from politicians who are afraid that the men overseas fighting for their right to scream may vote them out of sinecures. It isn't good to hear people talking about States' Rights, without any mention of States' Responsibilities to their citizens and to our common country.

But the South is waking up. We like the sweet smell of magnolia blossoms and honeysuckle and gardenia, and the song of the mockingbird, but the New South regards them as pleasures not as opiates. We like the dreams of stately manor houses, of heroes, of incorruptible gallantry wooing women of melting beauty, while the banjos strum happy, haunting, plaintive melodies from the snow-white cottonfields. They are nice dreams, to while away the hours between making the turbines turn or terracing the new pastures. But the New South is waking up and is going to work in a world of reality to achieve her proper destiny.

The rest of the country is slow to realize this new emotional maturity of the South. We are still greatly misunderstood. We can't expect not to be, perhaps. But we are telling you.

THE END



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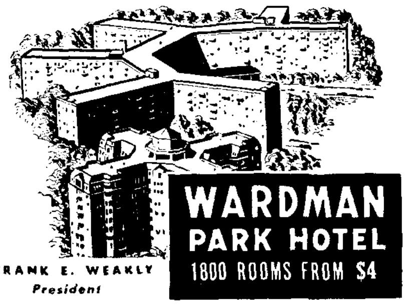

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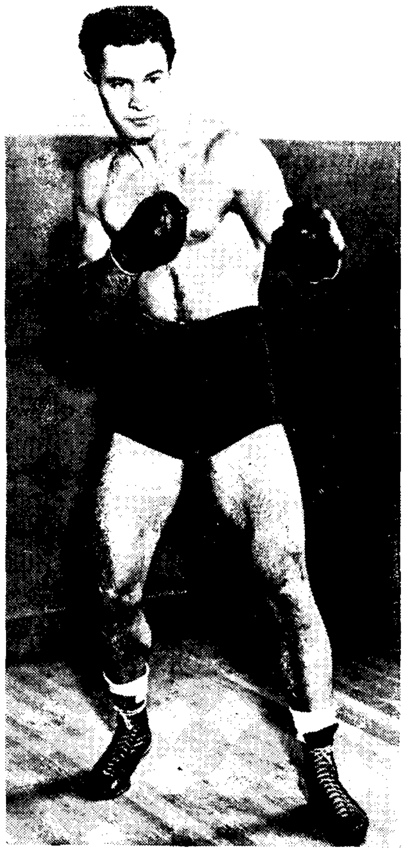
The Week's Work



Stanley Hasrato

TWO years ago, when Ellis Arnall of
Georgia was the nation's nine-day
wonder in the way of governors. Wal-
Davenport wrote in Collier's: "If you
of a state governor who, in twenty-four
after he took office, saw his legislature
ɔt and adopt unanimously every cam-
ı promise he made in his bid for elec-
drop us a line. . . . Until then, we shall
that our man holds the record."
nall was such a remarkable record
er that Davenport was moved to add a
tical postscript. "Of course, we've got
ingers crossed," he said; "we've seen and
d a lot of political rockets whoosh, soar
die in mid-air. . . ."
ıvenport needn't have worried. After two
s, Arnall is still a rocket, still soaring.
ıll has continued as spectacular as he
n. He has translated his reforms-on-the-
s into reforms-in-fact, meantime work-
ıt even more far-reaching changes, such
ıe removal of discriminatory Southern
ht rates. In his article, Revolution Down
h, p. 17, Arnall suggests how other
hern states can find solutions for the
essing social, political and economic
lems which, he says, have kept the South
sort of twilight sleep.
nall is no damyankee trying to North-
e the South. He is a Georgia man, born
bred, schooled in the state's own univer-
. Somehow, possibly through some over-
on the part of the machine in power,
ose to the job of attorney general under
ecent governor, the ineffable Gene Tal-
ge. In that office, he saw how his state
being run along comic-strip lines, and he
ick and tired of it. When it became clear
the people, too, were tired of it, he put
is successful bid for the governorship.

ORRESPONDENTS in battle zones
know exactly the chance they take to get
stories. Either they will or they will not
it by enemy fire. But correspondents in
entina can only guess at the risks they
What they write may make them very
opular indeed with the government. But
t the penalties of unpopularity are, they
learn only by experience.
seph Newman, after twenty months as
gentine correspondent of the New
k Herald Tribune, speaks out with un-
l courage about the Argentinian situa-
in his article, Blood in Buenos Aires,
0. We'll be interested to hear that coun-
reaction to it.
ecently, on the basis of one of his Trib-
dispatches, Newman was denounced by Colonel Juan Peron, war minister, vice-president and secretary of labor. Peron charged that Newman "weaves a novel about a supposed difference between General Checchi and myself, introducing commerce and industry into the argument. This as concerns me personally is false from beginning to end. . . ."

In reply, Newman says he discussed the article with newspapermen and diplomats who agreed that the points he made were so well known that they could be described as "common knowledge." The only thing new about his statements, Newman says, is that they have not been printed in Argentine papers before. On the day Peron denounced Newman, Checchi resigned as secretary of commerce and industry.

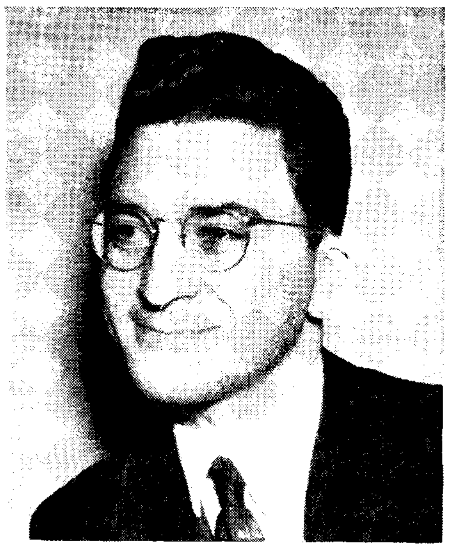
Newman is an experienced, trusted foreign correspondent. After graduating from Williams College and attending the Columbia Graduate School of Journalism, he worked for a time on trade papers and then went to Japan, where for three years he was a staff writer for the Japan Advertiser, and, from 1940, correspondent for the Herald Tribune in Tokyo. He left Tokyo for a vacation in Honolulu on October 30, 1941, and two days later Japanese military police called at his Tokyo home to arrest him for sending dispatches "detrimental to the interest of Japan." The U.S. State Department advised him not to return.

TWO new contributors in this issue are Stanley Hasrato and Mary Hood Chapman. What Hasrato writes of in Heroes Rising from the Sea, p. 14, he knows of his own knowledge. He was there. Until the war, Hasrato was a prize fighter. From 1936 to '41 he fought all over the United States, tackling all the leading light heavyweights. He fought the semifinal at Madison Square Garden on the Joe Louis-Johnny Paycheck card and got a draw with Jimmy Webb, No. 1 contender at the time. He will not fight any more. His feet were frozen during the Battle of Attu and he lost three toes.

MISS CHAPMAN'S story, New Beginning, p. 48, is her first published fiction. She is an Alaska girl, 23 years old, presently working for the U.S. Air Corps. She began writing while she was a student at the University of Alaska, Fairbanks, five years ago.

A. P.

Joseph Newman



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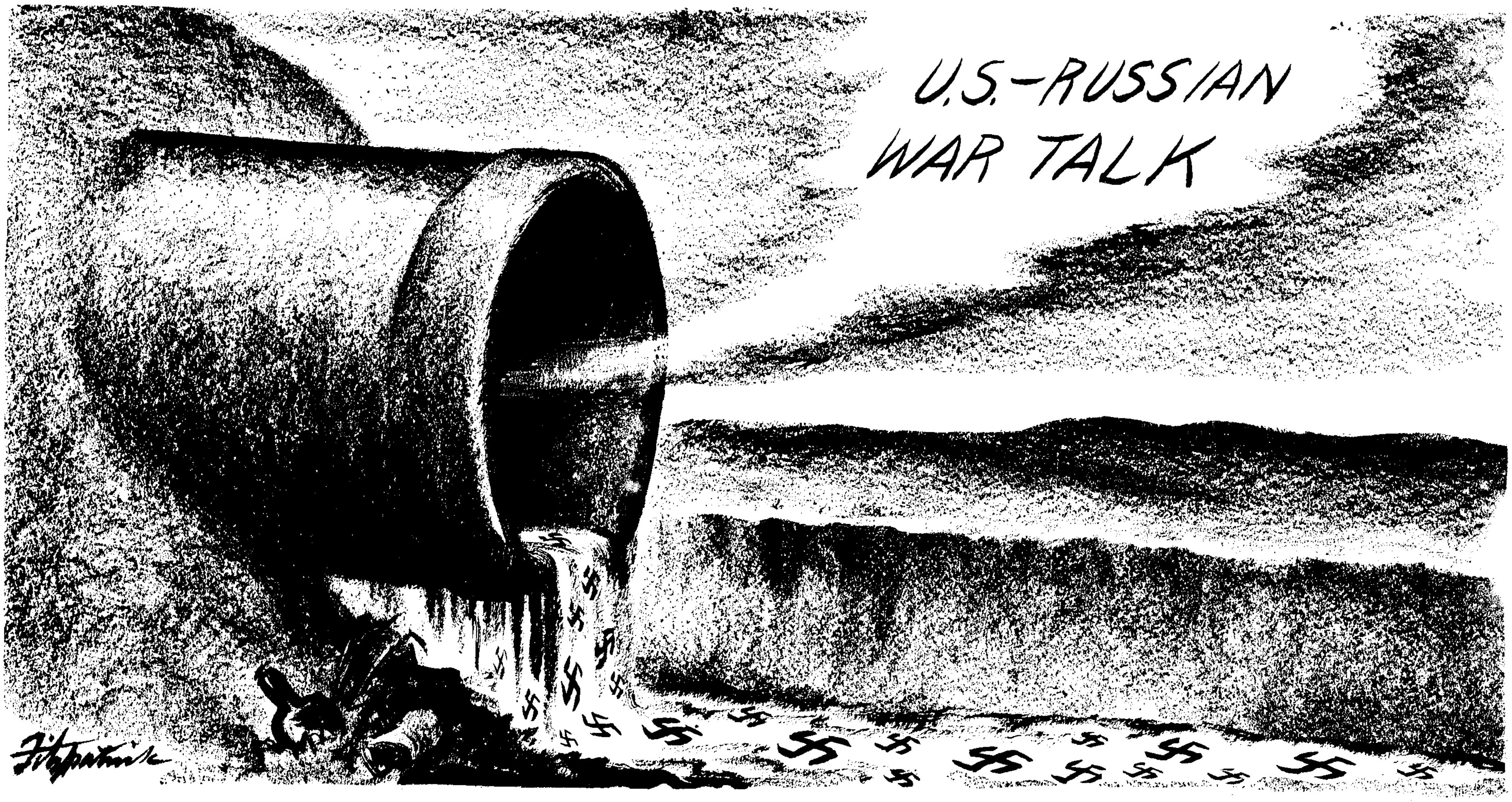


A U.S.-RUSSIAN WAR ?

THE most dangerous single item of conversation now buzzing around this country, we'd say, is the one about how World War III is in the making, with the United States and Russia to be the principal combatants. Predictions as to when the catastrophe will arrive range from five to twenty-five years hence.

Americans who have their country's—and the world's—best interests at heart will, we think, do everything they can to discourage this talk.

Permit us to make it clear that there are numerous things about Communist Russia which, to put it charitably, we do not understand. Why a secret police, for example, is necessary in any modern nation is beyond us. We can't grasp the philosophy which holds that a nation's every newspaper, magazine and radio station must sing the government's song and no other.

Some of the things the Russian delegates did and said at the San Francisco Conference puzzled and distressed us, but their willingness to debate the points at issue, and the fact that they reached agreement on such vital issues as the veto augurs well for an eventual world organization to keep the peace for a while, after Japan goes down. Russia's playing of power politics in central Europe mystifies us, considering the Yalta agreements. For that matter, so does our Argentine policy. As for the Reds in the United States, they have impressed us these 20 years as being simply ridiculous. (Incidentally, they impress the Kremlin the same way.)

In all these things, though, we can detect no cause for a mutual slaughter staged by Russia and the United States, in any foreseeable future.

Such a war, for one thing, could be the end of civilization—a Wagnerian finish to all decencies and amenities and a return to caveman ways, as previewed in H. G. Wells' The Shape of Things to Come.

Russia by 1970, according to population experts, will have a total population of about 250,000,000, as against its present 180,000,000 or so. The United States presumably will go right ahead with the technological and manufacturing wizardry which has been one of the main reasons for the Allies' triumphs since the tide of World War II began to turn, late in 1942. If two such colossi should get into a war with each other, along with the allies both would attract into the fight, the end result would probably be a throwback of the entire world to medieval conditions or worse.

Such a conflict, for another thing, would be about as useless and pointless an affair as can be imagined. Neither of these countries has anything that the other needs to take by violence. Assuming that an arena for this battle of the centuries could be found—maybe central Europe, maybe the Pacific and the skies over it, maybe China, maybe the Middle East—what would the objectives be, and how could either combatant attain its objectives? It would be a long, bloody, heartbreaking, real-wealth-eating struggle, ending in a stalemate with complete exhaustion of both principals and their allies.

It is far better, it seems to us, for Americans to swallow their natural dislike for many things Russian (and for Russians to do likewise about many things American) and hold to a grim resolve to rub along in the world with these people as best we can. We should not kowtow to them, but neither should we pick quarrels with them. Many of us have neighbors whose faces, ways and kids we detest; but we don't go out of our way to make them over in our supposedly superior images, or to get into street fights with them.

We think the sensible United States policy regarding Russia can be summed up in plain English under just two heads, namely: (1) Trade with Russia to the limit of our and Russia's desires, so long as Russia keeps living up to its business contracts, as it has done since its 1917 revolution; and (2) keep our air, sea and land defenses strong after this war, with universal military training as a component of those defenses, at least until such time as we can be sure that war has been eliminated from the world, if that time ever comes.

All $10 words and complex philosophizings aside is there anything more than that that we need to do about Russia in order to steer clear of a world catastrophe involving the United States and Russia?

HOW TO HELP VETERANS

THE intent of the veterans' Bill of Rights is, among other things, to make it easy for veterans to borrow money with which to set themselves up in businesses of their own. Nevertheless, few veterans have been able to pave their way to fortune with this good intention. The reasons for the failure of the bill in this respect are various, but principal among them is the fact that the bill gives the veteran little assistance if he needs to borrow more than $4,000—and there are few businesses that can be bought or started at that figure.

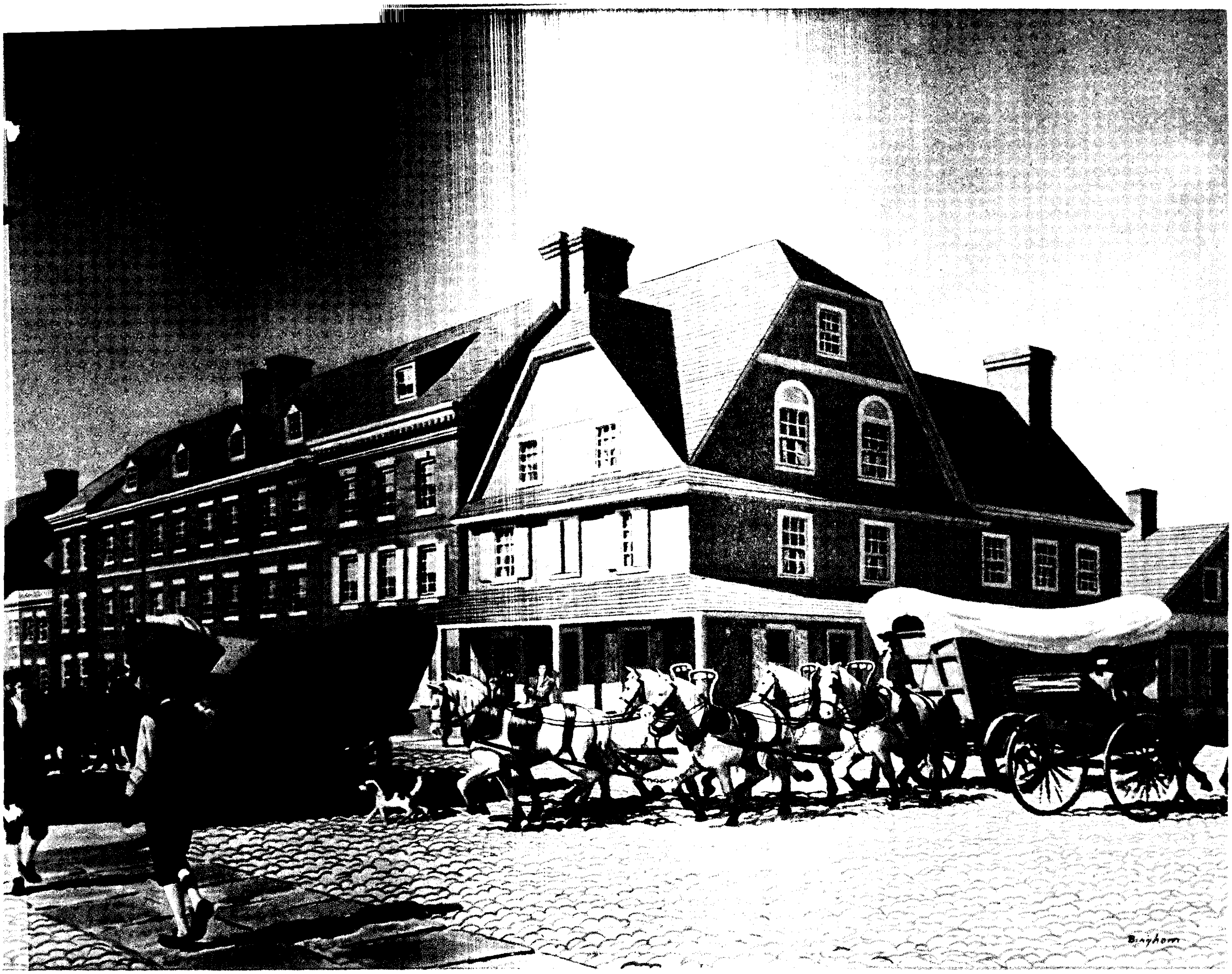
Congress is well aware, by now, that the bill needs overhauling. In due course, its many deficiencies will no doubt be corrected. But in the meantime, the veteran who wants to be his own boss needs quick help. Realizing this, Howard M. ("Tony") London, a Pacific Coast dairy executive, has conceived a practical plan.

Mr. London has welcomed back to his plants men who had served as soldiers, fliers, sailors. He had offered them their old jobs, but in many cases, these men were looking for something better, or something different. They felt unsettled. Some didn't want to work indoors. Many wanted to work for themselves and yet lacked confidence in their ability to manage a business of their own—even if they could find a business for sale and could borrow enough to pay for it.

Mr. London organized a corporation to lease and operate gas stations in Los Angeles and Beverly Hills. He called the enterprise Veterans Stations, Inc. He leased some stations, painted them red, white and blue, and staffed them with veterans who wanted to get the feel of civilian life again before striking out on their own.

Since wartime regulations prevented Mr. London from paying the boys more than a certain wage, he had to defer his plan to distribute all the profits of the stations to the veterans. Instead, the profits are used to lease and equip more stations for more veterans and to build up a reserve for later distribution. Mr. London hopes that in time—possibly within a year—the reserve will be so great that each man's share, plus what he can borrow with the assistance of the G.I. Bill of Rights, will be sufficient to set him up independently.

We hope so, too. And we also share Mr. London's hope that all over the country, other ingenious and public-spirited Americans will follow the lead of Veterans Stations, Inc. Helping veterans to help themselves is a hobby that deserves a sensational vogue.



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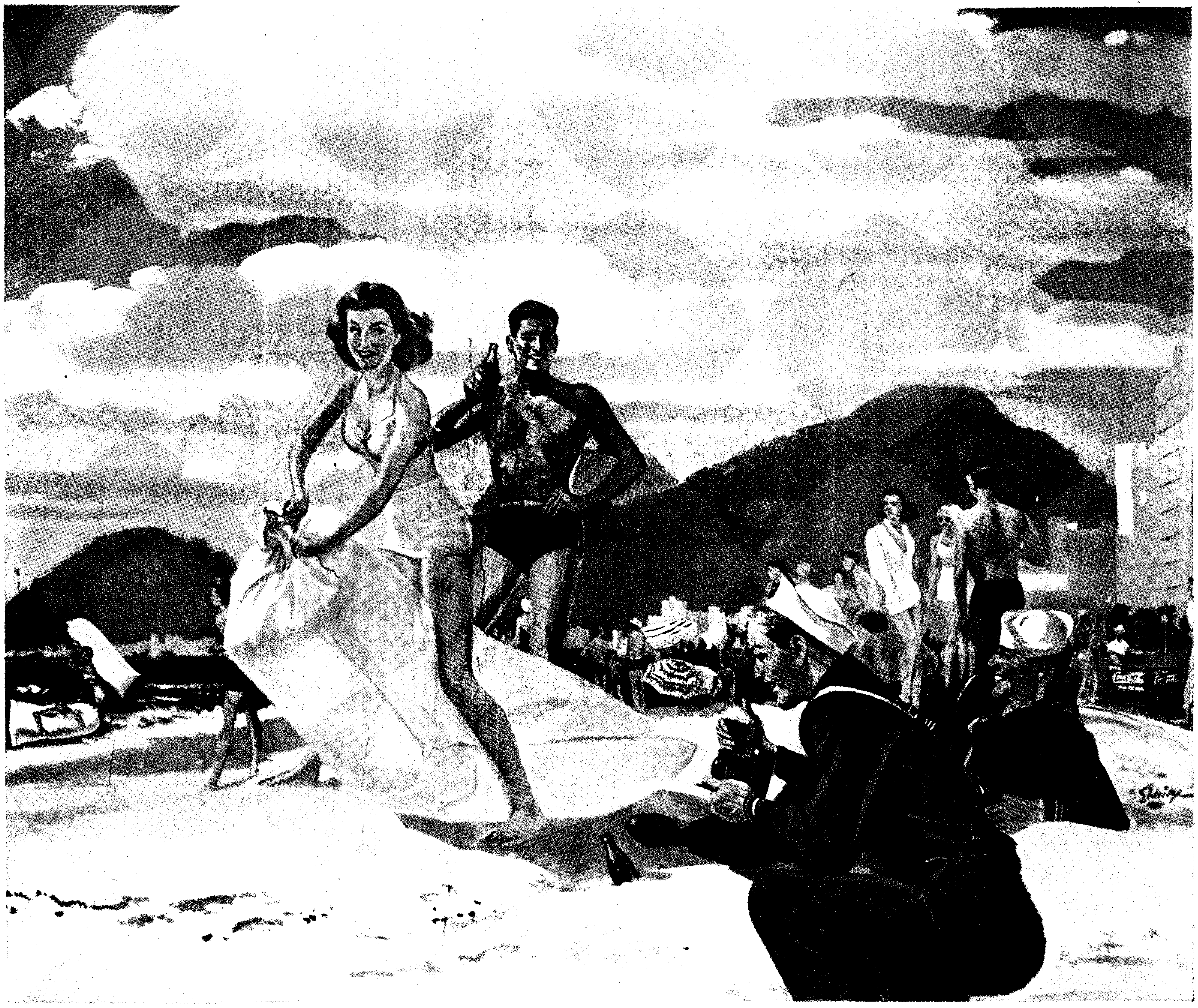

...or how to be buddies in Brazil

Down Rio way, sun-soaked Copacabana Beach lures folks from everywhere to enjoy fun and relaxation. Many a visitor meets an old friend there—in Coca-Cola. Your American sailor on shore leave knows that the invitation *Have a Coke* is the sure-fire formula for how-to-make-friends. Those three words speak the language of friendliness straight from the heart. They say *I like the cut of your jib—let's get to know each other better.* Whether in Rio or in Richmond, when you say *Have a Coke* you've said it all, in a way that people like and understand. *The pause that refreshes* with ice-cold Coca-Cola is a happy symbol of friendliness everywhere.

* * *

Our fighting men meet up with Coca-Cola many places overseas, where it's bottled on the spot. Coca-Cola has been a globe-trotter "since way back when".

Coca-Cola
-the global high-sign

"Coke" = Coca-Cola
You naturally hear Coca-Cola called by its friendly abbreviation "Coke". Both mean the quality product of The Coca-Cola Company.

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